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SUMMARY OF FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT.

JANUARY 1, 1890.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums.....	\$24,585,921.10
Interest, Rents, etc.....	4,577,345.14
Total Income.....	\$29,163,266.24

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Death-claims and Endowments.....	\$6,252,095.50
Dividends, Annuities, and Purchased Insurances.....	5,869,026.16
Total to Policy-holders.....	\$12,121,121.66
New Policies Issued.....	39,499
New Insurance Written.....	\$151,119,088.00

CONDITION JANUARY 1, 1890.

Assets	\$105,053,600.96
*Devisable Surplus, Company's New Standard.....	\$7,517,823.28
†Joint "	7,705,053.11
Surplus, by State Standard (4 per cent.).....	\$15,600,000.00
Policies in Force.....	150,381
Insurance in Force.....	\$495,601,970.00

PROGRESS IN 1889.

Increase in Interest.....	\$303,653.06
Increase in Benefits to Policy-holders.....	1,148,051.61
Increase in Surplus for Dividends.....	1,716,849.01
Increase in Premiums.....	3,458,330.35
Increase in Total Income.....	3,761,983.41
Increase in Assets.....	11,573,414.41
Increase in Insurance Written.....	26,099,357.00
Increase in Insurance in Force.....	75,715,465.00

*Exclusive of the amount specially reserved as a contingent liability to Tontine Dividend Fund.

†Over and above a 4 per cent reserve on existing policies of that class.

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plete in 63 vols. }

THE STATE AND THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

BY THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

IN the course of a discussion on Christian Socialism, at a Diocesan Conference, in commenting on a recent definition of it, as being "an attempt on the part of the State to compel all men to live according to the precepts of Christ," I ventured to make two assertions.

1. That it is not possible for the State to carry out, in all its relations, literally, all the precepts of Christ, and that a State which attempted this could not exist for a week.

2. That if it were possible to do this the result would be a perfectly intolerable tyranny.

For saying this I have been assailed in language which I have already quoted in this Review, and of which I will only now say that it proves nothing. Screaming never does prove anything, except that the screamer is in a passion, and, like most men in that condition, has said things of

which, when he has cooled down, he may have the grace to be ashamed, but which meanwhile have the effect of making him, in the eyes of bystanders, slightly ridiculous. Now, however, that this screaming is, for the present at least, over, I propose to discuss a question of more importance and interest than that of my personal merits or demerits, namely, whether what I said is or is not true.

Is it then the case that it is possible for the State literally to carry out all the precepts of Christ? Is it possible, for instance, for the State to carry out those precepts of His which inculcate non-resistance, inexhaustible forgiveness and unlimited benevolence? Can the State, that is to say, disband its army, burn its ships of war, abolish its courts of justice, pull down its jails, dismiss its policemen, bestow its revenues upon all and sundry who ask for them, and yet still continue to ex-

ist as a State? If there really be any person who maintains this I cannot argue with him. His proper place is in a lunatic asylum, and the only person called on to discuss this question with him would be his medical attendant, unless, indeed, that person wisely avoided the subject for fear of dangerously irritating his too-easily-excitable patient.

I am, however, taken to task by others of my critics on quite an opposite ground. Of course—these say—the State cannot literally obey all the precepts in the Sermon on the Mount; but neither can the individual. Those precepts can be obeyed by the individual in the spirit only, and not in the letter. Why may not the State do the same? So that after all this utterance of yours is only “a truism dressed up as a paradox.” “You have been led away by your love of epigram.” “What you really meant is only what every one knows and every one admits.” Well, it is at any rate some comfort to be accused only of a piece of folly instead of a piece of wickedness. Dressing up a truism as a paradox is not a very wise proceeding, but at least it is neither “horrible” nor “atheistic.” I regret, however, that I cannot thus escape from the charge of sinfulness on the plea of silliness. I shall presently have a word to say as to the nature and extent of individual obedience to the Sermon on the Mount. But as regards obedience to it on the part of the State, I must confess to a firm belief that neither in the spirit nor in the letter can the entire of that sermon be carried out by the State, and that whenever it attempts to do this it is tending to its own destruction. Now, as this, and not the question of literal obedience, is really the one at issue, let us consider it a little more closely, and let us begin by defining our terms.

WHAT IS A STATE? Speaking loosely this term is often used as the equivalent of a Nation, and as signifying the entire population of any given country. This, however, cannot be its meaning when we speak of the State as being bound to do, or refrain from doing, this or that; inasmuch as unless the entire population of a country consisted of sane and unanimous adults it cannot be said to do, or to be obliged to, anything.* The State when

we are speaking of its social or political obligations can only mean that part of the nation which is empowered to speak and act on behalf of the rest. It is briefly, as it has been well defined to be, “the sovereign body having supreme power.” This sovereignty may be lodged either in one person, as in some countries, or in a number of persons, as in others. It may be, for instance, the Czar in Russia, the Sultan in Turkey, or Queen, Lords, and Commons in England. But in all these forms, and in whatever form it can exist, it is always a trustee. It is entrusted, that is to say, with certain rights, interests, privileges, and possessions of the citizens of the country which it rules, to be maintained and administered for their benefit. The essential idea of a State therefore always is that of sovereignty held on trust for the common weal; and to this trust, for the sake of which it exists, it is morally bound to be unfailingly faithful.

It is clear, therefore, that a State, in order that it may be a faithful trustee, is bound—first: to preserve its own existence; and secondly: to resist, restrain, and even, if needs be, to destroy whatever and whomsoever assails its authority or attacks the interests committed to its charge. Self-preservation, therefore, and the preservation of all that is entrusted to it are the moral obligations of every State.

Now, is this idea of protection of interests, of maintenance of rights, and of resistance to all assaults on these, the idea of the Sermon on the Mount? Distinctly it is not. The idea, the spirit, of that discourse is the diametrically opposite one of sacrifice of rights, surrender of interests and non-resistance to assaults on these. It is, in a word, from beginning to end the idea of self-sacrifice as opposed to that of self-preservation. Is it not clear, therefore, that the State, if it is to be true to its own idea, if it is not to abdicate or betray its trust, cannot carry out, in spirit

fact, there never has been and never will be such a nation. Under every conceivable form of government—from absolute Despotism to absolute Democracy—one part of the nation—smaller or larger—has always governed the other part. When men talk of the Government under a Democracy being “only the Committee of the Nation,” they really mean the committee of the majority of the nation, and as such, as truly the trustee for the minority—were it only a minority of one—as any despot is for the millions whom he rules.

* Only on this condition can there be what so many persons are talking about so glibly just now—“a self-governing nation.” In point of

even, the directly antagonistic idea of the Sermon on the Mount? Nay, is it not true that under analogous circumstances—namely, when acting as a trustee for the rights and interests of others—the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount do not apply and were not intended to apply to the private individual? Take the case of A. B., who is trustee or guardian for C. D. and E. F. Is he morally justified in giving away or in allowing any one to take away their possessions? Assuredly he is not. So long as he continues to be their trustee he is morally bound to maintain and defend these against all comers. He may allow the taking away of his own cloak and his own coat, but he has no right to allow the taking away of theirs. He may bestow all his own goods to feed the poor, but he has no right thus to bestow their goods, simply because they are theirs and not his. Quite apart, therefore, from the question, yet to be considered, as to how the individual is required by the Sermon on the Mount to deal with his own rights and possessions, it is clear that it gives him no directions as to how he is to deal with the rights and possessions of others. Or, in other words, whatever *interpretation* we may give to the teachings of that discourse, their *application* is exclusively to the individual acting solely on his own behalf, and not to the individual, nor to any collection of individuals, acting on behalf of others. In short, the sum of the whole matter is that the laws in this sermon are, like all positive laws, to be applied with due regard to the circumstances and conditions to which they relate, and that laws addressed to men in one capacity are not to be taken as addressed even to the same persons in some other and entirely different capacity. If they are so taken, the result will always be confusion, and often mischief. "There are," as Hooker tells us, "in men operations, some natural, some rational, some supernatural, some politic, some finally ecclesiastical, which, if we measure not each by his own proper law, there will be in our understanding and judgment of them confusion." "No doubt if men had been willing to learn how many laws their actions in this life are subject unto, and what the true force of each law is, all these controversies might have died the very day they were brought forth."

I cannot help thinking that this contro-

versy between my assailants and myself would thus have ended at its birth could they have only understood the principle here laid down. They would in that case have seen that it is preposterous, in the strictest sense of the word, for a man to ask how he is to obey a law before he has asked and answered the question whether he is called on to obey it at all. They would accordingly have set themselves, as I have done, first to defining what a State really is, and then to considering whether—being what it is—the Sermon on the Mount in its entirety was ever intended to apply to it. In that case I should not have been deluged, as I have been, with letters informing me that a Christian State "is nothing but a collection of Christian individuals," and therefore bound, as each of its individual members is, to obey all the precepts of Christ. Such reasoners might in that case have seen that a State is something else and something more than a collection of individuals, and that a Christian State, whatever that may mean (and that is a very large question) though bound by all those precepts of Christ which may be addressed to it as a State, is not therefore bound to obey all those which are addressed to its members in their several and diverse relations and capacities. They would then perhaps have seen that a State is not morally justified in refusing to resist or prevent invasion—i.e. to wage defensive war—because it would thereby be betraying to destruction the lives and properties of its subjects; that it is not morally justified in expending all its revenues in pure benevolence because it would thereby be applying those revenues to purposes for which they were not intrusted to it; that it would not be morally justified in forgiving out of mere compassion all or any of its criminals, because it would thereby be weakening or even destroying those sanctions of order and of law which it is its duty to maintain and to enforce. In all these respects—and they might be largely multiplied—the State, if it were to act in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, would be failing to discharge functions which are given it, as we believe, of God Himself, who, we Christians hold, has "ordained the powers that be," and so would be breaking a law which God assuredly has given it in the vain attempt at obeying laws which Christ has never given it. I venture,

therefore, not only to repeat but to enlarge upon my first "odious," and "immoral" utterance, and to affirm not only that the State *cannot* but that it *ought* not to carry out in all its relations—either in the letter or in the spirit—all the precepts in the Sermon on the Mount, inasmuch as these were not, all of them, addressed to it by Him who gave them.

When we have seen, however, that a Christian State is bound only by those precepts of Christ which are addressed to it as such, does it therefore follow that it is freed from all moral obligations whatsoever, or that its morality is something different in its nature from that of the individual? Nothing of the kind. The State is bound by precisely the same morality that binds the individual; for morality is not a duty of positive, but of natural, obligation and is binding therefore on all men under all possible circumstances. The State may not, any more than the individual may, act immorally in the discharge of its trust. As he may not lie nor steal for his wards, so neither may the State. It may not, for instance, in the interests of its citizens, plunder the property of other States, or lie to them, or take unfair advantage of them in any way. Similarly in all its dealings with its own subjects it must be scrupulously and equally just to all, for "he that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God." There is therefore unquestionably both an international and an intranational morality. But this, as I have said, is a natural and not a distinctively Christian obligation. Morality and justice were not created, nor even revealed, by Christ; they existed, and were known to exist, before the giving of the Sermon on the Mount, and would have continued to exist had that discourse never been spoken, or had He who spoke it never appeared among men.

II. It is not strictly germane to this article, which deals only with the functions and duties of the State, to consider the question of individual obedience to the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. But as that question has been so largely raised in this discussion, it may be as well to say a few words upon it here.

It has been alleged that it is impossible for the individual to obey those precepts literally. I confess that I do not see this. Strictly speaking, there is no absolute im-

possibility in his case as there is in the case of the State. The individual may, if he think it his duty to do so, not only "suffer the loss of all things," but even of life itself, in obedience to what he believes to be the law of Christ. But I admit that if the individual is to continue to exist, literal obedience to all the laws of Christ is possible for him only on one condition, viz., that the State does *not* literally obey them all; for, if it did, any one might terminate his existence at any moment with impunity. The State, however, acting, and rightly acting, as we have seen, on the opposite principle to his, protects his life and property without his leave. By the help of an army of soldiers and an array of policemen, it prevents foreign armies from confiscating his property, burglars from robbing him, assassins from killing him. It is not lawful in this country, for instance, to assassinate or even to assault a Quaker. The individual citizen lives, therefore, his life of literal non-resistance and universal forgiveness only because the State will resist on his behalf, and will not forgive—a fact which was doubtless as clearly present to the mind of our Lord and of His hearers as it is to ours. Had He intended that His heavenly kingdom should replace the earthly kingdom of which He and they were citizens, doubtless His laws would have been suited to such a condition of things. As it was, however, He was giving laws, not to the State, but to His Church, and therefore did not ignore the fact that, though it was not to be a kingdom of this world, yet that it was to exist *in* this world, and, therefore, within those conditions of order and security which, as we have seen, it is the moral duty of every State to secure for all its subjects.

There still remains however the question how far, within these limits of possibility, it is the duty of the individual literally to carry out all the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. To treat this question fully would require something more than a few lines in a magazine article, nor indeed is it necessary to treat of it, for those who know anything of Christian literature. For those however who, like some of my critics, seem to think that they have raised this question for the first time, it may suffice to say that the answer to it obviously lies in the answer to another question, namely whether our Lord intended that

these precepts of His should be obeyed in their letter. If He did then we Christians are certainly bound so to obey them at any cost to ourselves. But has He required this? Are we not, on the contrary, told that all Divine commands are to be taken, not in their letter but in their spirit? Are we not told that it is the "letter that kills," and that it is the "spirit that gives life"?* to the precept? In other words, are we not told that in all His laws He is giving us principles and not precepts merely—principles which are to precepts what the living seed is to the external shell enclosing it, which must be broken away or die in order that the living thing within it may take root and grow and bear fruit; principles, which—just because they are not mere dry and literal commands—touch our lives not at one point of contact only but all through and all along, and which for that very reason are—not easier but—far harder to obey than literal commands. How completely this is so, may be seen by examining, in this point of view, one or two only of the precepts in the Sermon on the Mount. We might, for instance, literally obey the command to go two miles with him who required us to go with him one, and then at the end of the second refuse to go any further on the ground that this was all the command required of us; or we might turn the right cheek to him who smote us on the left, and then after this literal compliance, smite in our turn the smiter; or we might literally give to him who asked our alms the smallest coin of the realm, and only when so asked, and in so doing we should all the while be violating the spirit of each of those commands which enjoin, not an exactly measured amount of submission to authority, of non-resistance and of benevolence, but the readiness to show any amount of each of these as occasion may demand and as *all* the circumstances of the case *viewed with regard to all our other duties and obligations* might require. In short it is possible for us to kill each one of these precepts by observing it only in the letter and not in the spirit. Those who thus treat the laws of Christ entirely mistake their meaning and purpose. They are doing with them just what the Jews of his day were forever doing with their laws, and what He was forever telling

them that they ought not to do—namely obeying them in the mere letter and thereby evading the far higher and harder duty of obeying them in the spirit.

Of course it is easy for infidels to sneer at such an interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount and to tell us, as I have no doubt they will some of them tell me, that we Christians are always explaining away our Master's teaching. He, however, who has tried to obey these or any other laws in the spirit rather than in the letter, and who knows therefore how "quick and sharp and piercing" laws so treated at once become, need trouble himself but little about such taunts. Their only effect on him should be to set him upon thinking how far he may have allowed himself to regard his Master's law only as something impossible to fulfil in the letter, and so to forget that for that very reason it was all the more his duty to discover how to obey their spiritual teaching.

III. To return however to the subject of this article which is—The State—not the individual—in relation to the precepts of Christ. We have yet to consider how far the State is justified in enforcing these upon its subjects. Of such an attempt I have said that it would result in the establishing of an intolerable tyranny. This is obvious if we remember that the laws of Christ, without that motive for obedience to them which Christ supplies, would be a burden too heavy for human nature to bear. His great law as we have seen is that of self-sacrifice entire and absolute, even to the giving up of life itself when He demands it. Now self-sacrifice, being opposed to the natural instinct of self-preservation, can only become possible by the help of some strong deep passion which overmasters this natural instinct. That passion in Christ's kingdom is love. Love which never reckons up rights nor insists on privileges nor even talks of duty: love whose dearest right is the right to serve; whose most precious privilege is the privilege of suffering, nay if need be of dying, for the loved one. And it is this passion of love for God and for man which Christ has the power of kindling in the hearts of His true disciples, and thus enabling them to fulfil those commands of His which were otherwise "hard sayings which no man could hear." It is "the love of Christ"—as the most devoted of his ser-

* 2 Cor. iii. 6.

vants tells us—that should “constrain us” to all sacrifice since “we thus judge if one died for all then were all dead.” In a word it is the Christ, the loving, merciful, compassionate, self-sacrificing Christ within us who enables us to obey the Christ who speaks to us from without. It is the Crucified One who bids us take up his cross. It is He who gave his life for us, who bids us give our lives, if needs be, for Him. And thus his laws, willingly obeyed from the heart and for his sake, become, what they are described as being, “a perfect law of liberty.” Now this constraining motive is precisely that thing which the State cannot supply. It has no power to kindle in men’s hearts that consuming fire of divine love which burns out the selfishness of human nature. The State has never died for us that we should love its laws as Christ’s true disciples love their Master’s. Nor has it “treasure in Heaven” wherewith to reward those who sacrifice for it treasures upon earth. The State, therefore, if it is to be just, must not demand in the name of law what can only be demanded or conceded in the name of love.

Even those sacrifices which natural affection delights to make, the State may not dare to require. The mother for her child, the wife for her husband, the sister for the brother, the friend for the friend can make—thank God they are making every day—sacrifices which no legislator might even dream of requiring. Still more, of course, is this true of those greater sacrifices which, for the love of God and of his Christ, heroic souls have made for those who are bound to them by no ties of kindred or even of race. A Father Damien gives his life in noblest sacrifice for the outcast lepers of Molokai, and in so doing “fulfils the law of Christ.” But for the State to have seized upon him and compelled him to do this, on the ground that it was bound to enforce all the laws of Christ, would have been an atrocious wrong and injustice. Similarly with respect to all other exercises of self-denial and self-sacrifice and benevolence demanded by the laws of Christ, the State has no right to demand these, just because it is not our Master and Lord, and to demand them, apart from that condition which can alone make them endurable, would be to act unjustly and tyrannically.

In the next place, however, it is to be

observed that, although the attempt to enforce Christian precepts by the State leads to tyranny, that attempt can still never prove successful. It is not possible for the State really to enforce any precept of Christ. As a proof of this let us take this very question of Christian Socialism, Christianity, as it seems to me, is manifestly neither Socialistic nor Communistic, inasmuch as it does not require as a condition of membership in the Christian Society either the abolition of property, which is Communism, or any form of compulsory redistribution of it, which is Socialism. It would be communistic if it had said that no Christian shall possess property. It would be socialistic if it had said that every Christian shall submit to a certain redistribution of his property by the Rulers of the Church. It says, however, neither of these things. In the impulsive attempt at communism, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, the right of each individual to give away or to retain his property as he might think fit, is distinctly recognized. “Whiles it remained was it not thine own? after it was sold was it not in thine own power?”—this is not Communism. In all its many precepts of benevolence and charity, the amount and the manner of distribution by the rich to the poor is left to the judgment and conscience of the individual: this is not Socialism. Let us suppose, however, the State proceeding to enforce some one of these Christian precepts of benevolence, such, for instance, as this: “Charge them who are rich in this world that they be ready to give and glad to distribute;” and that it does this by taking forcibly from the rich and distributing to the poor. Is it not clear that the moment the State has done this it has made it impossible to obey this precept? For how can a man “give” that which the State has taken from him, or “distribute” that which the State is distributing in his stead? And as for the gladness and the readiness in such a case, we all know what is the gladness and the readiness with which we greet the visits of the rate-collector. The State would, in that case, have substituted for a charitable gift a legal impost, and would thereby have destroyed the free willingness which is of the very essence of all Christian charity.

If Socialism then mean—what I suppose most persons would understand it to mean

—the forcible redistribution of wealth by the State, Christian Socialism is a contradiction in terms; for Christianity knows nothing of force; its motive power is love, and where force begins love ends. And this is the real meaning of the saying that we cannot make men virtuous by Act of Parliament. We cannot do so because free willingness is of the essence of all virtue. We can, therefore, no more have State Christian Benevolence than we can have State Christian Temperance, or State Christian Chastity, or State Christian virtue of any kind whatsoever. To talk, therefore, of the State, in this matter of Socialism, "compelling men to obey the precepts of Christ" is to talk undiluted and mischievous nonsense.

The conclusion from all that I have said seems to me then to be briefly this. The Church is not and cannot become the State; the State is not and cannot become the Church. These words stand for two wholly distinct and different societies; having different aims, different laws, and different methods of government. The State exists for the preservation of men's bodies; the Church for the salvation of their souls. The aim of the State, even put at its highest, is the welfare of its citizens in this world; the aim of the Church is their holiness here in order to their welfare hereafter. The duty of the Church is to eradicate sin; the duty of the State is to prevent or to punish crime.

These two kingdoms co-exist, and to a certain extent even coincide, forbidding and allowing often the same things, though not for the same reasons, but their laws are never co-extensive; the Church forbidding much that the State must allow, the State forbidding some things that the Church allows; nay, they may even conflict, and often have done so, the State sometimes forbidding and punishing as a crime what the Church commands as a duty. Allied they may be, and have been, with great gain to the State, and lesser, though real gain, to the Church.*

* This principle of alliance between Church and State is obviously a sufficient logical ground for that establishment of the Church by the State which sundry persons have lately been telling me is quite inconsistent with my assertion that it is not the duty of the State to obey or to enforce all the precepts of Christ, so that if I were logically consistent I ought to resign my bishopric. A *tu quoque* is no argument; but in this case the *tu quoque* does

But if either of them attempt to replace the other, if ever the State attempt to discharge the functions of the Church, or the Church to usurp the powers of the State, the result will full surely be "confusion and every evil work."

All this, I should have thought, was the very A B C of Christian, as distinguished from merely political, ethics, and known therefore by this time to all who know anything of the subject; were it not that we see so many persons, in other respects apparently intelligent and well informed, so strangely unconscious of all this. When we hear earnest and pious men clamoring for the State to "put down" this because it is "so wrong," or to enforce that because it is "so right,"—insisting, that is to say, that the State shall constitute itself the guardian of men's souls as it is the guardian of their bodies, and as such that it should repress all vice and all irreligion as it is bound to repress all crime—we are amazed that they do not see what results would follow from their principles if logically carried out. Once, and once only, in our history were they so carried out. It was during the brief but terrible reign of the saints in England, and those who know what a sour, sullen and dreary tyranny that reign established, what hypocrisy it fostered and what a wildly licentious reaction it produced, may well view with anxiety symptoms of an attempt to revive such a government among us now; believing that it would result in a fussy, prying, omnipresent and utterly unendurable rule of fuddists and of fanatics, to be followed after a time by just such an outburst of licentiousness as marked the period of our Restoration. It is for this reason that I, for one, do not care to see the sanction of Christianity invoked on behalf of any schemes of political change. Christianity is no more a "judge and divider" of men's "inheritance" now than

not happen to apply, inasmuch as I have never maintained that any precept of Christ requires the State to establish the Church or to give me "my place in the House of Lords." Even a heathen state, and *a fortiori* therefore a Christian one, might conceivably establish and endow a Christian Church on the ground merely of utility, believing that its teaching tended to humanize and civilize its subjects and so to render easier the task of governing them; but in so doing, whether acting wisely or unwisely, it would certainly not be acting nor claiming to act in obedience to any command of Christ.]

was her Master long ago. Men may not now any more than they might then "take Him by force to make Him a king."

Speaking as a Christian then and not as a politician, I would venture to say to the Socialist, Deal with all those questions of redistribution of wealth with which you are busying yourself as you may deem right and expedient. Adopt for your guidance in dealing with them any one of the current political or social maxims that may commend itself to you. Start, if you please, with the maxim that all property is robbery; or that all men have an equal right to an equal share in all things; or that property should pay ransom for its safety; or that the State should own not only all land but all goods and chattels whatsoever; or that it should regulate the hours and price of all labor, and therefore, by just and necessary consequence, ultimately the price of all other commodities; that it should, in short, convert itself into a sort of magical "universal provider," giving to every one everything that he wants and yet to no one more than to any one else. Adopt even, if any one has the courage now to adopt it, the preposterous and immoral maxim of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number"—a maxim which would justify a tribe of Red Indians in torturing, or a tribe of cannibals in killing and eating, their prisoners. Take as your political creed any one of these or any other that you may prefer; all that we ask of you is not to dignify any one of these beliefs with the name of Christian. Stamp your political coinage, whether of pure or of base metal, with the image and superscription of the political Caesar, mob or monarch, to whom you give your allegiance; buy with it in the vote-market power and place for yourself or your party; but do not forge upon it the "image and superscription" of our King. Two things only, as it seems to me, has Christianity to say to you. One is; in all your dealings with wealth and property be just: just to the rich as well as the poor, to the employer as well as to the laborer, to the minority as well as to the majority, to the classes as well as to the masses. See that you do not, even in order to save ten thousand men from suffering, inflict unmerited or unrequited suffering on even a single individual. And in the next place—pleading, as Christianity is ever bound to plead, the cause of the poor—we pray

of you, for their sakes, to take heed lest you make any economic mistake in constructing your new *couches sociales*; for, if you do, it will not be the rich but the poor who will be the chief sufferers from such mistake. Riches can "make to themselves wings and fly away." Rich men can obey at least one Christian precept; "persecuted in one city" they can "flee unto another." The poor cannot do this. They are *adscripti glebæ*; they must stay and bear the weight of any harm that you may have done to the commonwealth. You may send political economy and common sense with it "on a voyage to Jupiter," but when they come back, as they are sure to do sooner or later, with a heavy bill for travelling expenses, it will not be the rich but the poor who will have to pay the greater part of that bill.

One word more, and it is a word that I am very desirous of saying. When I assert, as I do, that the laws of Christ's Church cannot safely nor justly be all of them transferred to the statute-book of the State, that we neither can nor ought to turn the Acts of the Apostles into Acts of Parliament, I am as far as possible from asserting that Christianity has nothing to do with politics. On the contrary, I maintain that it has everything to do with them; not, however, directly but indirectly; not by way of compelling men by law to observe its precepts; but by way of inspiring men with its spirit. Justice, which is the primary and main obligation of the State, is, as I have said, no invention of Christianity; nevertheless Christianity has greatly enlarged and ennobled our ideas of justice, while giving us also new and most powerful motives for being just.

It has done so mainly by its revelation of the great idea of the brotherhood of all men in Christ. This idea at once enlarges the area over which justice is obligatory. There was a time when no state held itself bound to be just to any save its own subjects. The stranger had absolutely no claim in its eyes to justice; he might be plundered, captured, enslaved, slain, and no one so much as dreamed that any injustice was being done to him. Christianity has proclaimed that this stranger is a brother, and has therefore against all men the claims and the rights of brotherhood. Such teaching at once revolution-

izes the relations of State to State, proclaiming as it does that whatever of justice or equity any State owes to its own subjects, the same is owed by it to the subjects of all other States.

Take, again, the influence of Christianity upon War. It has not forbidden war, but it has at once limited and softened it by teaching us that those with whom we may be compelled to war are nevertheless still our brethren, and that therefore nothing save the absolute duty of self-defence should induce us to use force against them, and that when we do reluctantly use it in the last resort, we should do so no further than is strictly necessary for defence. War, therefore, for the Christian statesman will never be anything but a painful necessity. Wars of ambition or of revenge will be to him wholly abhorrent, and wars of self-defence will be conducted by him with as much of mercy and of compassion as is compatible with the use of armed force in any shape or form.

Slavery, again, is not directly forbidden by any distinct Christian precept; nevertheless Christianity when it commanded masters to "render unto their servants that which is just and equal," proclaimed a principle which at last, alas! at long last, compelled men to see that slavery is a horrible injustice; and that the only way to "render to the slave that which is just" is to set him free.

Take, again, the influence of Christianity on our criminal law. That law has been in times past cruel and barbarous. Christianity has at last softened it, not by teaching that a brother is to be forgiven all his offences against the State, nor by teaching that "the aim of all punishment is the reformation of the offender"—a maxim which is ethically doubtful and politically false; but by teaching that because he is a brother we must be jealously careful that his punishment shall never be greater than is needed for the restraint of his offence; all punishment in excess of this being cruel, and legal cruelty being only a form of injustice.

Take one instance more; the influence of Christianity upon legislation as regards the poor. Christianity has not said that there shall be no poor, nor has it in any way enlarged the poor man's rights as a citizen. But in telling us that he is our brother, it bids us be willing, and even eager, to recognize whatever rights he may

possess, tenderly desirous that we do him, in his weakness, no injustice; our ears, no longer clogged with selfish thoughts for our own rights and interests, will be "open to his cry." We may still hold ourselves bound in our legislation to be no more than just even to him; but as Christian legislators we shall feel a greater readiness to yield this justice to him fully and completely.

In all these ways, and in a thousand others, Christianity is exercising a vast and a most beneficent influence upon politics; but that influence is indirect. It acts, not by filling the statute book with Christian precepts, but by filling the hearts of legislators with Christian feelings and motives. If we want, however, to check, or even to destroy, this beneficent work of Christianity, we shall do so effectually by attempting to force all its teachings upon all men in the shape of positive enactments. The clumsy hands of the State are incapable of administering those Divine laws which deal with the conscience and the soul. If it meddles with these it will either perilously relax them lest they prove too severe, or, in attempting to enforce them, it will excite against them a dangerous revolt.

All along the stream of living water which, issuing from beneath the cross of Christ, follows us through the world's wilderness, grow the fresher leaf and riper fruit of Christian life; but, if touched by the freezing breath of force, it hardens into a cold and lifeless and yet fragile mass, which chills and withers even unto death all that it once cherished and sustained.

When, however, we have thus defined the spheres of Church and State—when we have seen that these lie in different planes and are acted on by different forces and to different ends—we have not thereby diminished, we have, on the contrary, enhanced the obligations of the Church. Precisely because Christian virtues do not lie within the province of the State to enforce, all the more is it the duty of the Church to enforce them by every means within Her power. What she may not ask the State to do for her, all the more earnestly should she, for that very reason, strive to do for herself. If she had always done this fully, fearlessly, faithfully, self-denyingly, as she should have done; if all professing Christians had lived up, or even

tried to live up to the teachings of Christ, we should have heard less than we now hear of these wild theories of State Socialism, which, in their very wildness, often show us how hot and bitter the hearts of men may grow at the sight of sufferings which Christianity might largely have relieved, and of sins and shames and sorrows which it might largely have diminished. This assuredly is true, and this, as it seems to me, is the one great lesson which the Church in our day has to learn—which she is, I believe, learning more and more—from this demand for the new Socialism, whether it come from those who love or from those who hate her and her Master.

And now I have said my say—very probably once more to my own hurt and to the great satisfaction of sundry critics, who I have no doubt will find in what I have said plenty to criticise. The subject of social and political ethics is a thorny

one, in which many greater and better men than myself have entangled and thereby severely lacerated themselves ere now, and I am quite ready to accept this as my fate likewise. All that I really care for is to vindicate myself, as one who, however unworthily, holds the office of a ruler and a teacher in the Christian Church, from the charges of “immorality” and “horrible” atheism which have so freely been brought against me in this matter. If, after this explanation, it should give any pleasure to my accusers, reverend and non-reverend, to repeat these accusations, they are perfectly welcome to do so. I venture to anticipate that if they are only commonly honest and do not once more wilfully misquote and distort my words, the verdict of those at least who may have read this article will be one of acquittal.—*Fortnightly Review.*

A SWIMMER'S DREAM.

NOVEMBER 4, 1889.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Somno mollior unda.

I.

DAWN is dim on the dark soft water,
Soft and passionate, dark and sweet.
Love's own self was the deep sea's daughter
Fair and flawless from face to feet,
Hailed of all when the world was golden,
Loved of lovers whose names beholden
Thrill men's eyes as with light of olden
Days more glad than their flight was fleet.

So they sang : but for men that love her,
Souls that hear not her word in vain,
Earth beside her and heaven above her
Seem but shadows that wax and wane,
Softer than sleep's are the sea's caresses,
Kinder than love's that betrays and blesses,
Blither than spring's when her flowerful treasures
Shake forth sunlight and shine with rain.

All the strength of the waves that perish
Swell beneath me and laughs and sighs,
Sighs for love of the life they cherish,
Laughs to know that it lives and dies,
Dies for joy of its life, and lives
Thrilled with joy that its brief death gives—
Death whose laugh or whose breath forgives
Change that bids it subside and rise.

II.

Hard and heavy, remote but nearing,
 Sunless hangs the severe sky's weight,
 Cloud on cloud, though the wind be veering,
 Heaped on high to the sundawn's gate.
 Dawn and even and noon are one,
 Veiled with vapor and void of sun ;
 Nought in sight or in fancied hearing
 Now less mighty than time or fate.

The gray sky gleams and the gray seas glimmer,
 Pale and sweet as a dream's delight,
 As a dream's where darkness and light seem dimmer,
 Touched by dawn or subdued by night.
 The dark wind, stern and sublime and sad,
 Swigs the rollers to westward, clad
 With lustrous shadow that lures the swimmer,
 Lures and lulls him with dreams of light.

Light, and sleep, and delight, and wonder,
 Change, and rest, and a charm of cloud,
 Fill the world of the skies whereunder
 Heaves and quivers and pants aloud
 All the world of the waters, hoary
 Now, but clothed with its own live glory,
 That mates the lightning and mocks the thunder
 With light more living and word more proud.

III.

Far off westward, whither sets the sounding strife,
 Strife more sweet than peace, of shoreless waves whose glee
 Scorns the shore and loves the wind that leaves them free,
 Strange as sleep and pale as death and fair as life,
 Shifts the moonlight-colored sunshine on the sea.

Toward the sunset's goal the sunless waters crowd,
 Fast as autumn days toward winter : yet it seems
 Here that autumn wanes not, here that woods and streama
 Lose not heart and change not likeness, chilled and bowed,
 Warped and wrinkled : here the days are fair as dreams.

IV.

O russet-robed November,
 What ails thee so to smile ?
 Chill August, pale September,
 Endured a woeful while,
 And fell as falls an ember
 From forth a flameless pile :
 But golden-girt November
 Bids all she looks on smile.

The lustrous foliage, waning
 As wanes the morning moon,
 Here falling, here refraining,
 Outbraves the pride of June
 With statelier semblance, feigning
 No fear lest death be soon :
 As though the woods thus waning
 Should wax to meet the moon.

As though, when fields lie stricken
 By gray December's breath,
 These lordlier growths that sicken
 And die for fear of death
 Should feel the sense requicken—
 That hears what springtide saith
 And thrills for love, spring-stricken
 And pierced with April's breath.

The keen white-winged north-easter
 That stings and spurs thy sea
 Doth yet but feed and feast her
 With glowing sense of glee :
 Calm chained her, storm released her,
 And storm's glad voice was he :
 South-wester or north-easter,
 Thy winds rejoice the sea.

V.

A dream, a dream is it all—the season,
 The sky, the water, the wind, the shore !
 A day-born dream of divine unreason,
 A marvel moulded of sleep—no more !
 For the cloudlike wave that my limbs while cleaving
 Feel as in slumber beneath them heaving,
 Soothes the sense as to slumber, leaving
 Sense of nought that was known of yore.

A purer passion, a lordlier leisure,
 A peace more happy than lives on land,
 Fulfils with pulse of diviner pleasure
 The dreaming head and the steering hand.
 I lean my cheek to the cold gray pillow,
 The deep soft swell of the full broad billow,
 And close mine eyes for delight past measure,
 And wish the wheel of the world would stand.

The wild-winged hour that we fain would capture
 Falls as from heaven that its light feet clomb,
 So brief, so soft, and so full the rapture
 Was felt that soothed me with sense of home.
 To sleep, to swim, and to dream, for ever—
 Such joy the vision of man saw never ;
 For here too soon will a dark day sever
 The sea-bird's wing from the sea-wave's foam.

A dream, and more than a dream, and dimmer
 At once and brighter than dreams that flee,
 The moment's joy of the seaward swimmer
 Abides, remembered as truth may be.
 Not all the joy and not all the glory
 Must fade as leaves when the woods wax hoary ;
 For there the downs and the woodlands glimmer,
 And here to south of them swells the sea.

—*New Review.*

THE GERMAN DAILY PRESS.

BY DE BAMBERGER, MEMBER OF THE GERMAN REICHSTAG.

I.

SOME time ago I was invited by the editor of this Review to give an account of the state of the German Press, and, after due consideration, I cannot find it in my heart to refuse the request. For although, in the present state of Europe, bristling as it does with arms, it must seem more than ever a Utopian idea to talk of attempts to bring nations into great harmony with each other, and although, with this in view, I could never make up my mind to join any Peace League, however honorable, yet it appears to me that, of all such attempts, the least useless is that which endeavors to give the readers of one nation a just idea of the conditions of another. I believe that most men gain on nearer acquaintance, and in a still higher degree is this the case with nations, not only because they are more difficult to comprehend, but because those who should comprehend them—namely, the many-headed general public, which goes under the name of Nations—have such remarkably thick heads. The very first condition for the arrival at such a comprehension is, of course, a mutual understanding of the modes of expression commonly employed—I do not mean the understanding of *idioms*, because that is a purely mechanical exercise. In the present day more than ever before nations talk with one another through their periodical press. Formerly this was the affair of diplomats, and when their Latin gave out they took to the cannon. Even this latter mode of argument has been to a great extent seized on by the press. The cannon which thundered in 1870 were loaded by the Parisian journalists, and it is to be feared that the bombs which the Pan Slavist writers are employed in filling from year's end to year's end in the leading articles written at Moscow or St. Petersburg will, sooner or later, explode into actual conflagration.

When laments are made about the mischief resulting from the mutual bad feeling caused by the press of another country, I have often heard it said by way of defence, "But these journalists are not the nation; they are only a handful of irre-

sponsible people who live on sensation."

A bad answer, truly. So long as states have existed, their peoples have been responsible for their government. *Quidquid delirant reges* is an Employers' Liability Act that is written in the Book of Fate, and, however unjust it may be in individual cases, it will never admit of much alteration. You may tell us ten times over that your ministers are scoundrels or blockheads, who owe their elevation to chance, and are disowned by the majority of the nation: if you attack us at the command of your ministers, we must fly to arms. The French were very indignant at the Germans for not retiring in quiet contentment to their hearths and homes after the battle of Sedan, when that bad Napoleon, who was alone to blame for everything, had received the due reward of his deeds. But the nation had to suffer for having allowed him to act as he did, not to mention the fact that they would certainly have emphatically claimed as their right a share in his victories, had he gained any. Therefore, to all kind invitations to join Peace Leagues or to attend Peace Congresses, I invariably reply: "All that we, the governed, discuss among ourselves is a mere waste of breath. The only thing that will have any practical effect in rooting out the existing frantic international hatred is, that each nation should strive to provide itself with a rational government at home, and until this is accomplished the tenderest declarations of affection which the chosen spirits of one nation exchange with the chosen spirits of another are so much labor in vain, and they will neither hinder disaster nor heal the mischief already done." But nowadays, as is well known, the press is a part of the government, even in more or less despotically governed countries, and all that has been said above fits it as closely as it does rulers and statesmen. It would not, indeed, be right to assert that every nation had the government it deserved; one might as well say that a child that had come into the world with a club foot had not deserved to have two perfect extremities. But so long as we cannot avoid punishing thieves and murderers without

regard to the acceptance or denial by philosophers of the theory of free will, so long will nations remain as responsible for the faults and sins of their press as for those of their rulers, and when they seek to escape from the consequences of these faults and sins, we must answer: "Provide yourselves with a better press, or endure in silence the punishment for its misdeeds."

But you will now ask, "If this is the case, if, in face of this fatality of action, our information about your press, or your information about ours, is powerless to help, what is the use of talking about it? How will it aid us to know that all that has been done to rouse our mutual indignation was not intentional, but must be laid to the charge of certain misunderstandings and delusions?" My answer to that is as follows. The press of our country derives no small portion of the authority and influence which it exercises over its own countrymen from the value set on it abroad, and its home importance shows its practical working by reacting on the nervous system of the foreign press. I have remarked that those organs who regard it as their most meritorious task to set their neighbors by the ears make it their business to hunt up in foreign newspapers such remarks as are calculated to make bad blood at home, and, while they consciously or unconsciously keep their readers in the dark as to the obscurity or worthlessness of their sources of information, they do their best to accentuate all international misunderstandings and ill-humors. It has frequently happened to me to be called to account by foreigners for a writing or a newspaper article as if it were a manifestation of German opinion, which no reasonable being in the Empire knew anything about, much less had taken any notice of. Some rag-picker or other had pulled the notice in question out of the gutter, and set it up before the eyes of foreign countries in fiery letters visible from afar. And the like happens to us also, and hundreds of pens labor all the year round to spread filth like this.

Here, perhaps, a little may be done—a little, I say, not *great* things; for *great* things are never *done*; they *come* one knows not how, and are therefore irresistible.

II.

To describe the status of the press of

any country is to describe its political status also. This needs no explanation. Whatever, therefore, is said on this subject must receive its stamp from the general political development and physiognomy of the country. Germany differs from the other civilized countries of the West in the circumstance that it has only attained to an imperfect state of unity and liberty, that it has only lately got rid of its patriarchal, monarchical form of government, and that it owes the modest portion of unity which up to the present has fallen to its share, not to victorious internal revolutions, but to the reaction of external contests fought on international battle-fields, which induced the hereditary rulers to consent to the limitation of their powers more from opportunistic reasons than from fear of irresistible struggles for freedom. That this threefold cause is still active is shown by the fact that public opinion, in proportion to the power of the state, is considerably weaker in Germany than in those other countries. The press is indeed here, as everywhere, a great power; but it is so here, as everywhere, only in the hand of the powerful, and as public opinion, as opposed to the power of the state, has not yet attained in any high degree to a consciousness of its importance, so the German Press has, up to the present time, shown itself to be a strong weapon in the hands of the government rather than in those of any opposition party. The energy of opposition displayed by the Roman Catholic Church and by Social Democracy did not proceed from the power of their press, but from the ease with which the servants of the Church and the leaders of the workmen were able personally to make propaganda among those around them. It is the same with the press as it is with the Parliament, and, as credit depends entirely on actual strength, so the credit of the press, like that of the Parliament, is much less in Germany than in the other great Western states. Here, as in all following considerations, I pass over in silence the question as to the gain or loss occasioned by such a state of things, because we are only concerned with the representation of facts and not with their valuation.

The weakness of independent national consciousness contributes as much as the multiplicity of the centres of public life to the enfeebling of public opinion and the

organs that should express it. Even if Germany possessed real unity like Italy, the Regionalism which, until quite lately, pervaded everything, would still maintain its right. It maintains it, even in Italy, very strongly, although Rome, as a capital, is much nearer to the hearts of all Italians than Berlin is to the hearts of many Germans. It is, therefore, a recognized fact that the Berlin press exercises no predominant influence over the German public at large either morally or politically. If certain organs with specially noteworthy information make their way through the whole of Germany, it is not because they appear in Berlin, but because they are notoriously the mouthpiece of the government, and of a government with such an interesting personality at its head, that all its movements are followed with the greatest attention not only by Germany, but also by the rest of the world. When that interesting personality is no longer there, the organs made use of by him will most probably fall under the universal law of regional limits. One can see this pretty well from the fact that organs which do not appear in Berlin, but which also serve as heralds to the ruling personality, have extended the circle of their radiance. But, apart from this, the regionalism which existed in the press before the erection of the German Empire still maintains its ground, and those newspapers which formerly guided the public opinion of its outer limits have not lost any of their authority. The Berlin newspapers have gained nothing, at least nothing that can be compared with the way in which the great London journals represent the voice of the country to Great Britain, her colonies, and the whole world. I say nothing of Paris, because Paris, as the great absorbing central organ of France, does not present a state of things desirable for imitation. With the exception, then, of the well-known organs of the eminent ruling personality, there does not exist in Germany a single newspaper of which one could say that the information contained in it would be likely to come under the notice of a large proportion of those who would be specially interested in the matter under discussion. Here and there something particularly noteworthy may be quoted from a Berlin newspaper by another; but that happens also to journals published in Hamburg, Frankfort, or

Magdeburg, and is of very little account compared with the influence of the great organs of other capitals, which are aware that their spirit and their thoughts will penetrate the minds of the country at large, because they are read everywhere, and that their ideas are sure to come on 'Change in the market of public life. A newspaper not published in Germany at all, like the Vienna *Neue freie Presse*, can boast of a large and devoted circle of readers such as few native journals possess. It is just this extramural position which procures for it a wide circulation entirely independent of regional limits, and the vivacious tone it derives from its Viennese atmosphere exactly suits the taste of a certain circle of readers, who seldom find in the productions of German publicists an opportunity for indulging their liking for refinement in style and contents. It is true that there are in Berlin several non-government organs that possess adherents all over the Empire; but, although they had their seat in Berlin even before it became the capital of the Empire, they do not owe their numerous *clientèle* to this, but to the circumstance that they are the recognized organs of a party that is closely united by ties, in most cases of a confessional nature, and its members are in a measure bound to bend their ear to the mouthpiece of their party. But everything that merely contributes to a free and untrammelled exercise of the mind dies almost at the boundaries of Berlin. There is a certain number of journals in Berlin that are abundantly furnished with all necessary intellectual and financial intelligence, but the population of the provinces only accidentally learn now and then something of their contents, and have no idea to what party they belong, and yet the inhabitants of the capital derive their mental sustenance from them, and imagine themselves to be in full communion of ideas with all the rest of their fellow countrymen. Now and then some enterprising newspaper owner manages to break through the charmed circle by employing a highly perfected apparatus of industrial propagation; but these are rare exceptions, and depend entirely on the individuality of the persons concerned in them; and even brilliant successes do not lead to the certain result of binding the circle of readers into one great community of thought all over the country.

One can well imagine how the sum total of all these conditions reacts on the profession of journalism. Talent is not wanting, and the information necessary to the work is probably more generally diffused in Germany than in any other country in the world. I believe I am not exaggerating if I say that there lie hidden among the editors of newspapers, as among many other classes of society in Germany, notably the teacher class, greater stores of historical and geographical knowledge than could be found in those of England and France put together. In the quiet times between the wars of the first Empire and the year 1866 (the short episode of 1848 excepted), a certain kind of learned journalism was a much more satisfactory career than it is at present, because a widely extended and superior class of readers was then as much attracted by learning in the columns of the daily papers as by politics, perhaps even more so.* In those days, the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (which Schiller helped to start), published in a Bavarian provincial town by Von Cotta, the renowned firm for publishing German classical works, was able to extend its circulation throughout all the German Federal States—Austria included—and thence throughout the whole cultivated world. Its editors and contributors attained a literary renown. Traces of those past glories still exist, but they are only *beaux restes*. The tumult of party politics has drowned all this, and forced all literary work of the higher kind into the net of Regionalism. It is no longer permitted to journalists to satisfy either their literary ambition or their desire for a widely extended sphere of influence, and those few who succeed in making themselves generally known, because they act as thunderers in the service of Olympus, are, with rare exceptions, of an inferior quality; for Olympus follows in great things as in small the maxim of the first Napoleon, that his assistants needed no intelligence, because he had enough for all, and theirs might make them unreliable. There exist both in and out of Berlin clever and learned men, who, for a generation past, have been writing for the press without their names

having become known beyond the circle of the initiated. One of the greatest pleasures connected with this profession in other great countries, and, in fact, its real *raison d'être*, is entirely wanting here, and a certain peevish spirit which manifests itself in the German Press is probably accounted for by this circumstance. It very seldom happens that a journalist attains a high political position—indeed old bureaucratic and aristocratic traditions would bar his way to that—but even a transition to a parliamentary career is rarer here than elsewhere.

In connection with these circumstances stands the fact, that our great newspapers are only in very exceptional cases the organs of particular parliamentary parties. They will perhaps patronize one of them at some special time, but they would regard it as lowering to their dignity to be charged with serving any party. There exists a sort of mutual jealousy. It continually happens that the editors of a newspaper protest against being considered to stand in the service of a certain party, or that a party will protest against the supposition that it is represented by a certain newspaper. German individualism, and the extreme improbability of being able to pass from a liberal career into the political hierarchy, tend here, as in many other situations, to dissipate forces and weaken all satisfaction in work. I think I have already remarked that German correspondents in foreign countries write their reports with more knowledge of their business than their other colleagues; but they mostly see the events they describe through sad-colored spectacles.

The insufficiency of the German Press resulting from the conditions above described is made up for to a certain extent by the publicity of the Parliament, more especially of the Reichstag. Whatever is spoken there penetrates into every corner of the Empire, though occasionally in a somewhat mutilated form, and this alone is a sufficient reason for the existence of the Reichstag, though it possesses less authority than any other house of popular representatives. It is the only place where a man, even though he is not on the side of the government, may be quite certain of gaining a hearing. It supplies the place of a central press, and its functions are the more important because it has full liberty of speech—a benefit which, as is well

* The old so-called *Vossische Zeitung* in Berlin has, after the title which it has borne ever since it was first started, the words *Von Staats- und Gelehrten-Sachen* (on state and literary affairs).

known, is nowadays only permitted to the press within very restricted limits. In this, as in so many other things, the Germans have retrograded during the two decades that have elapsed since the French war. To illustrate this more fully would lead us into politics, and this we must avoid. We will not touch on politics further than is absolutely necessary to the elucidation of the foregoing subject. The ever-increasing elasticity with which a new generation of lawyers are wont to interpret certain paragraphs of the criminal code makes it a very risky undertaking to discuss public affairs anywhere but in the Reichstag. It is possible for a writer in the twinkling of an eye, without wishing it or dreaming of it, so to offend a big man, or a little man, or even sometimes a big-little man, that he has to pay for it with several months' loss of freedom, and this kind of justice has so nursed and fostered the sensitiveness of the body of officials and also of private individuals, that the discussion of grievances has become a very ticklish affair. I should not advise a journalist to write that he considered any public or private building to be painted in very bad taste. He might bring upon himself an action for giving offence from the person who had it painted, from the painter, and from the occupier of the house. Not very long ago, a court of law decided that a writer could be refused admittance to a theatre subventioned by the public money, although he had paid for his ticket, because he had criticised the actors so sharply that he had spoiled the pleasure of the public in the performance. The detriment to the public welfare resulting from the difficulties put in the way of criticism is, perhaps, partly compensated for by a certain amount of advantage gained by the press. I have repeatedly heard from French observers of the German Press the remark, that the cautious and dexterous attitude of certain German organs—independent ones of course—reminded them of the perfection of style to which analogous French productions gradually accustomed themselves during the time of the second Empire, when the sword of justice was always suspended above their heads. The art of expressing what one has to say with the keenest circumspection, without robbing it of its point, tends greatly to the perfecting of style and the refinement of thought. It is indeed a

sort of slavish art ; but it is an art ; and neglect of style has so long been one of the failings of German journalism, that we may feel under an obligation even to this unwelcome spur to improvement.

III.

Throughout the world complaints are made about the excesses of the press. As in Germany it is only the government newspapers that enjoy complete freedom, the conjecture is probably not unfounded that the charge of depreciating and stigmatizing opponents may be laid to their door with more right than to any other. Nevertheless the reproach is made, and with equal conviction on all sides. The more the franchise is extended in any country, the greater will be the tendency to carry political discussions, in the last instance, to the election contests ; and, where universal suffrage exists, newspaper polemics are most prone to degenerate into disorderly fights. The more the press is localized, the more odious will be these pugilistic displays. There exist in every party, from the ultra Conservatives to the ultra-Radicals, individuals who, from a kind of instinct, employ all their efforts to disgust the more refined and sensitive natures with active politics, so that the field may remain clear for the most hardened spirits. The best means of attaining this end is to assail undesired candidates in the public press with the most barbarous calumnies. In this way all but those who are thick-skinned, or those who are rendered invulnerable by having some special aim in view, are deterred from seeking election. Those countries where parliamentary franchise is widely extended—even England, if I have read rightly—have been obliged to acknowledge that the level of popular representation stands lower now than it did in former days. Those times of relative quiet are over in which a high degree of eloquence, a courteous manner to all, and an elevated average of culture, adorned Parliaments, and procured for their members an exceptional position in society. The ever-raging election squabbles that go on in the press are probably to blame for this state of things, but other not less important changes contribute likewise toward it. The perfecting of the technical side of life becomes ever more and more an important and determining

factor in the common weal, and lessens the decisive authority of political systems and constitutional forms; and this causes men who are conscious of possessing great stores of energy to feel less inclined to devote that energy to a political career than to any other. Consequently we see indifference to political struggles everywhere on the increase among the cultivated classes. Only one condition rouses them to interest in politics—namely, anxiety for the maintenance of peace, lest a violent disturbance should upset the equilibrium of the commonwealth. We do not exclusively gain by this blunting of public spirit, as any one can see with a little reflection. Madame de Staël once said that, in a land where women were beheaded for political causes, there was a sufficient reason for women to meddle in politics; and this remark may be varied in manifold ways. But the increase of indifferentism under the repelling action of offensive public discussion is peculiarly displeasing in a country like Germany which is still young and inexperienced in political life, and which does not yet possess in its institutions, and, before all, in its state of general feeling, any firm and broad guarantees for liberal development.

Since the difficulties connected with starting a newspaper were done away by the Press Law, passed in the first mildly liberal period of the Empire, the number of small and insignificant newspapers has increased incalculably. In the more well-to-do parts of the country, it is no uncommon thing to find in places with a thousand or fifteen hundred inhabitants that two local newspapers are written, or rather printed; for the editors do their work mostly with the scissors, or else with the polygraphic correspondence that is furnished by all parties at the lowest prices. One can easily understand that in such little newspapers, side by side with some useful information, a great deal of undigested material and personal scandal of the lowest description are put into circulation.

The German has a greater thirst for information than any creature under the sun. Whether in the theatre, or on a journey, or wherever he may be, besides satisfying his love of sight-seeing or his curiosity, he always wants to get something to add to his stock of knowledge. It is not without reason that Baedeker has driven all other

guide-books out of the field. Our theatre bills put in, wherever they can manage to do so, a detailed description of the time and place of action, and the relative positions of the several *dramatis personæ*, and the couplets of the most extravagant farce mostly contain some moral lesson. This attribute naturally manifests itself most clearly in the daily press. With the exception of those who are politicians by profession, most persons with us read only one newspaper. The German understands, in the purchase of newspapers as in the purchase of books, how to combine thirst for knowledge with economy. In the streets of Paris, between the hours of five and seven in the evening, one meets thousands of persons with bundles of newspapers that they have just bought under their arms, and they hold up one before their eyes with both hands, and read it as they go along. I cannot recollect ever to have seen such a thing in Berlin during the last twenty years, except in times when great wars kept men's minds on the stretch. I believe the thirst for liquid which seems to be rooted in the German organism contends with the thirst for information, to the disadvantage of the latter, and a great deal of spare petty cash is absorbed in the liquid. But most persons are faithful subscribers to one newspaper, and if a man only takes one, of course he likes to have it to suit his own views. And quite right too, for it is one of the greatest enjoyments one can have in this vale of tears to read every morning at breakfast in printed words, which, after all, never lose their nimbus, an ably-written leading article, charged with the *pluralis dignitatis* which entirely proves that one's opinions are right in every way.

This is very likely the reason that the leading article is more cultivated in the German daily papers than in any others. Every paper (with rare exceptions), from the greatest to the smallest, from Berlin to the smallest burgh, heads its pages with a leading article. In the case of the burgh, it would mostly come out of a central leading-article manufactory, which furnishes whole districts or groups of parties with its wares wholesale. If the paper appears both morning and evening, it has two leading articles. They are by no means always devoted to the discussion of the newest questions of the day. That would not suit the reader's thirst for

knowledge. He wants to be entertained and instructed, not only about the so-called burning questions of his own immediate interests, but about everything else as well. Formerly the German newspapers occupied themselves with foreign countries much more than with their own. That has fortunately been modified since there has been a German Empire and a German policy; but a good deal of it still remains, and there is no harm in it, particularly if it be possible to induce the Germans to combine a more lively interest in their own concerns with their curiosity about foreign affairs. I believe one could still find many thousands of Germans who know that Mr. Goschen is Chancellor of the Exchequer for one Englishman who would know that Herr von Scholz is the Prussian Finance Minister. The existence of this interest is no evil provided it does not divert attention from home affairs into other channels, and that it lives on in the spirit that gave it birth—namely, that unprejudiced impartial view of foreign relations which contributes to a just appreciation of one's own circumstances, and a fitting attitude toward other countries. But this unprejudiced and impartial view has been considerably affected by the great national disputes that have been taking place lately; and when the knowledge of foreign affairs is made use of to further internal party strife, more harm than good results from the interest taken in the concerns of other countries, because more error and misrepresentation are accumulated than when nations only trouble themselves about their own politics. As the Germans are more thorough in their pursuit of information about foreign countries, so the erroneous impressions which they get hold of are more thorough and therefore more harmful in their effects. The lively interest which Germans of all classes, even the lowest orders of the people, take in the affairs of other nations, is partly the after-effect of their own long political decline, during which they fed their minds on the experiences of more highly developed States. But other distinctive traits have also a great deal to do with it, specially their knowledge of foreign languages, their love of travel, and their capacity for self-adaptation. Quite lately, renewed efforts have been made to purify the German language from the numerous foreign words that have become incorporated in it; and this

is done in the name of what is called "national spirit"—a very good and justifiable feeling in itself, but one which in course of time has been misused and spoiled by the introduction of base ingredients. No doubt, newspapers which have so much to do with foreign affairs have contributed to this intermixture of foreign elements. However praiseworthy these efforts may be, it would certainly be a great pity if endeavors were made at the same time to restrict the acquirement and study of foreign languages. Luckily, nothing has been said about that at present. But it would be just as deplorable to contend with the desire for information about foreign affairs in order to increase the interest for national matters—for the two can very well be combined. Those two distinctive traits—the capacity for acquiring foreign languages, and the understanding for foreign concerns—are a portion of the heritage of the old German temperament; and it would be an offence against it to try methodically to drive them out of it. Every nation has its merits and its demerits; and he who tries to deprive it of the former because their working seems to him harmful for the moment, upsets the equilibrium to the advantage of the remaining undiminished faults. The naively limited acquaintance with the conditions of other countries which characterizes the French is inseparable from their merits. To try to inoculate a German who has not these merits with the faults that the French possess would be a lamentable undertaking. Nevertheless, we are now experiencing these attempts, and the press bears the marks of them. One can comprehend that it may be considered salutary to correct artificially faulty, one-sided tendencies, just as one bends a stick that has become crooked in the opposite direction, in order to bring it back to the right line. But one must take good care that the stick does not get broken, or (as in cases of medical treatment) that the cure is not worse than the complaint, and that no new and more dangerous disease be produced than the one which had to be rooted out. Without falling into the mystical language which ascribes to nations certain missions in the world, to which they have been predestinated by providence, one may yet say that every great nation, during the period of its development, has a certain

natural task to perform—that part of the universal work of culture which is most suited to its national temperament—according to the principle of division of labor which holds good in the general economy of the world, where each has to do the work for which he is best fitted. If we accept this view, we must feel that Germany, with the great power it has attained, is certainly called to exercise that special kind of influence which its inborn facility for apprehending the conditions and peculiarities of other nations might make so beneficial. As a German, one may express this wish without risk of wronging one's nation; for one points out to it a position in the world which might make the newly acquired power of the German Empire a blessing both at home and abroad. All that was formerly bound up with the idea of the German Empire under the designation of "The Holy Roman Empire" might be realized in the higher and better sense. Germany would not aim, as then, at sharing with the Papal Chair the government of the world, but it would afford every people a fair chance for the development of its existence by throwing its great power into the scale of the fate of nations on the side of peace and justice.

This is the great task which, in truth, and in spite of all, does harmonize with the spirit of the German nation, and which lies before the men who have helped more or less to found the new Empire. And the movement, which we have to employ the foreign word *Chauvinism* to designate, is so evidently the result of extraneous, artificial, and merely temporary causes, that we may fairly hope to see it gradually subside. The way in which Germany and England are at this moment again drawing together is a symptom that these hopes are not founded on mere illusions. If the good understanding between these two nations can be established on a firm basis—and to this end it is only necessary to sweep away artificially created prejudices—it would be a source of congratulation, not only to Germany and England, but to the whole civilized world.

Here the press can lend no inconsiderable aid, and may repair some of the faults it has committed during the past years. I believe that, so far as the German Press is concerned, it needs only to be left to itself to clear the road for a good under-

standing. And this brings me to a matter that must be touched on, if the present sketch is not to be still more imperfect than it in any case must be where so wide a subject has to be discussed in so limited a space. A word that continually recurs in every number of a German newspaper is the word "Offiziös" (semi-official). It has only become current in Germany of late years, and has been borrowed, like the thing which it designates, from the French. It signifies a piece of information proceeding in reality from a government, but not openly given to the world with its authority. The more a government seeks to influence public opinion through the press, the more it experiences the unpleasantness of having to put its name to all that it would like to have said. Since the suppression of the popular movement of 1848, the German governments have been fully aware that no final settlement of German affairs was obtained by the arbitrary dissolution of the Frankfurt National Assembly, and the resuscitation of the old Diet. The struggle for the hegemony between Austria and Prussia has never ceased since that epoch, and many German statesmen, not only in Austria and Prussia, but also in the smaller German states, particularly in Saxony and Bavaria, well understood the value of the press as an instrument for furthering the end they had in view, and not least that particular one for whom was reserved the part of hero in the dramatic solution of the German problem. The semi-official pens were divided at that time into the two classes of Greater and Lesser Germany, which meant the same as Austrian and Prussian. Time has done away with this antagonism, but the institution of the semi-official press has not been done away with; it is only used for a different purpose. The Prussian government, since it has become the government of the German Empire also, had, for a time, certain recognized organs which spoke in its name, as, for instance, the so-called *Provinzial Correspondenz*. But as party spirit increased in the country, and the tone became sharper, this authentic responsibility grew very burdensome, and the more the government yielded to the temptation of working by the convenient secret method, the more adept did it become in the art of using it. A circumstance that helped to strengthen this temptation was that the Prussian government

had obtained in the so-called Guelph fund a considerable amount of money which does not depend on the consent of Parliament, and for the use of which they have not to give any account. It would be difficult to prove that the greater part of the interest of the sequestered property of the Hanoverian dynasty is employed for press expenses; but we shall not be far wrong if we assume that no inconsiderable fraction of this secret service money is devoted to the maintenance of the semi-official organs and press.* The complaints that are made about the excesses of the semi-official press are notorious, but we will not discuss them here, for the reasons above mentioned. Complaints about national evils ought to be made only in the national forum. He that carries them abroad brings on himself the suspicion of wishing to arraign his country before foreign tribunals, and that, even to one not a Chauvinist, would seem neither fitting nor to the purpose. It is clear that a journalist, acting on daily instructions, and dependent on subventions, will be more inclined to excess of language than one inspired only by his own views, be they ever so narrow. The separation of action from responsibility immensely increases the temptation to run amuck, and the superiors who guide the pen do not consider themselves to blame for the violence of language by which their subordinates offend. Every semi-official press that is largely subventioned and widely circulated contributes, therefore, to render journalism more violent and venomous, and the circumstance of its connection with the State being known makes it have a particularly demoralizing effect on the public mind. Cultivated circles, in this way, become accustomed to a tone which they would otherwise scout as most objectionable, and the bad tone is contagious, and soon transplants itself from the style to the way of thinking. It is this evil in the ever-increasing influence of the semi-official press which all independent thinkers in Germany so deeply deplore, while the opponents of the government seek to indemnify themselves by directing against the "semi-officials" (a name which has never been formally recognized by the government) all the attacks which the

severity of the Press Laws prevents them from directing against the government itself. It would be, however, a serious mistake to suppose that a greater amount of corruption exists in the German Press than in that of other lands. The experience that I have accumulated in most of the civilized States of Europe makes me venture to assert that corruptibility through money is a rarer exception in Germany than in any other country. This arises from various peculiarities—mostly good ones—of the German's ways and manners, specially from the generally prevailing simplicity of life. Even the newspapers that serve the Stock Exchange keep their hands relatively cleaner than those of other countries. Among the semi-official press there is, however, a whole series of newspapers, and those the most considerable, which, though they do not serve the government for the sake of direct pecuniary advantages, are nevertheless not behind the most highly subventioned journals in zeal both of a right and of a wrong description. One must not forget that Germany is now standing under the influence of a moral authority which impresses whole classes of the people to such an extent as to lead them to renounce all criticism.

All nations have passed through times like these, England no less than the rest. When I read in the extracts from the Rev. Sydney Smith's works the following expression of opinion: "It is the easiest of all things, too, in this country, to make Englishmen believe that those who oppose the government wish to ruin the country," I find some consolation for the evils which we are lamenting in Germany, although I do not overlook the fact that the interval of eighty years considerably blunts the effect of the *solamen miseris*.—*Nineteenth Century*.

N.B. To those who desire further information about the status of the German press, I venture to recommend the following works:—

Heinrich Wuttke: Die deutschen Zeitschriften und die Entstehung der öffentlichen Meinung. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des Zeitungswesens. Leipzig, 1875. The author is a violent opponent of Prussia and of the change of constitution which has been made in Germany since 1866.

Die Publizistik der Gegenwart: Würzburg, Verlag von L. Woerl, 1881. The author writes from an ultramontane point of view.

Der Werth der Berliner politischen Presse von Achajus. Berlin, Verlag von Brachvogel und Ranft, 1889. The author, who writes under a pseudonym, writes from an advanced Liberal point of view.

* The total amount of interest available for secret service from this fund is 50,000*l.* sterling a year.

THE IDOL.

BY WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

I HAVE known it young, I have known it old,
I have found an idol of purest gold,
And yet there has always come a day
When I saw that the idol's feet were clay.

Of purest gold was fashioned the rest,
In that one idol I loved the best ;
And ah ! that there should be this to say,
That the feet were clay, the feet were clay.

You may watch till watching outdoes your might,
Never the gold is a whit less bright ;
The idol never shall lose a ray,
But the feet are clay, the feet are clay.

I had counted, half knowing, the cost before ;
" If only the idol is mine to adore,"
I cried, " it is naught if the trumpets bray
That the feet are clay, the feet are clay.

" If the thunder's voice should bear it afar
That the idol is what all idols are ;
If I take them for gold what matters it, pray,
If the feet of the idol are only clay ?"

And yet the news one day must come
With tune of harp or rattle of drum,
In strife of squadrons, on moonlit bay,
That the feet after all are nothing but clay.

Let the people tell it, and let them repeat
What tales they like of the idol's feet,
To this assurance my life I'll hold,
That the idol's heart is of purest gold.

A worshipper must be brave and wise—
The gold is a dauntless gazer's prize ;
'Tis the blind who chant in the same dull way
That the feet of our idols are always clay.

Let the darkened eyes of the blind awake,
Let them see the truth for the truth's own sake,
They shall know 'tis a foolish tale is told,
That even the feet are of aught but gold.

Let the blind but open their eyes to the light,
Nay, let them see truth in their visions of night,
So shall they an idol fashioned behold,
Through and through of the purest gold.

—Longman's Magazine.

CANDOR IN ENGLISH FICTION.

A SYMPOSIUM BY WALTER BESANT, MRS. E. LYNN LINTON, AND THOMAS HARDY.

I.

"FICTION, like every other fine art, covers the whole area of life: it is concerned with every passion, every emotion; with every kind of joy and every kind of suffering; with man on a throne or man on a dunghill; with man in purple robes or man in tattered duds. Every conceivable situation of life, every possible phase, every experience: the greatest heights and the lowest depths: the greatest splendors and the blackest miseries: the short-lived Heaven which man and woman sometimes make for themselves; or the Hell of their own devising—all belongs to the art of Fiction. The only thing required of the artist is that his subject shall be adapted to artistic treatment and artistically treated.

This is mere commonplace. But, when questions are raised about narrowness in Art, it is as well to begin by reminding ourselves of the things which lie at the foundation—the things elementary. The world needs to be reminded sometimes that two and two make four. To those who ask why Fiction should be confined within certain bounds, why it should be forbidden to include this or that part of life, the reply is that there are no bounds whatever to the domain of Fiction. She may roam over the whole wide world: she may treat of men and women under any conditions: she may take up any subject. There is but the one condition of artistic fitness. Every artist is free, absolutely free, to exercise his own art in his own way. That is to say, in his own studio and in his own *cénacle*, he is free. It is when he works for exhibition: for the public: for pay or hire: that limitations come in. Then he finds bounds and hedges beyond which, if he chooses to stray, it is at his own peril. These limits are assigned by an authority known as Average Opinion. They may be narrow, because Average Opinion is generally a Philistine. Those who wish to enlarge these boundaries or to remove them altogether must educate and enlarge Average Opinion. In the matter of painting so much has lately been achieved in the enlargement of opinion that those who at-

tempt a similar task in literature may be of good cheer.

He who works for pay must respect the prejudices of his customers: otherwise, he will have few. Some men may be so courageous as to defy these prejudices: others, wiser, may lay themselves out to remove them, if they can. Others, wiser still, will inquire how these prejudices have arisen and what they mean.

Those who demand a wider range for English Fiction desire chiefly, it is understood, a greater freedom in the treatment of Love. Certainly there is no other passion which yields to an artist such boundless possibilities. Without Love, the whole of life is insipid. Without Love, all Art perishes. In Love's escort march all the Emotions: they follow in pairs—each with its opposite. Tenderness with Rage: Truth with Treachery: Joy with Grief. Why should not writers, it is asked, treat of Love in freedom—Love according to the laws of Nature? Love existed before the Church invented a sacrament and called it marriage. The history of mankind is the history of Love. Why restrict those who ask for nothing but a free hand?

Here, however, Average Opinion says, or seems to say: "If you treat of Love, save as Love obedient to the laws of Society, we will have none of you." Average Opinion cannot explain this position. Were it more articulate it would be able to give its reasons. It would go on to say, in short: "Modern Society is based upon the unit of the family. The family tie means, absolutely, that the man and the woman are indissolubly united and can only be parted by the shame and disgrace of one or the other. In order to protect the wife and the children, and to keep the family together, we have made stringent laws as to marriage. To make these laws more binding we have allowed the Church to invent for marriage so solemn and sacred a function that most women have come to believe that the Church ceremony constitutes true marriage. The preservation of the family is at the very foundation of our social system. As for the freedom of love which you want to treat in your

books, it strikes directly at the family. If men and women are free to rove, there can be no family : if there is no fidelity in marriage, the family drops to pieces. Therefore, we will have none of your literature of free and adulterous Love."

In fact, they will not have it. Average Opinion cannot be resisted. The circulating libraries refuse to distribute such books. They may be sold in certain shops, but not in those where the British Matron buys her books. The railway stalls will not display them. Worse than all, the author becomes liable to a criminal prosecution, which is painful and humiliating. Then those who demand greater freedom cry out upon the world for hypocrisy. "Ye are like," they say, "unto whited sepulchres, which are indeed beautiful outward but are within full of all uncleanness. The Press teems daily with proofs, open and manifest, of the existence of free and illegal Love : the very thing of which you will not suffer us to speak has seized upon every rank of society : nay, there has never been a time when the artificial restrictions of social and ecclesiastical law have been obeyed : there has never been any country in which they have been obeyed. You go on prating of social purity. It does not exist. It never has existed. And you think that men's mouths, or women's either, are to be stopped by your prudery and hypocrisy."

Average Opinion is not credited with having much to say in reply. For these charges are partly true, though the exaggerations are indeed enormous. So far as we pretend to social purity as a nation we are indeed hypocrites. But to set up a standard of purity and to advocate it is not hypocrisy. This country, and the remnant still surviving of the New England stock, stand almost alone in the maintenance of such a standard. As for the widespread laxity alleged, it is not true. Certainly, there is a chapter in the lives of many men which they would not willingly publish. But in almost every such case the chapter is closed and is never reopened after the man has contracted the responsibilities of marriage. And as for the women—those above a certain level—*there is never any closed chapter at all in their lives.* When we talk of hypocrisies, let us not forget that the cultured class of British women—a vast and continually increasing class—are entirely to be trusted.

Rare, indeed, is it that an Englishman of this class is jealous of his wife : never does he suspect his bride.

These considerations will perhaps explain the attitude of Average Opinion toward the literature of Free Love. Any novelist may write what he pleases : he may make an artistic picture of any materials he chooses ; but he will not generally find, if he crosses certain boundaries, that his books will be distributed by Mudie or Smith. It is with him, then, if he desires to treat of things forbidden, a question of money—shall he restrict his pencil or shall he restrict his purse ?

There is, however, one more answer to the accusation of narrowness. Is English Fiction narrow ? Is the treatment of ungoverned passion absolutely forbidden ? Then what of George Eliot, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mrs. Gaskell—not to speak of living writers ? Can any writer demand greater freedom than has been taken by the authors of *Adam Bede*, *A Terrible Temptation*, *Ruth*, or *The Scarlet Fever* ? With these examples before him, no one, surely, ought to complain that he is not permitted to treat of Love free and disobedient. The author, however, must recognize in his work the fact that such Love is outside the social pale and is destructive of the very basis of society. He *must*. This is not a law laid down by that great authority, Average Opinion, but by Art herself, who will not allow the creation of impossible figures moving in an unnatural atmosphere. Those writers who yearn to treat of the adulteress and the courtesan because they love to dwell on images of lust are best kept in check by existing discouragements. The modern Elephantia may continue to write in French.

II.

OF all the writers of fiction in Europe or America the English are the most restricted in their choice of subjects. The result is shown in the pitiable poverty of the ordinary novel, the wearisome repetition of the same themes, and the consequent popularity of romances which, not pretending to deal with life as it is, at the least leave no sense of disappointment in their portrayal or of superficiality in their handling. The British Matron is the true censor of the Press, and exerts over fiction the repressive

power she has tried to exert over Art. Things as they are—human nature as it is—the conflict always going on between law and passion, the individual and society—she will not have spoken of. She permits certain crimes to be not only described, but dilated on and gloated over. Murder, forgery, lies, and all forms of hate and malevolence she does not object to; but no one must touch the very fringes of uncertificated love under pain of the greater and the lesser excommunication. Hence, the subjects lying to the hand of the British novelist are woefully limited, and the permissible area of the conflict between humanity and society is daily diminishing. Difference of race was a good theme in its time, and the Jew and the Gentile could sigh and weep and struggle through their allotted pages with a fair amount of tragic life-likeness. But now Jew and Gentile run together like two drops of quicksilver, and there are but few Roses of Sharon who would refuse to engraft themselves on an unbelieving stem if that stem stood in an aristocratic garden and they got social rank in return for their modern ducats. The fashion of Ritualism has smoothed the way between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant; and though something more by way of variant is to be made out of Agnosticism and Orthodoxy, still, that theme has been worked so much of late that it will scarcely bear repetition. Politics, too, are so far ameliorated as to be no real obstacle; and Unionists and Home Rulers meet in the pages of a novel, and make a good job of things before the last page is turned. The East End has been a fruitful field in its way, and the sorrows of the poor form the staple of all that smaller kind of literature which is issued by religious and quasi-religious societies. But when taken as a theme by serious fiction writers the British Matron has here again her say, and things have to be depicted ideally with gingerly caution and in white-kid gloves, and by no means with the brutal frankness of Zolaesque truth.

If a writer, disdaining the unwritten law, leaps the barriers set up by Mrs. Grundy and ventures into the forbidden Garden of Roses, he is boycotted by all respectable libraries and the severer kind of booksellers, and his works, though they sell in large numbers, are bought in a manner surreptitiously. Lord Campbell's Act

has a wider moral interpretation than even legal power; yet that legal power is strong enough, as more than one insurgent has been made to feel of late.

All this is the outcome of the question: To whom ought Fiction to be addressed?—exclusively to the Young Person! or may not men and women, who know life, have their acre to themselves where the *ingénue* has no business to intrude? Must men go without meat because the babes must be fed with milk? Or, because men must have meat, shall the babes be poisoned with food too strong for them to digest? I, for one, am emphatically in favor of specialized literature. Just as we have children's books and medical books, so ought we to have literature fit for the Young Person and literature which gives men and women pictures of life as it is. Had the law which is in favor at the present day been the law of times past we should have lost some of our finest works; and the world would have been so much the poorer in consequence. But would any sane person propose to banish Fielding and Swift and Smollett and Richardson from our libraries, and Bowdlerize all our editions of Shakespeare, and purify the Bible from passages which once were simple everyday facts, that no one was ashamed to discuss, and now are nameless indecencies impossible to be even alluded to, because these are not the fit kind of reading for boys and girls in their teens? With this excessive scrupulosity in fiction we publish the most revolting details in the daily Press; and we let our boys and girls read every paper that comes into the house. If even we debar them from these, with the large amount of unaccompanied liberty they have at the present day, and a penny or even a halfpenny in their pockets, they may sup full of horrors and improprieties, as now the details of some ghastly murder, now those of some highly-colored divorce suit, sell the papers in the streets and stir up the public imagination. And again, with the new development of education our young Girton girls may study Juvenal and Catullus in the original, and laugh over the plain speaking of Aristophanes; while French novels, of which the translation lands a man in prison, may be sold by their hundreds in the original language wherein every decently educated girl is a proficient.

The whole thing results from the muddle and the compromise which English moral-

ity so delights to make. The British Matron must have a scapegoat whom she sends into the desert laden with a few uncongenial sins, while she keeps all the rest in safe custody in her tents. She must have a whipping-boy for the encouragement of her pupils. In literature this is the seventh commandment in all its forms and ramifications when discussed in the native tongue. Uncandid and also hypocritical, this attitude exposes us as a nation to both ridicule and blame. With a Press so rampantly unmuzzled—with editors of evening papers who go into the most disgusting and minute details of things which are, which have been done, and which, therefore, can be imitated—we fall foul of the writer who takes for his motive the subject of unlawful love, though he handles it with scrupulous delicacy and in the broadest manner of indication rather than description. We cut ourselves off from one of the largest and most important areas of that human life we pretend to portray, and we throw the limelight of fancy on crimes which are of comparatively rare occurrence, and which consequently excite but little living sympathy. How many respectable men in England have committed a murder for which they have allowed another man to suffer! How many women have set fire to houses in the hope of burning to death an inconvenient witness of their past folly! Who among us has destroyed a will and so come into money and estates to which we have no right! Which of us is personating a dead man! In whose house is that mad woman kept out of sight of the world! And where do we find the domestic burglar who roams about the passages o' nights, acting the family ghost for nefarious reasons connected with sliding panels and secret treasures! These things are rare in real life, though so prolific as themes for novels. But what is not rare is the "treacherous inclination" which either discounts or overleaps the authorization of society, or which bravely beats down the rebellious instinct and suffers heart-break rather than social shame.

Truth to human nature and faithful presentation of the realities of human life are one thing; licentiousness of description and plain speaking which is indecent are another. Those who most warmly advocate the view of the first in our fictitious literature, if indeed it is to be taken as a true picture of the world and society,

would be most strenuously opposed to the last. Take the greatest master of analytical fiction and the boldest handler of themes we have ever had—Balzac—I do not remember at this moment more than one or two pages which would come under the head of licentiousness. I know him pretty well; but if there are many of this kind I have clean forgotten them. His subjects are another matter. But an English Balzac would be hunted out of social life as well as out of literary existence, and his success would be only of the surreptitious hole-and-corner kind which includes shame as well as secrecy—shame to both author and reader alike. The thousand and one life-like touches which make Balzac's portraits real would be impossible in an English novel. Mrs. Grundy would be up in arms; and all the heads of houses would be incensed, because their young people might be initiated before their time, into certain mysteries of life which should be kept hidden from them. To which objection there is but the repetition of the former argument: Why should these young people be allowed to read books which are not meant for them, when they have more than enough literature of their own!

In olden days, and I should imagine in all well-ordered houses still, the literature which was meant for men was kept on certain prohibited bookshelves of the library, or in the locked bookcase for greater security. The Young Person was warned off these shelves. If her discretion was not to be trusted and her word of honor was only a shaky security, the locked bookcase made all safe. Here the father kept his masculine literature; his translations of certain classical authors; his ethnological and some scientific books; his popular surgical, medical, and anatomical works; perhaps some speculative philosophies of an upsetting tendency; and all the virile work of the last and preceding centuries. To the Young Person were free Jane Austen and Sir Walter Scott, Miss Mitford and Miss Edgeworth, "Evelina," Fenimore Cooper, Marryat, G. P. R. James, and many others in the immediate past, with the largest proportion of the writers of fiction in the present day. If two or three here and there attempted the bow of Ulysses and tried on the mantle of Balzac, his, or more probably her books went into the closed compartment and the Young

Person was no whit the worse. And this seems to me a better way all round and a finer kind of safeguarding than the emasculation of all fictitious literature down to the level of boys and girls; and the consequent presentation of human life in stories which are no truer to that human life than so many fairy tales dealing with griffins and flying dragons, good genii and malevolent old witches. The result of our present system of uncandid reticence, of make believe innocence in one line with impossible villainies in others—the working response made to the demand of the British Matron for fairy tales, not facts—is that, with a few notable exceptions, our fictitious literature is the weakest of all at this present time, the most insincere, the most jejune, the least impressive, and the least tragic. It is wholly wanting in dignity, in grandeur, in the essential spirit of immortality. Written for the inclusion of the Young Person among its readers, it does not go beyond the schoolgirl standard. It may be charming, as the shy and budding miss is charming; but that smell of bread and butter spoils all quite as much as the smell of the apoplexy spoiled the Archbishop's discourse. Thus we have the queer anomaly of a strong-headed and masculine nation cherishing a feeble, futile, milk-and-water literature—of a truthful and straightforward race accepting the most transparent humbug as pictures of human life. A great king may make himself a hobby-horse for his children to ride on pickaback, but a great nation should be candid and truthful in art as well as in life, and mature men and women should not sacrifice truth and common-sense in literature for the sake of the Young Person. The locked bookcase is better.

III.

EVEN imagination is the slave of stolid circumstance; and the unending flow of inventiveness which finds expression in the literature of Fiction is no exception to the general law. It is conditioned by its surroundings like a river stream. The varying character and strength of literary creation at different times may, indeed, at first sight seem to be the symptoms of some inherent, arbitrary, and mysterious variation; but if it were possible to compute, as in mechanics, the units of power or faculty, revealed and unrevealed, that exist

in the world at stated intervals, an approximately even supply would probably be disclosed. At least there is no valid reason for a contrary supposition. Yet of the inequality in its realizations there can be no question; and the discrepancy would seem to lie in contingencies which, at one period, doom high expression to dumbness and encourage the lower forms, and at another call forth the best in expression and silence triviality.

That something of this is true has indeed been pretty generally admitted in relation to art-products of various other kinds. But when observers and critics remark, as they often do remark, that the great bulk of English fiction of the present day is characterized by its lack of sincerity, they usually omit to trace this serious defect to external, or even eccentric causes. They connect it with an assumption that the attributes of insight, conceptive power, imaginative emotion, are distinctly weaker nowadays than at particular epochs of earlier date. This may or may not be the case to some degree; but, on considering the conditions under which our popular fiction is produced, imaginative deterioration can hardly be deemed the sole or even chief explanation why such an undue proportion of this sort of literature is in England a literature of quackery.

By a sincere school of Fiction we may understand a Fiction that expresses truly the views of life prevalent in its time, by means of a selected chain of action best suited for their exhibition. What are the prevalent views of life just now is a question upon which it is not necessary to enter further than to suggest that the most natural method of presenting them, the method most in accordance with the views themselves, seems to be by a procedure mainly impassive in its tone and tragic in its developments.

Things move in cycles; dormant principles renew themselves, and exhausted principles are thrust by. There is a revival of the artistic instincts toward great dramatic motives—setting forth that "collision between the individual and the general"—formerly worked out with such force by the Periclean and Elizabethan dramatists, to name no other. More than this, the periodicity which marks the course of taste in civilized countries does not take the form of a true cycle of repetition, but what Comte, in speaking of general progress,

happily characterizes as "a looped orbit:" not a movement of revolution but—to use the current word—evolution. Hence, in perceiving that taste is arriving anew at the point of high tragedy, writers are conscious that its revived presentation demands enrichment by further truths—in other words, original treatment: treatment which seeks to show Nature's unconsciousness not of essential laws, but of those laws framed merely as social expedients by humanity, without a basis in the heart of things; treatment which expresses the triumph of the crowd over the hero, of the commonplace majority over the exceptional few.

But originality makes scores of failures for one final success, precisely because its essence is to acknowledge no immediate precursor or guide. It is probably to these inevitable conditions of further acquisition that may be attributed some developments of naturalism in French novelists of the present day, and certain crude results from meritorious attempts in the same direction by intellectual adventurers here and there among our own authors.

Anyhow, conscientious fiction alone it is which can excite a reflective and abiding interest in the minds of thoughtful readers of mature age, who are weary of puerile inventions and famishing for accuracy; who consider that, in representations of the world, the passions ought to be proportioned as in the world itself. This is the interest which was excited in the minds of the Athenians by their immortal tragedies, and in the minds of Londoners at the first performance of the finer plays of three hundred years ago. They reflected life, revealed life, criticised life. Life being a physiological fact, its honest portrayal must be largely concerned with, for one thing, the relations of the sexes, and the substitution for such catastrophes as favor the false coloring best expressed by the regulation finish that "they married and were happy ever after," of catastrophes based upon sexual relationship as it is. To this expansion English society opposes a well-nigh insuperable bar.

The popular vehicles for the introduction of a novel to the public have grown to be, from one cause and another, the magazine and the circulating library; and the object of the magazine and circulating library is not upward advance but lateral advance; to suit themselves to what is called household reading, which means, or is made to

mean, the reading either of the majority in a household or of the household collectively. The number of adults, even in a large household, being normally two, and these being the members which, as a rule, have least time on their hands to bestow on current literature, the taste of the majority can hardly be, and seldom is, tempered by the ripe judgment which desires fidelity. However, the immature members of a household often keep an open mind, and they might, and no doubt would, take sincere fiction with the rest but for another condition, almost generally co-existent: which is that adults who would desire true views for their own reading insist, for a plausible but questionable reason, upon false views for the reading of their young people.

As a consequence, the magazine in particular and the circulating library in general do not foster the growth of the novel which reflects and reveals life. They directly tend to exterminate it by monopolizing all literary space. Cause and effect were never more clearly conjoined, though commentators upon the result, both French and English, seem seldom if ever to trace their connection. A sincere and comprehensive sequence of the ruling passions, however moral in its ultimate bearings, must not be put on paper as the foundation of imaginative works, which have to claim notice through the above-named channels, though it is extensively welcomed in the form of newspaper reports. That the magazine and library have arrogated to themselves the dispensation of fiction is not the fault of the authors, but of circumstances over which they, as representatives of Grub Street, have no control.

What this practically amounts to is that the patrons of literature—no longer Peers with a taste—acting under the censorship of prudery, rigorously exclude from the pages they regulate subjects that have been made, by general approval of the best judges, the bases of the finest imaginative compositions since literature rose to the dignity of an art. The crash of broken commandments is as necessary an accompaniment to the catastrophe of a tragedy as the noise of drum and cymbals to a triumphal march. But the crash of broken commandments shall not be heard; or, if at all, but gently, like the roaring of Bottom—gently as any sucking dove, or as 'twere any nightingale, lest we should

fright the ladies out of their wits. More precisely, an arbitrary proclamation has gone forth that certain picked commandments of the ten shall be preserved intact—to wit, the first, third, and seventh; that the ninth shall be infringed but gingerly; the sixth only as much as necessary; and the remainder alone as much as you please, in a genteel manner.

It is in the self-consciousness engendered by interference with spontaneity, and in aims at a compromise to square with circumstances, that the real secret lies of the charlatanism pervading so much of English fiction. It may be urged that abundance of great and profound novels might be written which should require no compromising, contain not an episode deemed questionable by prudes. This I venture to doubt. In a ramification of the profounder passions the treatment of which makes the great style, something "unsuitable" is sure to arise; and then comes the struggle with the literary conscience. The opening scenes of the would be great story may, in a rash moment, have been printed in some popular magazine before the remainder is written; as it advances month by month the situations develop, and the writer asks himself, what will his characters do next? What would probably happen to them, given such beginnings? On his life and conscience, though he had not foreseen the thing, only one event could possibly happen, and that therefore he should narrate, as he calls himself a faithful artist. But, though pointing a fine moral, it is just one of those issues which are not to be mentioned in respectable magazines and select libraries. The dilemma then confronts him, he must either whip and scourge those characters into doing something contrary to their natures, to produce the spurious effect of their being in harmony with social forms and ordinances, or, by leaving them alone to act as they will, he must bring down the thunders of respectability upon his head, not to say ruin his editor, his publisher, and himself.

What he often does, indeed can scarcely help doing in such a strait, is, belie his literary conscience, do despite to his best imaginative instincts by arranging a *dénouement* which he knows to be indescribably unreal and meretricious, but dear to the Grundyist and subscriber. If the true artist ever weeps it probably is then, when he first discovers the fearful price that he

has to pay for the privilege of writing in the English language—no less a price than the complete extinction, in the mind of every mature and penetrating reader, of sympathetic belief in his personages.

To say that few of the old dramatic masterpieces, if newly published as a novel (the form which, experts tell us, they would have taken in modern conditions), would be tolerated in English magazines and libraries is a ludicrous understatement. Fancy a brazen young Shakespeare of our time—*Othello*, *Hamlet*, or *Anthony and Cleopatra* never having yet appeared—sending up one of those creations in narrative form to the editor of a London magazine, with the author's compliments, and his hope that the story will be found acceptable to the editor's pages; suppose him, further, to have the temerity to ask for the candid remarks of the accomplished editor upon his manuscript. One can imagine the answer that young William would get for his mad supposition of such fitness from any one of the gentlemen who so correctly conduct that branch of the periodical Press.*

Were the objections of the scrupulous limited to a prurient treatment of the relations of the sexes, or to any view of vice calculated to undermine the essential principles of social order, all honest lovers of literature would be in accord with them. All really true literature directly or indirectly sounds as its refrain the words in the *Agamemnon*: "Chant Elinon, Elinon! but may the good prevail." But the writer may print the *not* of his broken commandment in capitals of flame; it makes no difference. A question which should be wholly a question of treatment is confusedly regarded as a question of subject.

* It is, indeed, curious to consider what great works of the past the notions of the present day would aim to exclude from circulation, if not from publication, if they were issued as new fiction. In addition to those mentioned, think of the *King Oedipus* of Sophocles, the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, Goethe's *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister*, the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, Milton's *Paradise Lost*. The "unpleasant subjects" of the two first-named compositions, the "unsuitableness" of the next two, would be deemed equalled only by the profanity of the two last; for Milton, as it is hardly necessary to remind the reader, handles as his puppets the Christian divinities and fiends quite as freely as the Pagan divinities were handled by the Greek and Latin imaginative authors.

Why the ancient classic and old English tragedy can be regarded thus deeply, both by young people in their teens and by old people in their moralities, and the modern novel cannot be so regarded; why the honest and uncompromising delineation which makes the old stories and dramas lessons in life must make of the modern novel, following humbly on the same lines, a lesson in iniquity, is to some thinkers a mystery inadequately accounted for by the difference between old and new.

Whether minors should read unvarnished fiction based on the deeper passions, should listen to the eternal verities in the form of narrative, is somewhat a different question from whether the novel ought to be exclusively addressed to those minors. The first consideration is one which must be passed over here; but it will be conceded by most friends of literature that all fiction should not be shackled by conventions concerning budding womanhood, which may be altogether false. It behoves us then to inquire how best to circumvent the present lording of nonage over maturity, and permit the explicit novel to be more generally written.

That the existing magazine and book-lending system will admit of any great modification is scarcely likely. As far as the magazine is concerned it has long been obvious that as a vehicle for fiction dealing with human feeling on a comprehensive scale it is tottering to its fall; and it will probably in the course of time take up openly the position that it already covertly occupies, that of a purveyor of tales for the youth of both sexes, as it assumes that tales for those rather numerous members of society ought to be written.

There remain three courses by which the adult may find deliverance. The first would be a system of publication under which books could be bought and not borrowed, when they would naturally resolve

themselves into classes instead of being, as now, made to wear a common livery in style and subject, enforced by their supposed necessities in addressing indiscriminately a general audience.

But it is scarcely likely to be convenient to either authors or publishers that the periodical form of publication for the candid story should be entirely forbidden, and in retaining the old system thus far, yet ensuring that the emancipated serial novel should meet the eyes of those for whom it is intended, the plan of publication as a *feuilleton* in newspapers read mainly by adults might be more generally followed, as in France. In default of this, or co-existent with it, there might be adopted what, upon the whole, would perhaps find more favor than any with those who have artistic interests at heart, and that is, magazines for adults; exclusively for adults, if necessary. As an offshoot there might be at least one magazine for the middle-aged and old.

There is no foretelling; but this (since the magazine form of publication is so firmly rooted) is at least a promising remedy, if English prudery be really, as we hope, only a parental anxiety. There should be no mistaking the matter, no half measures. *La dignité de la pensée*, in the words of Pascal, might then grow to be recognized in the treatment of fiction as in other things, and untrammelled adult opinion on conduct and theology might be axiomatically assumed and dramatically appealed to. Nothing in such literature should for a moment exhibit lax views of that purity of life upon which the well-being of society depends; but the position of man and woman in nature, and the position of belief in the minds of man and woman—things which everybody is thinking but nobody is saying—might be taken up and treated frankly.—*New Review*.

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

In studying the plans laid down by Friedrich Froebel for the education of young children, one is reminded of a passage in his letter to Krause, where he says:

Here there budded and opened to my soul one lovely bright spring morning, when I was

surrounded by Nature at her loveliest and freshest, this thought, as it were by inspiration:—That there must exist somewhere some beautifully simple and certain way of freeing human life from contradiction, or as I then spake out my thought in words, some means of restoring to man himself at peace internally; and that to seek out this way should be the vocation of my life.

Froebel in his own childhood had suffered much from this contradiction in life. He had a severe father and an unsympathetic stepmother; and had himself felt the ill effects of a stern and rigid rule, which merely required conformity to the given law, without inquiring if conformity were possible. He had found this kind of rule a hindrance to true development, inasmuch as organic growth cannot take place according to rules prescribed from without, but only according to the natural law. Gradually the idea took shape in his mind that this contradiction was not a necessary condition of life, that the soul and the outer world are not meant to be forever at war, that when we have learned to live aright this conflict will cease, and they will be at one.

The idea of the introduction of harmony into education and into life seems to be the keynote of all Froebel's teaching. At the time that the thought above quoted from the letter of Krause first came to him, he had not as yet realized that this harmony might be effected by a change in education; he came gradually to see that the object for which he was striving was the substitution of development for repression and arbitrary rule. He says again in the same letter:

My experience, especially that gained by repeated residences at the university, had taught me beyond a doubt, that the method of education hitherto in use,—especially where it involved learning by rote, and where it looked at subjects simply from the outside or historically, and considered them capable of apprehension by mere exercise-work—dulled the edge of all high true attainment, of all real mental insight, of all genuine progress in scientific culture, of self-contemplation, and thus of all real knowledge and of the acquisition of truth through knowledge. I might almost go further and say that its tendency was toward rendering all these worthy objects impossible. Therefore I was firmly convinced, as of course I still am, that the whole former educational system, even that which had received improvement, ought to be exactly reversed, and regarded from a diametrically opposite point of view—namely, that of a system of development.

The principles of Froebel, when rightly understood, are not only a guide enabling us to form natural systems of education, but also a far-reaching criticism of life in general, teaching as they do that the ideal life is not one in which there is constant strife between the soul and the outer world, but one in which these are in harmony;

that we must not waste our energies in striving to perform the impossible, but must rather work out our best impulses with integrity and without affectation. But while Froebel's principles are in theory equally applicable to the conduct of life and to methods of education, they are practically more easily applied to the latter. For the outer world in which our children live is less complicated and more easily regulated and arranged. We cannot provide them with an ideal world but we can do much more for them toward this object than we can for ourselves. Let it not be said that they will thus be unfitted for life in the world as it is. Rather will they be strengthened and enabled to take their places rightly therein,—enabled also each in his own sphere and according to his strength to exert the right kind of influence upon the outer world and help on progress in the right direction.

A well-regulated *kindergarten* is an example on a small scale of what life in the outer world ought to be. Each individual is encouraged to exercise choice in all cases where it is not hurtful to the community, and no one is compelled to do disagreeable things for the sake of what is so often falsely called discipline. The children are not asked if they are good or told that they are bad. They are not encouraged to think about themselves at all, but the moral feelings are unconsciously developed because there is an atmosphere of sympathy and happiness. Fear, the most common cause of untruthfulness in children, is entirely removed, and the nature of the surroundings is such as to gradually diminish other causes such as boastfulness and selfishness. The teacher watches the children and makes use of their own natural tendencies to further the objects which he has in view. He works with them, constantly helping and encouraging, gently turning their efforts in the right direction, and never takes up the position of a cold and rigid martinet. A child who does not succeed in anything he is trying to do is not punished and generally not blamed; but the children are not idle, because they are interested in their work, and because success is always preferable to failure. On the moral as well as on the intellectual side, the teacher does not make demands upon the powers of the children which are not likely to be satisfied. Right action in this matter requires

sympathy, judgment and experience. It is hurtful to the moral nature to be asked to perform a good action of which that nature is not yet capable, but it is by the performance of that which is within its powers that the moral nature is strengthened and developed. Thus the child learns by doing, and moral progress becomes a steady development instead of a constant struggle between duty and inclination. This is the only way of reaching that absence of effort which is as necessary to a harmonious life as it is to a work of art. It also tends to produce in every individual a certain true simplicity of nature, which in a sense makes every one a genius by freeing him from the bondage of a dull conventionalism.

The same principles apply on the intellectual side of development. One must not set up an arbitrary standard before the child and crudely expect him to attain to that. In short, we must find something which he can do, and not peremptorily order him to perform things which are impossible to him. What is the right cure for idleness? First of all it may be safely stated that punishment is *not* the cure. Idleness is generally a sign either that the work is too difficult or that it is unsuited to the child. Very few children will prefer doing nothing to suitable occupation; and those few are in an unhealthy condition, probably caused by previous mismanagement. A headmaster remarked not long ago in a speech on prize-day that he had often seen an apparently dull boy changed into a bright, happy one, by being set to practical work in the laboratory. When children are dull, it is the business of the persons who are educating them to find out why they are dull, and apply the right remedy. The children cannot find it out for themselves, any more than they can discover the causes and cures of their bodily ailments. They often have a vague sense that they are not being treated fairly, and in some cases they even learn to regard teachers as their natural enemies.

The fact is that not only is teaching useless when it fails to arouse interest, but it is injurious to the moral nature as well as to the mind. An ignorant boy is a less unsatisfactory object than one crammed with undigested information. One does not know how to begin to improve the latter; he seems a hopeless case; he is persuaded that all school-books are unat-

terably dull, and never opens one if he can avoid doing so. When this state of mind is once produced it is difficult to alter it. Probably it can only be altered by giving up school-books entirely for many months, and putting the boy to some totally new occupation. But it is by no means an impossible task to prevent its being produced at all. In a *kindergarten* a child's mind never gets into this state. There is a steady development which should be continued throughout the period of education. The pressure of contradictions—which is incompatible with real moral and intellectual progress—should never be introduced.

One of the problems of the present time is the successful application of Froebel's principles to the education of children beyond the age for the *kindergarten*. Owing to the fact that the attention of teachers has been more frequently directed to the practical working out of Froebel's principles so far as young children are concerned than to the general principles themselves and their application to the training of older children, we have not yet a good system of training for children too old for the *kindergarten* and too young for the grammar-school. In many *kindergartens* there are classes for children who have reached this stage, and an attempt is made to carry on the system; but the teaching is apt to be a little too childish, to fail in rousing fresh interests and not to develop sufficiently the energies of the children. Yet it appears to be less injurious than that often given to children between seven and fourteen years old in the junior classes of grammar-schools and high-schools, where tasks are too often set which are beyond the powers of the children, or fail to arouse their interest, in some cases even producing a feeling of positive disgust toward all kinds of school-work. A few months of such teaching often destroys the effect of years of careful and wholesome training. The child learns nothing which is of any real value, and his whole moral nature is strained and irritated. Perhaps fear of the teacher is added to the other difficulties of the case,—and yet it would not be fair to blame him too severely. It is difficult for masters who are inexperienced in teaching, and fresh from the university, to understand and sympathize with the requirements of minds at a stage of development so different from their own. In many cases they are doing their work as well as

they know how to do it; but they have undertaken a difficult task, and often have no idea of the care which is needed to perform it rightly. True sympathy with children is chiefly found in the young who can remember their own childhood distinctly, and in those who are old enough to have the feelings of a parent toward them. A few men, and more women, have it throughout life. It would not be possible, however, to select a person less likely to have sympathy with a child, than a man between the age of twenty and twenty-four, who has lately been giving all his attention to the development of his own mind. As this is the kind of teacher boys under twelve years old generally have in grammar-schools, the result is naturally not satisfactory. But the fault is more in the system than in the individual teacher.

It is not yet generally recognized that the younger a child is, the more important is the training which he receives. Froebel realized this fully, and wisely applied himself to working out in detail a good system of training for very young children. In our time a system of wholesome training for children between seven and fourteen is still urgently needed. It is beyond the scope of the present paper to enter into detail as to what this training must or must not be. But some points may be mentioned. (1) There must be the regular performance of some kind of useful work suited to the age and capacity of the child. (2) Book-learning must be given up in the case of any child to whom it cannot be made pleasurable. (3) Prizes must not be given for success in school-work, nor punishment for failure. (4) The natural love that children have for games must be taken advantage of, so as to cause a healthy development of the moral nature, the physical powers, the imagination, &c. (5) The energies of the child must be fully as well as harmoniously developed, and the child's growth must not be stunted by too easy work. (6) A love of nature and of all forms of beauty must be stimulated and encouraged.

The difficulty of establishing a natural system of education is much increased by the anxiety on the part of parents to see at every point evidence of their children's progress. This natural but inconvenient wish has prevented the *kindergarten* system from coming more generally into use, and unless parents can be induced to place

more confidence in the capacity and judgment of teachers, it is to be feared that it will also prevent the introduction of improved systems of training for older children. In inspecting schools for young children an examiner should make it his business to find out whether they are being taught in the right way, not whether they have reached a high standard of book-knowledge. The latter is of little or no importance, the former is all-important. We should not hear so many protests against examinations if examiners knew how to do their work rightly. At present examiners think it is their business to find out what the children know, and so long as that is the case examinations will not be satisfactory. Are the children's minds in a healthy state and are their faculties being drawn out in the right way? These are the questions that need attention. An examination should be so conducted as to avoid developing self-consciousness and other morbid tendencies. We want to teach the children to be, not to seem. More freedom is needed both for teachers and children. Perhaps it may not be thought safe to grant the freedom; that has often been the case in history, and yet the grant of freedom has been generally justified by its results.

Frequent examinations prevent natural growth. We do not expect our gardeners to show us the roots of their growing plants. A child's attention should be fixed if possible more on the subject of study itself than on his own progress in it, and examinations as they are now conducted are apt to prevent this. They are less injurious to older children when an interest in the subjects themselves has been firmly established. But all examinations tend to encourage the performance of work in order to show what one can do, which is not a good motive for human conduct. It is wholesome to work from interest in a subject, or in order to help others, but not in order to show that we can do well, still less that we can do better than others. An object of this kind tends to destroy that "harmony of life," that "peacefulness of heart," the attainment of which for himself and others was Froebel's chief object. In our time, when the conflict of life seems to be constantly increasing, this harmony and peacefulness seem to be further off than ever. It is more difficult to introduce harmony into complicated than

into simple forms of life. We have had many writers of pretty ballads but only one Shakespeare. In past generations there were many people who lived harmonious but narrow lives, the men pursuing the same occupations which their fathers pursued before them, and the women chiefly occupied with household concerns, thus quietly passing through a life of calm content without hurry or striving. Many of them worked out in their lives the saying that "to do is better than to know," though perhaps if they had heard it they would hardly have understood it. But this kind of life has become impossible, and the problem now is how to introduce unity into the turmoil of modern life.

Like Froebel when a problem of the same kind presented itself to him, we turn to a change in education for its solution. Much may be done by training children to value things in their right proportions from the first, and by encouraging them to preserve the simplicity and reality of childhood, instead of exchanging them for the shams and conventions of "grown-up-land." Our faith ought not to be less than that of Froebel. It is true that the conditions are now more complicated, but on the other hand the world is now beginning to awake to the immense importance of right education. We are now taking pains to find out what is really wanted in the lives of the poor, instead of trying to force upon them things which we think they ought to want, so that many lives, which would otherwise be very narrow, are gradually being widened in a wholesome way. It is going out of fashion to offer to people because they are poor, mental and moral food which the givers would decline if offered to themselves. In short, there is more reality than at any former period in the efforts of the rich to help the poor, and an earnest attack is being made in this direction on the contradictions of life. There are many among the rich who are painfully oppressed by the weight of luxuries which it appears impossible under present conditions to share with others, and are making earnest endeavors to find out the right kind of mercy which shall really bless him that gives and him that takes. It is found that something can be done by offering opportunities for culture, for innocent enjoyment, for participation in simple pleasures, and to those who are capable of it, for deeper thought. So that

here also we find in wholesome education a lessening of the contradictions of life.

And just as a thoughtful teacher learns nearly as much from his pupils as they learn from him, so do those who are engaged in widening the lives of the poor find themselves refreshed and strengthened by the wholesome simplicity, practical common-sense, and steady patience which are so often found among those who spend their lives in hard manual toil. Steady work teaches many lessons which cannot be learned in any other way, and when it does not absorb the whole nature, and is such that the worker can take pleasure in it—it is wholesome training. So much is this the case that perhaps what is most needed just now for the children of those who are not poor is this same manual work, if only for a short time every day. In this would be found a cure for many of the nervous diseases which are so common. It would give some knowledge of the nature of the objects with which we are surrounded, and the right feeling of respect for labor which it is difficult to give in any other way. It would develop the physical powers and the natural tendency which children have to help others, a tendency which is very insufficiently developed at present. The work must be useful—one kind of useful work being of course the production of beautiful things—or it will fail in its chief object. The child must not think it is done entirely for his sole benefit, and therefore it must not be done solely for that purpose, as it is no part of sound education to deceive a child for his supposed good.

In a well-conducted *kindergarten* the children do work which fulfils these conditions so far as it is possible to do so at their age. The right kind of beginning is made. As they get older they should learn to do harder work and work of a more practical kind, and also continue the endeavor to produce beautiful things. There is no kind of useful work which cannot be made a pleasure to the worker if set about in the right way. Froebel, in writing of his childhood, mentions the advantage he received from helping his father and mother in gardening and in household occupations.

As in intellectual work, it is very important not to make too large demands at first upon the powers of the child. The development of his powers must be gradual and will then be pleasurable. If a feeling

of despair is allowed to arise, progress becomes impossible until the happiness of the child is restored by encouragement. Pleasure and trust in the teacher are necessary conditions of development. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished by a teacher without close sympathy with and love for the child. An attempt to further the development of a human being by harsh rule and stern command, with threats of punishment, is like pulling the branches of a tree to make them grow. If the tree be firm and strong, no effect is produced beyond some slight damage to the branches; but if the tree be young and tender, its delicate roots are bruised and broken. Growth does not come by force. The right conditions must be supplied, the right food offered, and then the growth will take place naturally and freely. It is most true, as Froebel points out, that plant life teaches many lessons about education.

In child-nature there is an infinite variety, and sympathy with the special needs of each individual is necessary for right development. We want to lighten somewhat the pressure of custom which lies upon us with a weight

Heavy as frost and deep almost as life,

and to bring out in every child something of that fresh originality of mind which, when it is found, makes even ignorant persons agreeable companions and useful members of society, and which is also the first condition of brilliant success in all work.

Nature is a great healer and sets many crooked things straight. A child's mind, when working under reasonably free conditions, seizes upon that which it requires and disregards that which is unnecessary or hurtful. There is some tendency on the part of teachers in the *kindergarten* not to realize this quite sufficiently, and consequently to make their system a little too artificial. It is not satisfactory to bind one's self down too rigidly to one method however good. The laws of mental development are at present very imperfectly understood. Growth often takes place in unexpected ways, or does not take place when we should expect it. The order of development is less rigid and more variable than is sometimes supposed. If this were not the case, there would be more difference than there is at present be-

tween a child educated in a *kindergarten*, and one educated in a well-ordered home. In the home the objects present themselves to the child without any fixed order—he tumbles into knowledge; and this want of system is not without its advantages, seeing that we cannot make our systems perfect. Even if a definite system be pursued, some time and opportunity must be given at all stages of education for this chance development. In a home where a child is allowed, under the care of some educated person, to investigate the objects around him and the natural and artificial processes which are conducted in the house and its surroundings, much healthy development may take place without any fixed system. But a life which is limited to the nursery with artificial playthings and a daily walk by the side of a perambulator is eminently unsatisfactory. An ignorant nurse has no idea of the kind of sympathy and help a child requires. Even when she is fond of him she interrupts the workings of his mind with rude laughter. She does not understand how to speak the truth, though if convenient she will stigmatize an unintentional misstatement as a lie. She will capriciously surround him with vexatious restrictions, yet will develop self-consciousness and selfishness by flattery and over-indulgence. This is not a promising state of things; but a determined child, especially if he be fortunate enough to have brothers and sisters, will modify it somewhat by engaging in active and healthy play whenever he can elude the vigilance of his nurse, who is full of anxiety about the state of his clothes, and disapproves of most kinds of games. In a house where a reasonable amount of freedom is allowed, and where the children are intelligent and active in mind and body, they will, unaided by their elders, carry on their development by means of games in a fairly satisfactory manner. This part of education is, however, better managed in a *kindergarten* than anywhere else. Opposing tendencies are woven into harmony by the experienced teacher, suggestions are made when required, and the needs of all the children are duly considered. Every child takes part according to his ability, and no one is forgotten or neglected. The children are perfectly happy, because they are not indulged too much or over excited, and the performance is as different from the proceedings at an

ordinary children's party as Milton's "heart-easing mirth" from his "vain deluding joys."

We owe to Froebel the first recognition of the high purpose in children's play, and the idea of ordering and arranging it so as to form a harmonious development according to Nature's methods. Full of sympathy with child-nature, and having himself a child-like simplicity of mind, he saw that true education is not the suppression of natural tendencies, but their wholesome encouragement. The outside life of the world has many inharmonious elements. In these children's games we have a little

image of the world with the inharmonious elements eliminated. Joining in them is a training for living the right kind of life. The children do not talk about living rightly, but they do it. This is the best preparation for the right use of a wider experience.

A Teacher of ethics better known than Froebel taught that the first condition of right life was to "become as a little child."

NOTE.—In quoting from Froebel's letter to Krause, the English translation by Emilia Michaelis and H. Keatley Moore has been used.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

PORTUGUESE CLAIMS IN AFRICA.

BY H. LOVETT CAMERON.

ARGUMENTS are being brought forward to prove that the Shire Highlands and the greater portion of Lake Nyassa and its shores belong to the Portuguese, notably by Senhor Batalha Reis, Portuguese Consul at Newcastle, in the magazine of the Scottish Geographical Society, and also to prove that the Zambesi does not possess a navigable mouth, and therefore is not an international highway. I am induced, as one interested in Africa, to offer an argument on the other side, and hope that it will not be considered that it is inspired by the animosity to Portugal of which I am falsely accused by Lisbon newspapers. I admire what Portuguese discoverers have achieved, and am personally grateful to Portugal for kindnesses shown to me; and my principal witness is a Portuguese. Senhor Batalha Reis has no doubt very ready access to the archives of African exploration which exist at Lisbon, and from which he is able to cull many things which to his mind are conclusive proofs of the Portuguese right to exclusive dominion over large parts of tropical Africa, as he has endeavored to show in his carefully compiled paper in the May number of the *Scottish Geographical Society's Magazine*. If these archives were thoroughly examined and sifted, there can be little doubt that much valuable knowledge could be gained of what had been done in exploration in the neighborhood of the great river Zambesi, but that Portuguese, either by themselves or by their slaves, traded in and ex-

plored a portion of that part of Africa lying between their colonies of Mozambique and Angola does not prove that the Kings of Portugal are sovereigns either *de facto* or *de jure* over that vast tract. From the time that the Portuguese established themselves on the East Coast of Africa, beginning in 1497, until the Arabs of Muscat drove them from their possessions to the north of Cape Delgado over a hundred years ago, the only outlet for the commerce of Central Africa toward the east lay through territories over which they claimed control, and the trading tribes of the interior knew them only among European nations. This, however, is a very different thing from being sovereigns of the interior. No doubt, as it was only through the agency of the Portuguese that the natives could obtain the supplies which in still earlier days they had procured from the Arabs, they kept up considerable communication with them. On the banks of the Zambesi the Portuguese certainly established the towns of Sena, Tete, and Zumbo, and there were plantations in the neighborhood of these stations. Zumbo has long ago been abandoned, and Sena and Tete, though they still exist, only do so through the sufferance of the surrounding tribes, to whom presents are made to ensure their pacific behavior, as is the case even on the coast.

At Mozambique the Portuguese pay for their farms on the mainland, as is likewise done at Ibo and other stations. The na-

tives who are their landlords, and who receive rent from them, they claim as their subjects; whereas, it is really the Portuguese who are tributary to the natives. Where a man-of-war can come there sometimes Portuguese sovereignty has been established temporarily, but land expeditions sent out to enforce Portuguese claims have several times been driven back with great loss, and in some instances almost annihilated. One such instance occurred in (circa) 1868, when an expedition sent from Mozambique was nearly destroyed, and when even on the fortified island on which the town of Mozambique stands the inhabitants were in a state of panic.

But it is not with regard to the coastline—with the exception of Tunghi, which, taking advantage of the evil days which have fallen on the Sultan of Zanzibar, they have attempted to wrest from him—that we have any difference with the Portuguese at present. Our two contentions are—(1st) that we do not recognize Portuguese authority north of the Ruo, a tributary of the Shire, and that therefore the Highlands of the Shire and Lake Nyassa are outside their sphere of influence, and (2nd) that the Zambesi and its affluent the Shire, as navigable streams passing through territory under one rule or sovereignty to territory under another, are international highways.

The second contention hangs by the first, and it is to the first therefore that with the exception of a few remarks as to the navigability of the mouths of the main stream of the Zambesi, which will be found at the conclusion of this paper, that we shall confine our remarks.

Senhor Batalha Reis makes much of the misconception about the knowledge of the Shire and Lake Nyassa previous to their being, I will not say discovered, but visited by Doctor Livingstone. I can well believe that the existence of a river, the mouth of which was passed by every *barca longa*, passing up to Sena and Tete, was known, and that news of a great lake distant only a short distance from the Zambesi had reached the Portuguese settlements on that river.

None of the authorities quoted by Senhor Batalha Reis say that they visited river, rapids, or lake, but quote others—mostly anonymous—as having done so; even the cases where names of the supposed travellers are given there is nothing to show that

they were not merely slaves, or native agents, trading in the names of their masters. The employers of such men have in very recent times been credited with journeys made by their employés, and the latter have extended their journeys in their reports far beyond where they reached in reality. In any case, however, trading in a country does not make the king of the foreign trader sovereign over that country.

The Portuguese claims of sovereignty to the land of the Maravia, and *a fortiori* to Lake Nyassa and the highlands of the Shire, are rebutted once and for all by the evidence of that martyr in the cause of science Dr. Francisco José Maria de Lacerda e Almeida. Of the truth of what had been reported by previous travellers he thought little, for in p. 93 of Burton's translation of his (Lacerda's) journey to the Cazembe, he says:—

If I had brought the geographical books which I left at Tete, I should now imitate the Barber Maese Nicolas and the Licentiate Pero Perez, when they burned to ashes Amadis de Gaul and all the chivalrous library of the ingenuous Knight Don Quixote. Thus would I have punished the authors for disfiguring the face of the earth, describing whatever their fancies (heated with rum and strong liquors imbibed against the cold) painted during sleep; attributing to whole peoples and nations characters which they neither have nor ever had.

Then he proceeds with a fling at Portugal for not treating the Paulistas as she should* and as they deserved, and after another remark about “a celebrated modern Portuguese (I know not whether as author or translator, but certainly as impostor and defamer),” he goes on—

I would also burn the manuscripts in which I took down the depositions of Manoel Gaetano Pereira and the Muizas, touching the journey to the Cazembe, at least the parts proved so far from truth, if I had but time to expurgate them, or if there were any one to do it for me. But in time justice shall be done. Meanwhile, to me remains the consolation of being a poor geographer, yet one of the six most veridiques, since lying and geography—especially that of America, Africa, and Asia—*sunt duo in carne uno*.

This testimony on the part of one who was a brave and loyal Portuguese, and had vast imperial ambitions for his nation,

* Dr. Lacerda was himself a Paulista, his family belonging to San Paulo in the Brazils, “a town of some 5,000 or 6,000 dauntless souls, who explored and conquered the vast area bounded by the Amazon and by La Plata and stretching from the Atlantic to the Andes.”

effectually disposes of that part of Senhor Batalha Reis' argument, founded on authorities previous to 1798. Let us see what Doctor Lacerda says as to Portuguese authority in these countries in his time.

On July 3, 1798 (p. 59), the Doctor set out for Nhanfa Fatiola, an estate north of the Zambèsi, three-quarters of a league distant from Tete. On July 4 he reached Inhacengeira the last of the Crown lands to the north of the river Zambèsi, and beyond which were the lands of the Marave. July 3, he had to remain at Inhacengeira owing to the desertion of the Caffres (a generic term for negroes throughout his journal), and on the 6th, disgusted with the place, he marched on till he entered the lands of the Marave—

Our false friends and fast foes, whose only end is to fleece us of cloth. . . . Some elders came up to beg for presents, the tribute which is paid by Portuguese travellers, and which is regulated by the quantity of the goods and by the strength of the party. Thus little can be gained by the poor beginner going to a distant but good market; he must *volens* pay blackmail in cloth to a swarm of Fumos, or district chiefs, for the reputed "avanies" ("palavers"—"milandos") of their subjects.

On p. 65, under date of July 14, we find—

I could here dilate, were time at my disposal, upon the insolence of these slaves, who rely for impunity upon a multitude of chiefs ever glad to receive them. . . . None but a company, aided by good chiefs and soldiers, can prevent these kinglets, especially those subject to the Imperador, from plundering and encouraging to desertion. On page 66, under date July 16, we find "At the Lupata ends the district of the kinglet (*regulo*) subject to the "Unde," or Marave Emperor.*

Not one word here of Portuguese dominion and authority beyond Inhacengeira, distant a league and three-quarters from Tete; but, on the contrary, a party under the personal command of His Excellency the Governor of the Rios de Sena obliged to pay tribute to the Fumos of the Marave, and put up with insubordination on the part of the "Caffres of the Crown lands," because these chiefs were ever ready to welcome deserters.

The various journeys since the time of Doctor Lacerda, which are relied on by Senhor Batalha Reis to prove the sovereignty of Portugal over the territory in dispute, do not in any way bear out his

argument; nor does the fact that at times punitive expeditions have been sent into countries whither Portuguese traders or their agents have at times journeyed. More often than not these expeditions have been failures, and resulted in disaster and loss of prestige to the Portuguese.

Great stress is laid by Senhor Batalha Reis on the Baris, or gold *placers*, those of Maxinga and Java, mentioned by Dr. Lacerda, were clearly outside the Portuguese territory, and at neither in his time were there military stations, chaplains, movable villages, or wooden chapels, but only negroes employed in gold washing, assisted by Caffres or slaves; and if he had to pay tribute to the Maravis for passing through their country, in spite of his high official position, there can be small doubt that a heavy payment was exacted for the right to wash gold.

It is also claimed that while the only representatives of the British Government, which have been into these countries have been Consular authorities, Portuguese officials have lived in them. To those who know how nominal official status is lavished on the Portuguese in Africa, this claim can carry no weight, and in many cases this official status has been granted to men who are slave dealers; but even these quasi-officials have not been proved to have ever been established on the Shire Highlands or the shores of Lake Nyassa.

Manoel Gaetano Pereira and his father Gonçalo Gaetano Pereira, whose nickname Dumbo Dumbo, or The Terror, gives an idea of his character, were officials of this class, and their behavior while attached to Dr. Lacerda's expedition was very bad; in the case of the elder, it is difficult to find words to properly characterize it.

We have lately heard, from trustworthy sources, of the agreements claimed to have been made by Senhor Cardoso with the chiefs to the south-west of Lake Nyassa, and know that they never intended to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Portuguese, but at the most to allow them the same position as friends which was already enjoyed by the British, while the Portuguese flags which were distributed they regarded not as signs of their vassalage, but as passes which would ensure good treatment to their caravans at Quillimane and other Portuguese stations. The same holds good as to the trenties said to have been made at Ibo, while the Portuguese

* Meaning the Unde, Imperador dos Maraves.

flags found flying by Serpa Pinto, between Lake Nyassa and the coast, may have been hoisted to show that the owners traded to a Portuguese port, as a compliment, or in return for a present; but that the chiefs who flew them did so as a sign of subjection to Portugal there is no reason whatever to believe, still less any proof of the fact. So called Portuguese sovereignty is sometimes, while payments are made to them, acquiesced in by native chiefs, but the moment they feel the pinch of a foreign power the sovereignty is disclaimed as lightly as it has been accepted.

I am quite willing to admire the patriotism which leads Senhor Batalha Reis to advocate the claims of his country to the sovereignty of the territories in question; but I fearlessly maintain that Portugal has neither right nor title to the ground now occupied by British pioneers of Christianity, civilization, and commerce, and that to give it up to her would be a grave default on our part, and the effects would be disastrous to the future of the native races who in these cases have the first claim on our consideration.

It is to be feared while the present system of *Libertos* remains in force in Portuguese Africa, so long will the extension of her influence mean an increase of the slave trade, as it surely does of the demoralization of native races by the trade in ardent spirits.

Montagu Kerr is quoted by Senhor Batalha Reis to prove that the trade of Tete is not exclusively in slaves; of course not. No place ever existed in which the trade was exclusively in slaves. But Montagu Kerr does prove that slave trade, cruel and revolting, exists at Tete. Portugal claims that people carrying her flag have penetrated far into the interior of Africa; the men who have taken that flag so far have, with but few exceptions, been slave-dealers, and even, according to some reports, of the truth of which there is small doubt, her actual official expeditions have had for their porters men impressed and forced to serve, and practically slaves. When it is pointed out to Portugal that people carrying her flag and claiming to be her subjects engage in the slave trade, she is as prompt in disclaiming them, and urging her want of power to control them, as she is in making use of their real or fictitious journeys to establish her pretensions to the interior of Africa.

Sovereignty to be recognized must be effectual; order must be maintained, and law be respected. It is not even claimed by the advocate of Portugal that she has attempted to do this. The utmost that is urged is that at different times Portuguese residents have been officially present among some tribes, and that punitive expeditions have been despatched to various places. What sort of expeditions these are, may be gathered from the letter of Mr. Carnegie Ross, which appeared in the *Times* of May 10, 1889.

So far for Portuguese claims to the sovereignty over Nyassa Land. We may now consider the question as to the open Zambèsi. Here there seem to be signs that we are abandoning our claims. By the majority of experts in international law, navigable rivers which give access to countries behind those in which their mouths are situated, are considered international highways. In the *Times* of Saturday, May 18, there is a communication from a correspondent, saying that Portugal has made an official statement as to the Chinde mouth of the Zambèsi.

This states that the true way to solve the question of the navigability of the Zambèsi is to construct a canal from the Zambèsi to the river of Quilimano, the Kwakwa. This would be solving the question with a vengeance, for the canal being artificial would be subject to the entire control of Portugal, within whose territory it would have to be cut. The Kwakwa, also, is only navigable for boats the size of a ship's cutter or gig.

The Admiralty charts of the mouths of the Zambèsi show the Chinde as running into the Inbaombe branch, being in fact a natural canal between it and what is on the chart the main stream. This main stream, below where the Chinde leaves it, divides into separate branches or mouths. The most western, the river Melambe, is not surveyed; and, at a distance of seven miles from the sea, joins the next, the river Kongoni, or Inhamissengo. The Kongoni was surveyed in 1884 by Lieutenant Augusto do Castilho of the Portuguese navy, and a plan by him is given on a large scale on our corrected Admiralty chart. On the bar, by this plan, there are six feet at low-water springs, and a rise of from twelve to fifteen feet. This would give an available depth, at half tide, of twelve feet on the bar, sufficient for a ship drawing six feet.

If the top of high water were chosen for entry, a ship drawing twelve feet would be able to pass. From the Kongoni, a channel partially surveyed, known as the Inhanganje Channel, leads to the central mouth, the Cuama or East Luabo mouth. Least water on the bar here is three quarters of a fathom in one small patch, but mostly the soundings show over a fathom and a half low-water springs. This mouth, which is the opening of the main Zambèsi, was the one used by the *Pioneer* and *Lady Nyassa*, and the channel to which it gives access is navigable at half tide for vessels drawing ten feet at the least.

The last mouth of importance, the Muselo, shows three quarters of a fathom on the bar at low-water springs, and a wide and uninterrupted channel to above the most difficult part of the central branch. An entrance for vessels of comparatively heavy draught is therefore shown on the present Admiralty charts, as corrected by Portuguese observations up to 1884. I quite allow that the channels, especially when the river is in flood at the end of the rainy season, may alter, and that great care will always be required in their navigation; but an experienced river pilot would know the surface signs and be able to bring a steamer drawing ten feet of water, and of some five or six hundred tons burden, up every day in the year.

A much smaller steamer than this would suffice, and a good stern wheel boat, drawing two feet, would do the work well; anyway there is no doubt whatever that the Zambèsi has one, if not more, practicable entrances, and has "definitely made up its mind that it is an international river." All those who are interested in the matter should turn their attention to the entrance of the river, and leave the Portuguese at Quillimane isolated from the course of that trade which their fiscal regulations have so seriously damaged.

I trust my readers will agree with me that Lake Nyassa and the Shire Highlands are not in the Portuguese Dominions, and that the Zambèsi is an international highway notwithstanding the arguments that may be advanced on the other side.

In *Vanity Fair* a Mr. Stringer, who knows the Zambèsi well, tells how vessels of fair size are even now constantly entering the Zambèsi, and without even waiting for the survey by H.M.S. *Stork*, which is promised next month, we have ample

evidence of the navigability of the Zambèsi.

This was written at the time that Senhor Batalha Reis' article was first brought under my notice, but I was advised that it would not be politic to give undue prominence to his argument, and I therefore did not publish it. Now, however, as the absence of a reply has been brought forward by the Portuguese Government as a proof that the arguments of their official are true, I think that it may be well to show upon what a flimsy foundation they rest. The evidence of Dr. Lacerda disposes of the whole of that portion of the case of the Portuguese Government, as set out in their reply to Lord Salisbury's note, which is based on facts—real or fictitious—antecedent to 1798.

The recent expeditions which Senhor Barro Gomez speaks of as having been "glorious" in their results, are very differently characterized by the few British subjects who have been privileged to be witnesses of their progress or have visited countries through which they have passed.

I myself have seen men calling themselves Portuguese slave-driving and slave-dealing, and bringing their human chattels down to Bihe, which is allowed on all hands to be under Portuguese influence. I have seen skeletons and slave forks strewn in the Supa Pass, and the first man we met before descending the hills the morning we arrived at the sea coast was looking for runaway slaves. Again, at Bihe, a notorious slave-dealer showed me his commission and uniform as a district magistrate; this, I know, has been denied by the Portuguese Government, but in spite of all denial I assert it to be true, and the commission bore not only a signature, but also an official stamp.

If the journeys of slave dealers and of quasi-officials of this sort are to be set up in proof of the claims of Portugal, why did she in 1876 declare that no such commissions as the one I have mentioned above were given, and that the acts of slave-dealing and driving which I reported were committed by men who had no right to fly the Portuguese flag, and over whom she had no control, and that the countries in which these misdeeds were committed were outside her territories? Portugal is on the horns of a dilemma. If she owns the territories claimed, she has, by her merchants and officials, been guilty of the

worst forms of the slave trade; while if these men were not her officials, were not under her control, were not her subjects, she has no shadow of a foundation for the argument that their travels and residence in African countries give her a right to sovereignty over those countries.

From the authors who are quoted by the industrious *précis* writers of Lisbon we can draw proof after proof not only that slavery and the slave trade existed and exists in the regions now in question, but also that in numerous instances Portuguese

officials were directly or indirectly implicated.

We must remember that this is not only a question of the maintenance of British rights, which we should guard most jealously, but it is also a question of the future of the native races of Africa as to whether they are to be handed over to the tender mercies of men like Alvez, Baltazzi, Coimbra, and others, or to come under theegis of the British flag, beneath which it is our proud boast that every man is free. —*National Review*.

THE LATEST THEORIES ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L.

WHEN, one is sometimes tempted to ask in sheer weariness, will any man be able to say the last word on that question of the West which bids fair to be as eternal as any question of the East, the question whether we, the English people, are ourselves or somebody else? That formula is not a new one; some of us have, in season and out of season, through evil report and good report, been fighting out that question for not a few years. If it is wearisome to have to fight it out still, there is some little relief in having to fight it out in a wholly new shape and with a wholly new set of adversaries. It is an experience which has at least the charm of novelty when we have to argue the old question, who are we, whence we came, from a point of view which might make it possible, with the exercise of a little ingenuity, to avoid ever using the words "Celt," "Briton," or "Roman" at all. On the other hand, the strife in its new form has become more deadly; the assault has become more threatening. Hitherto we have fought for victory, for dominion, for what, if one adopted the high-polite style of a Lord Mayor's feast, one might call "the Imperial instincts of the Anglo-Saxon race." We have had to fight to prove our greatness against people who told us that we were not so great as we thought. Angles and Saxons, we were told, were only one element, perhaps a very inferior element, in the population of Britain. Still nobody denied that we had some place in the world, some place in this island. It might be a very small place com-

pared with that of the Celt who went before us or of the Norman who came after us. Still we had some place. Nobody denied that there had been Angles and Saxons in the isle of Britain. Nobody denied that those Angles and Saxons had had some share in the history of the isle of Britain. Nobody—save, I believe, one thorough-going man at Liverpool—denied that those Angles and Saxons had supplied some part, however mean a part, to the tongue now spoken over the larger part of Britain. Nobody, I fancy, ever denied that to the mixed ancestry of the present inhabitants of Britain Angles and Saxons had contributed some elements, however paltry. The fight seemed hard, and we did not know that there was a harder fight coming. For now the strife is not for victory or dominion, but for life. The question is no longer whether Angles and Saxons have played a greater or a less part in the history of Britain. It now is, whether there ever were any Angles or Saxons in Britain at all, perhaps whether there ever were any Angles or Saxons anywhere. Or more truly, the question takes a form of much greater subtlety. Our new teachers ask us, sometimes seemingly without knowing what they are asking, to believe a doctrine that is strange indeed. The latest doctrine, brought to its real substance, comes to this: we are not Angles and Saxons; we did not come from the land of the Angles and Saxons; we are some other people who came from some other land; only by some strange chance, we were led to believe that we

were Angles and Saxons, to take the name of Angles and Saxons, and even to speak the tongue which we should have spoken if we had been such. Or to come back to the old formula with which we began, we are not really ourselves, but somebody else; only at some stage of our life we fell in with ingenious schoolmasters, who cunningly persuaded us that we were ourselves.

On the old controversy I need not enter again now. That controversy might have been much shorter if clever talkers would have taken the trouble to find out what those whom they were talking about had really said. Many statements have been made, many jokes have been joked, many outeries have been raised, some ingenious names have been invented, nay, even some arguments have been brought, and all about doctrines which no man in this world ever held. Personally I have nothing more to say on the matter. I have had my say: anybody that cares to know what that say is, may read it for himself.* I will make only one remark on a single statement which I have casually lighted on, and which is on the whole the very strangest that I have ever seen. I find in a volume of a series which comes under the respectable name of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, a series to which Oxford Professors and Examiners contribute, a book which has a book by Mr. Rhys before it and a book by Mr. Hunt after it, this amazing saying: "Florence uses the strange expression that Eadgar was chosen by the Anglo-Britons."† Strange indeed, if Florence had ever used it; but to say that he did use it surely goes beyond the admitted literary and "stylistic" license of making people, old or new, say what they never did say. But the saying is instructive; it shows how some writers, sometimes more famous writers, now and then get at their facts. One received way is to glance at a page of an original writer,

to have the eye caught by a word, to write down another word that looks a little like it, and to invent facts that suit the word written down. To roll two independent words into a compound word with a hyphen is perhaps a little stronger, but only a little. Florence says something about Englishmen in one line and something about Britons in another line not far off. Roll them together; make a new fellow to Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Catholics, and we get the "strange expression," and the stranger fact, about Eadgar and the "Anglo-Britons." Yet even with a creator of "Anglo-Britons" we may make peace for the present. There is allowed to be something "Anglo" in the matter. And that for the present is enough. The old question was, after all, simply one of less and more. There was some "Anglo" something; only how much? He who shall say that the present English-speaking people of Britain are Angles and Saxons who have assimilated certain infusions, British and otherwise, and he who shall say that the English-speaking people of Britain are Iberians, Celts, Romans, anything, who have received just enough of Anglian and Saxon infusion to be entitled to be called "Anglo-Britons," maintain doctrines that differ a good deal from one another. Still it is only a difference in degree. Both sides may encamp together in the struggle with the new adversaries. Whether the Angle assimilated the Briton or the Briton assimilated the Angle, there was some "Anglo" element in the business. It is serious for both to be told that there never was any "Anglo" element at all, while according to one view, there could hardly have been Briton enough to have the "Anglo" element, if there had been any, hyphenated on to him.

We have in this matter to deal with two writers, whom it may seem somewhat strange to group together. M. Du Chaillu has startled us, one may venture to say that he has amused us, by a doctrine that a good many tribes or nations which have hitherto gone about with tribal or national names had no right to any national names at all, but only to the name of an occupation. The Franks of the third century, the Saxons of the fifth, were not Franks or Saxons, but "Vikings." Being "Vikings," they may have been Suiones, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians; but the chief thing is to be "Vikings;" they belong to

* I must refer to what I have said on "Teutonic Conquest in Gaul and Britain" in "Four Oxford Lectures" (Macmillan, 1888) and to the Essay on "Race and Language" in the third Series of Historical Essays.

† "Anglo-Saxon Britain, by Grant Allen, B.A.," p. 147. The real words of Florence (950) are: "Rex Mercensium Eadgarus, ab omni Anglorum populo electus anno ætatis sue 16, adventus veri Anglorum in Britanniam quingentesimo, 363 autem ex quo sanctus Augustinus et socii ejus in Angliam venerunt." No words could be more carefully chosen.

the "Viking age." On this teaching I shall say a few more words presently. I want just now to point out that, according to the Viking doctrine, we must have come from lands further to the north than we have commonly thought. And this doctrine I wish to contrast with another, which has been less noticed than one might have expected, according to which we must have come from lands much further to the south than we have commonly thought. Of these two doctrines, the first comes to this, that Angles and Saxons are all a mistake. There was no migration into Britain from the lands which we have been taught to look on as the older England and the older Saxony: the name of Angle and Saxon came somehow to be wrongly applied to people who were really Suiones or others entitled to be called Vikings. I am not sure that I should have thought this doctrine, at least as set forth by M. Du Chaillu, worthy of any serious examination, had it not been for the singular relation in which it stands to the other slightly older teaching which, when we strive to obey the precept,

"Antiquam exquirite matrem,"

bids us look, not further to the north than usual, but further to the south. According to this teaching, there may have been some Saxons from North Germany among the Teutonic settlers in Britain, but the main body came from a more southern land. These two doctrines, very opposite to one another, but both upsetting most things which we have hitherto believed, have been put forward in a singularly casual way. Some will perhaps be a little amazed when for the southern doctrine I send them to Mr. Seebohm's well-known book "The English Village Community." There it certainly is; it is not exactly set forth by Mr. Seebohm, but it has at least dropped from him, and the opposite doctrine has not much more than dropped from M. Du Chaillu. Both teachings are thrown on the world in a strangely casual sort, as mere appendages to something held to be of greater moment. Still M. Du Chaillu does put forth his view as a view; Mr. Seebohm lets fall his pearls, if they be pearls, seemingly without knowing that they have fallen from him. I am not going to discuss any of Mr. Seebohm's special theories, about manors or seifdom, about one-field or three-field culture. Mr.

Seebohm's views on these matters, whether we accept them or not, are, as the evident result of honest work at original materials, eminently entitled to be weighed, and, if need be, to be answered. And in any case we can at least give our best thanks to Mr. Seebohm for his maps and descriptions of the manor of Hitchin, a happy survival in our day of a state of things which in most places has passed away. What I have to deal with now, as far as Mr. Seebohm is concerned, is to be found in one or two passages in his book, in which, as I have hinted, he lets fall, in a perfectly casual way, doctrines which go far to upset all that has hitherto been held as to the early history of the English folk.

Now a wholly new teaching, on such a matter as the beginning of our national life in our present land, is surely a matter of some importance. If it is true, it is a great discovery, entitled to be set forth as a great discovery, with the proudest possible flourish of trumpets. The new teaching should surely be set forth in the fullest and clearest shape, with the fullest statement of the evidence on which it rests. But with Mr. Seebohm the new doctrine drops out quite suddenly and incidentally, as a point of detail which does not very much matter. The belief as to their own origin which the English of Britain have held ever since there have been Englishmen in Britain seems to Mr. Seebohm not to agree with his doctrines about culture and tenures of land. It is by no means clear that there is any real contradiction between the two, but Mr. Seebohm thinks that there is. He is so convinced of the certainty of his own theory that the great facts of the world's history must give way if they cannot be reconciled with it. The strange thing is that Mr. Seebohm does not seem the least proud of his great discovery; he hardly seems to feel that he has made any discovery: he is less excited about a proposition which makes a complete revolution in English History than some are when they think that they have corrected a date by half an hour, or have proved some one's statement of a distance to be wrong by a furlong. All turns on the "one-field system" and the "three-field system." The three-field system existed in England; it existed in certain parts of Germany; but it did not exist in those parts of Germany which were inhabited by Angles and Saxons. Therefore, if Britain

had any Teutonic settlers at all, they must have come from some other part, and not from the land of the Angles and Saxons. Only, to judge from Mr. Seebohm's tone the question whence they came, or whether they came from anywhere, is a question hardly worth thinking about, compared with matters so much more weighty as the system of "one-field" or of "three."

Our first foreshadowing of what is coming is found at page 372 of Mr. Seebohm's book:—

"Now, possibly this one-field system, with its marling and peat manure, may have been the system described by Pliny as prevalent in Belgic Britain and Gaul before the Roman conquest, but certainly it is not the system prevalent in England under Saxon rule. And yet this district where the one-field system is prevalent in Germany is precisely the district from which, according to the common theory, the Anglo-Saxon invaders of Britain came. It is precisely the district of Germany where the three-field system is conspicuously absent. So that although Nasse and Waitz somewhat hastily suggested that the Saxons had introduced the three-field system into England, Hanssen, assuming that the invaders of England came from the north, confidently denies that this was possible. 'The Anglo-Saxons and the Frisians and Low Germans and Jutes who came with them to England cannot (he writes) have brought the three-field system with them into England, because they did not themselves use it at home in North-west Germany and Jutland.'* He adds that even in later times the three-field system has never been able to obtain a firm footing in these coast districts."

It is wonderful indeed to find the origin of the English people thus dealt with as a small accident of questions about marling and peat manure. Hanssen confidently denies that the Angles and Saxons could have brought the three-field system into Britain from their old home. And, if it be true that the three-field system was never known in their older home, he assuredly does right confidently to deny it. Only why should so much be made to turn on the different modes of culture followed in the continental and the insular English land? If the one-field system suited the soil of the old Angeln and the old Saxony,

while the three-field system better suited the soil of East-Anglia or Sussex, surely our Angles and Saxons would have sense enough to follow in each land the system which suited that land. If they found that the kind of husbandry which suited the soil of their old home did not suit the soil of their new home, they would surely invent or adopt some other kind of husbandry which did suit it. But in any case, if the acceptance of a certain doctrine about the "one-field system with its marling and peat manure" involves nothing short of all that Mr. Seebohm assures us that it does involve, it would surely have been worth while to think about the marling and the peat manure a second time by the light of what had hitherto been looked on as the broad facts of the history of England and Europe. These last may be wrong; but they are surely at least worthy of being thought over before they are cast aside. But with Mr. Seebohm the "common theory"—that is the recorded history of the English people—is not worth a thought; it may go anywhere. "Hanssen assumes that the invaders of England came from the north." That will do for the present; let them come from any land, so that it be not a land that practises "the one-field system with its marling and peat-manure."

Some way further on (p. 410) Mr. Seebohm has another passage, in which, seemingly with the same words of Hanssen before him, he throws out, still very casually but not quite so casually as before, an exactly opposite doctrine.

"We have already quoted the strong conclusion of Hanssen that the Anglo-Saxon invaders and their Frisian Low German and Jutish companions could not introduce into England a system to which they were not accustomed at home. It must be admitted that the conspicuous absence of the three-field system from the North of Germany does not, however, absolutely dispose of the possibility that the system was imported into England from those districts of Middle Germany reaching from Westphalia to Thuringia where the system undoubtedly existed. It is at least possible that the invaders of England may have proceeded from thence rather than, as commonly supposed, from the regions on the northern coast."

It is hardly worth while to stop to comment at any length on the confusion of thought implied in such phrases as "Anglo-Saxon invaders of England." As there can be no *Anglia* till there are *Angli*, they would literally imply that a band of

* The text of Hanssen, *Agrarhistorische Abhandlungen*, i, 496, stands thus: "Allein die Angelsachsen und die welche mit ihnen nach England gezogen sein mögen; Friesen, Niedersachsen, Jüten, können die Dreifelderwirtschaft nicht nach England mitgebracht haben, weil sie sie in ihrer Heimat selber in nord-westlichen Deutschland und Jütland nicht betrieben hatten."

Angles first came into Britain by themselves, that they set up an England therein, and then sent to their hyphened kinsfolk on the mainland, to come after them to share, and doubtless to enlarge, that England. But of course what Mr. Seebohm means by "invaders of England" are those who out of part of Britain made an England for certain later people to invade. We have got back to the days of our grandmothers, when our little books told us how Cæsar was "resisted by the English people, who were then called the Britons." We have perhaps got back to the days of good old Tillemont, who attributes all that was done on the native side during the Roman occupation of Britain to "les Anglois." The confusion however belongs to the German writer; Mr. Seebohm simply copies him. And in one point, Mr. Seebohm, after some striving with himself, has corrected a still stranger confusion of his guide. In his first edition the *Niedersachsen*, which Hanssen so oddly couples with *Angelsachsen*, appear in one place as "Low-Germans," in another as "Low-Saxons." In a later revision the "Low-Saxons" have vanished.* But to couple "Low-German," the whole, with Anglo-Saxons, Frisians, &c., each of them parts of that whole, is, as a logical division, even stranger than to couple *Angelsachsen* and *Niedersachsen*. This last phrase implies "High-Saxons" somewhere, and it might not be an ill guess that they are the same as the "Anglo-Saxon invaders of England," who came from somewhere in Middle Germany. Only how is this doctrine to be reconciled with the "assumption" that "the invaders of England came from the North?" Taking it by itself, the southern theory comes to this. The main body of the invaders, "Anglo-Saxons," "High-Saxons," whatever they are to be called, started from Middle Germany, from some point between Westfalia and Thuringia, from some part far away from marling and peat manure. But on their road to Britain they fell in with certain companions, Frisians, Low-Saxons, Jutes, all seemingly from the marling and peat

manure country. In company with them they came into Britain, to a part of it which had somehow already become "England."

This seemingly is the doctrine which is casually thrown out in the second of our quotations from Mr. Seebohm. Now, if we could only get rid of hyphenated words, and talk simply of "Angles" or "English," it would help Mr. Seebohm's case not a little. The odd thing is that, in arguing against Mr. Seebohm's case, one has first to put together his case for him. In his casual way of putting things, he does not seem to know how much might have been really said on behalf of something very like the view which he lets fall. In the older edition of Spruner's Atlas Mr. Seebohm would have found an English land marked for him in the very part of Germany where he would have most wished for it. There was an *Angeln* shown clearly enough between Westfalia and Thuringia, and whatever was to be said about the branch of the Angles who were held to have dwelled there was carefully brought together by Zeuss.* Unluckily this inland *Angeln* has vanished from the revised Spruner-Menke, as also from the new atlas of Droysen. It might therefore be dangerous to build any theories on the subject without going deeply into the whole question; but just such an *Angeln* as suited Mr. Seebohm's theory was there, according to the best lights, at the time that Mr. Seebohm wrote. If he was not aware of this, his stumbling by an *à priori* road on a doctrine actually supported by such respectable authorities is one of the strangest of undesigned coincidences. If he was aware of it, it is almost more strange that he should not have thought it worth while to refer to a fact or supposed fact of so much value for his case. With its help that case could be put in a very taking shape. These central Angles, used to a three-field system, set out to go somewhere; it need not have been to Britain. On the road they fall in with companions, Saxon, Low-Saxon, Frisian, Jute, anything else. These sea-faring folk would doubtless know the way to Britain much better than the Angles of Middle Germany. They suggest the course that the

* In Mr. Seebohm's first edition, the word in the second extract was "Low-Saxon;" in the third it is "Low-German." Hanssen's word is *Niedersachsen*. If he is thinking of the circle of *Niedersachsen* in later German geography, it does not at all help him.

* "Die Deutschen und die Nachbarstämme," 153, c. f. 495. It would be dangerous to enter, casually and light-heartedly, on questions about "Angrivarii," "Engern," and the like,

expedition should take; and the united force crosses the sea in as many keels as might be needful. It may even be, if anybody chooses, that the inland Angles, entering into partnership with the sea-faring Saxons, first set foot on British soil under the style, already duly hyphenated, of "Anglo-Saxons." To be sure in Britain itself the compound name was not heard till some ages later, and then only in a very special and narrow sense. But on the mainland it was known much earlier. Paul the Deacon uses it;* it may have been used earlier still. So there is really a very fair case made out for "Anglo-Saxon invaders of Britain" coming from Mid-Germany, and no doubt bringing the three-field system with them. We have only to suppose that in the matter of agriculture, some such agreement was made between the different classes of settlers as we know was sometimes made among joint settlers in early times. The Sicilian Naxos reckoned as a colony of Chalkis, but it took its name from the elder Naxos. In Himera, peopled by Dorians and Chalkidians, the speech was mingled, but the laws were Chalkidian. So in the Anglo-Saxon colonization of Britain, it was evidently agreed that the Angles should bring their system of three-field culture into the conquered land; the Saxons, Low-Saxons, Frisians and Jutes, any other votaries of marling and peat manure, had to conform to the practice of their betters.

There would still remain the question of language, a point of which Mr. Seebohm does not seem to have thought, but on which Zeuss underwent some searchings of heart. He puts the question, without very positively settling it, whether Angles who dwelled so far south spoke High Dutch or Low. In the fifth century indeed the question could hardly have been of the same moment as it would have been in the ninth. The High-Dutch had not as yet wholly parted company with the low. Still the point is worth thinking of. Those who use the one-field and the peat manure have ever belonged to the ranks of men who *eaten* and *drunken*. It may be that those who practised the three-field culture had already begun to fall off to them who *essen* and *trinken*. But one

thing at least is certain; no man ever did *essen* and *trinken* in this isle of Britain. If then the Angles of the inland England had begun to adopt the more modern forms, something of an agreement—again like that of the Dorians and the Chalkidians—must have been come to between them and their Nether Dutch companions. While the inland Angles had their way in the matter of three-field culture, the lesser point of language was yielded in favor of the sea-faring Saxons.

Mr. Seebohm's casual theory then, when worked out with some little care, really puts on so winning an air that it is hard not to accept it. Yet, even if we accept the existence of an inland Angeln without any doubt, Mr. Seebohm's theory at least would not hold water. It simply has against it the universal belief of Englishmen from the beginning. In the eyes of Baeda, in the eyes of the Chroniclers, in the eyes of the gleeman of Brananburh, in the eyes of all who ever spoke or sang of the great migration of our people, the Angles, no less than the Saxons, count among the sea-faring folk of Northern Germany. The England from whence they came, the England which their coming was said to have left empty of men, was the England of the coast of Sleswick, not any inland England between Westfalia and Thuringia. At all events, if we are to believe otherwise, we have at least a right to ask that the question shall be thoroughly discussed on its own merits, and not tossed jauntily aside as a small point in the history of the rotation of crops. Till then, whether we believe that we were called "*ab angelica facie, id est pulcra*," or merely because we dwelled "*in angulo terræ*," we shall still go on believing that it was from the borderland of Germany and Denmark that our forefathers set forth to work by sea their share in the Wandering of the Nations. It may be that some of the Anglian folk may well have strayed inland, as some of the Saxon folk may have strayed further inland still. But the first England of history, the land from which men set forth to found the second, as from the second they set forth to found the third, was assuredly no inland region from which they had to make their way to a distant coast and there pick up Saxons or Frisians as companions of their further journey. The little England, the little "*angulus terræ*," of Sleswick was only

* Paul the Deacon speaks of "*Angli-Saxones*," iv. 22, vi. 15, and "*Saxones Angli*," v. 37. For other instances see Norman Conquest, i. 541.

part of it. There is no need minutely to measure how much was Anglian, how much Saxon, how much Frisian, how much belonged to any other branch of the common stock. In the days of Tacitus and Ptolemy the Angle and the Frisian were folk of the mainland only; by the days of Procopius they had won their home in the island to part of which one of them was to give his name.

We came by sea. By no other way indeed could we make our way into an island. But we came by sea in another sense from that in which Roman Cæsar came by sea before us and Norman William came after us. We came by sea, not simply because the sea was the only road, but because we came as folk of the sea, to whom the sea was not a mere path but a true home. Of the details of the purely Anglian settlement, and of the Angles themselves, we know comparatively little, for the obvious reason that they lay further off than their fellows from the range of Roman knowledge. But of the Saxon shipmen and their doings we know a good deal; Sidonius has taken no small pains to show what manner of men they seemed to be in the eyes of the Romans of Gaul.* They first harried and then settled on both sides of the Channel. That their settlements in Britain were greater and more abiding than their settlements in Gaul was the result of many later causes. The Saxon of Chichester owes his presence on British ground to the same general effort to which the Saxon of Bayeux owed his presence on Gaulish ground. The Saxon of Chichester keeps his Saxon speech, and from his land the Saxon name has not passed away. The Saxon of Bayeux has for ages spoken the Latin tongue of his neighbors, and, while *Sussex* yet lives on the map, the *Otlingua Saxonica* has given way to other names, to the *Bessin* and the department of *Calvados*. But each was planted in his new home by the force of the same movement, the Saxon wandering on the sea. And once planted in his new home, whether in the island or on the mainland, he ceased to be a wanderer by sea. He sat down and tilled the earth, and he guarded the earth which he tilled by the arms no longer of the sea farer but

of the land warrior. The change is not wonderful. It has often happened in other lands, it has happened again in the same land. To be sea-faring folk or to be landsmen is not always a question of what is born in the blood. Prosaic as it sounds, it is often the result of the circumstances in which men find themselves. Sea-faring Corinth planted at one blow her twin colonies of Korkyra and Syracuse. Korkyra on her island met her parent on the seas with fleets equal to her own. Syracuse, planted in an island indeed, but an island that was in truth a continent, took to the ways of continents. Her landfolk were driven to take to the sea to meet the attacks of those Athenians who, two or three generations before, had been no less landfolk themselves.* So it was in the very land of Bayeux. When the Northmen came in their ships, neither Saxon nor Frank had ships to withstand them. Presently the sea-faring Northmen, once settled in the land, changed into Norman landfolk, foremost of warriors with horse and lance, but to whom the horses of the wave had become simply means to carry them safe from Rhêgion to Messina, or from Saint Valéry to Pevensey.

Why, some one may ask, do I put forth again such very obvious truths as these? Because they are of no small importance, if we are to discuss the latest theory of all as to the origin of the English people. The only question is whether that theory need be discussed at all; it is hard to argue against that state of mind which, in the days when we learned logic, we used to call *ignoratio elenchi*. But, if not discussed, it must be mentioned. Perhaps if this newest view of all had not come up the other day, I might not have chosen this time to talk about the views of Mr. Seebohm. But when M. Du Chaillu puts forth his theory, it at once recalls Mr. Seebohm's theory. The two stand in a certain relation to one another; neither can be fully taken in without the other. Both alike throw aside the recorded facts of history in the interest of a theory, be it a theory of the rotation of crops or a theory of the greatness of Vikings. Each theorist alike, possessed of a single thought, cannot be got to stop and think what there is to be said on the other side. M. Du Chaillu has put forth two very pretty

* The great description comes in the sixth letter of the seventh book.

* Thucydides, vii. 21.

volumes, with abundance of illustrations of Scandinavian objects. Most of them to be sure will be found in various Scandinavian books; still here they are, very many of them and looking very pretty. M. Du Chaillu has given us a great many translations of sagas; but we have seen other translations of sagas, and some of them have been made by sound scholars. Criticism is hardly attempted. When the Scandinavian legend can be tested by the authentic English history, when the saga itself can be divided into the contemporary and trustworthy verse and the later and untrustworthy prose,—work all this which has been done over and over again by the scholars of more than one nation—M. Du Chaillu simply gives us the sagas again, with comments now and then of amazing simplicity. The saga of Harold Hardrada, the bits of genuine minstrelsy of the eleventh century patched together by the prose of the thirteenth, has been long ago thoroughly examined in its relations to the English narratives, above all to the precious piece of contemporary English minstrelsy preserved by Henry of Huntingdon. It might have seemed hardly needful nowadays to prove once more that the picture of the English army in the saga is simply a fancy piece drawn from an English army of the thirteenth century. There are the English archers, the English horsemen, horsemen too whose horses are sheeted in armor. If any man doubts, he has nothing to do but to compare Snorro's fancy piece with the living representation of a real English army of the eleventh century in the contemporary tapestry of Bayeux. There he will see that, to the English of that day the horse was simply a means to carry him to and from the place of battle, and that the clothing of horses in armor was a practice as yet unknown to the Norman horsemen themselves. Yet after all this, so often pointed out, M. Du Chaillu volunteers a little note to say that Snorro's version proves "that the English, like their kinsmen, had horses." That we had horses no man save Procopius* ever doubted; but both Brihtnoth and Harold got down from their horses when the work of battle was to begin.

It is hardly by an adversary who cannot wield the weapons of criticism better than this that we shall be beaten out of the be-

lief that there is such a thing as an English people in Britain. Perhaps too we shall not be the more inclined to give up our national being, when we see its earliest records tossed aside with all the ignorant scorn of the eighteenth century. The "Frankish and English chroniclers" rank very low in the eyes of M. Du Chaillu. We know exactly where we have got when we come to the old conventional talk about "ignorant and bigoted men," "monkish scribes," and the like. Among these monkish scribes we have to reckon Einhard and Count Nithard, and our own literary ealdorman, Fabius Patricius Quæstor Ethelwardas. The odd thing is that with M. Du Chaillu Franks and Saxons or English go together. He is at least free from his countrymen's usual weakness of claiming the Franks, their kings, their acts, and their writings, for their own. As far as his theory can be made out, it seems to be this. The *Suiones* of Tacitus are the Swedes, and the *Suiones* had ships; so far no one need cavil. But we do not hear of the *Suiones* or any other Scandinavian people doing anything by sea for several centuries. But though we do not hear of it, they must have been doing something. What was it that they did? Now, in the fourth, fifth, sixth centuries, we hear of the Saxons doing a good deal by sea; therefore the name *Saxones* must be a mistake of the Latin writers for *Suiones*. It was not Saxons, but Swedes, or at least Scandinavians of some kind, who did all that is recorded of the Saxons, and presumably of the Angles and Jutes also, in Gaul, Britain, or anywhere else. The Angles and Saxons therefore, who have been hitherto thought to have settled in Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries, are all a mistake. They were not Angles or Saxons at all, but Scandinavians of some kind. Hengest and Ælle were simply the advanced guard of Hubba, Sween, and Cnut. They could not have been Saxons, because, when the Northmen came against the continental Saxons of later times, they found no fleets to withstand them.

The assumption that goes through all this is that, once a seaman ever a seaman, once a landsman ever a landsman. These could not be sea-faring Saxons in the fifth century, because we do not hear of Saxon fleets in the eighth. On the other hand, because the *Suiones* had ships in the days of Tacitus, as they could not have left off

* Bell. Gotth. iv. 20.

using ships, it must have been they who did the acts which are commonly attributed to the Saxons. A good deal is involved in this last assumption; it is at least conceivable, and not at all unlike the later history of Sweden, that the Suiones went on using their ships, but used them somewhere else, and not on the coasts of Gaul or Britain. But of the grand assumption of all, the assumption that the landsman can never become a seaman or the seaman a landsman, I have spoken already. And if this be a real difficulty, it is just as great a difficulty on M. Du Chaillu's theory as it is according to the genuine records of English history. Over and over again has it been noticed as a strange thing that the settlers who came to Britain by sea, as soon as they were settled in Britain, left off their sea-faring ways, and had no fleet to withstand the Danes, when the Danes did come. There is in this really nothing wonderful. But if this be a difficulty in the case of Anglian or Saxon settlers, it is hard to see how the difficulty becomes any less if the settlers are rated to be Swedish, Danish, or Norwegian.

In truth M. Du Chaillu's theory is several degrees more amazing than that of Mr. Seebohm. How did we come by our language? How did we come by our national names? We did not, according to this theory, light by the way on any of those Low-Saxon, Frisian, or Jutish companions and teachers who, in Mr. Seebohm's view, may have done so much for us. And it is a little daring of M. Du Chaillu to represent the use of the Saxon name, as applied to the ravagers and settlers of Gaul and Britain, as simply the mistake of some Latin scribe, some ignorant blunderers like Claudian or Sidonius, who wrote *Saxones* when they should have written *Suiones*. The mistake went a little deeper than that. How came the Teutonic settlers in Britain to call themselves Angles and Saxons? How did their Celtic neighbors come to call them Saxons? How did the conquered land come to take, here the Anglian, there the Saxon, name? One is astonished to read in M. Du Chaillu's book: "Nor is any part of England called *Saxland*." * It is possible from the context that what is meant is merely that no part of England is so called in the Northern sagas. But the name of England comes

often enough in them, and *England* is as bad as *Saxland* for M. Du Chaillu's theory. It is hardly worth searching through all the sagas to see whether such a word as *Saxland* is ever found there or not. If it be so, it merely proves that no Northern writers had any need to speak of Wessex, Essex, Sussex, or Middlesex, by their local names. But considering that those names have been in unbroken use in the lands themselves ever since the fifth and sixth centuries, it does not much matter whether any sagaman called them so or not. It is more important from M. Du Chaillu's point of view to explain how West-Saxons, East-Saxons, South-Saxons, and Middle-Saxons, were led into such strange mistakes as to their own name and origin.

No one denies that the Scandinavian infusion in England is real, great, and valuable. Only it is an infusion which dates from the ninth century and not from the fifth or sixth. Danish writers, without going quite so far as their champion from *Valland*, have often greatly exaggerated the amount of Scandinavian influence in England. They have often set down as signs of direct Scandinavian influence things which are simply part of the common heritage of the Teutonic race. But no one doubts that the Danish infusion in England was large, that in some parts it was dominant. And its influence was wholesome and strengthening. Dane and Angle, Dane and Saxon, were near enough to each other to learn from one another and to profit by one another. They were near enough to be fused into one whole by a much easier process than that which in some parts of the island did in the end fuse together the Briton and the Teuton. Still the Scandinavian infusion was but an infusion into the already existing English mass. As we are not a British people, but an English people with a certain British infusion, so neither are we a Scandinavian people, but an English people with a certain Scandinavian infusion.

One word about the Franks, whose fate at M. Du Chaillu's hands is so oddly the same as that of the Saxons. According to him, as some Suiones were mistaken for Saxons, which gave rise to the error of looking on Saxons as a sea-faring people, so also some Suiones were mistaken for Franks, which gave rise to the error of looking on Franks as a sea-faring people.

* "The Viking Age," vol. i. p. 20.

But this last error at all events never led astray any one. The Franks were not a sea-faring people, nor did anybody ever think that they were. The whole notion of sea-faring Franks comes from two passages of Eumenios and Zôsimos which record a single exploit of certain Frankish prisoners, who seized on some ships in the Euxine and amazed mankind by sailing about the Mediterranean, doing much damage in Sicily and getting back to *Francia* by way of the Ocean. This single voyage, wonderful as it was, is not quite the same thing as the habitual harrying of the coasts of the Channel, and of the Ocean too, by Saxons in their own ships. And when Ammianus speaks of Franks and Saxons laying waste the Roman territory by land and sea, the obvious meaning surely is that the Franks did it by land and the Saxons by sea. But all things about Franks are surely outdone by a single sentence of M. Du Chaillu, standing alone with all the honors of a separate paragraph.

"In the Bayeux tapestry, the followers of William the Conqueror were called *Franci*, and they have always been recognized as coming from the North."

Further comment is needless. We decline to be brought from the north by M. Du Chaillu, even more strongly than we decline to be brought from the south by Mr. Seeböhm. For Mr. Seeböhm does leave some scrap of separate national being to the "Anglo-Saxon invaders" from the English land of Middle Germany. M. Du Chaillu takes away our last shreds; we are mere impostors, *Suiones* falsely calling ourselves *Saxones*. But let us speculate what might happen if M. Du Chaillu's theory should ever fall into the hands of those statesmen and princes of the Church who seem to have lately taken in hand the nomenclature of that part of mankind whom plain men may think it enough to call the English folk.* The other day one eminent person enlarged on the glories of the "Anglo-Saxon race," while another enlarged instead on the glories of the "British race." A third claimed the

right of free discussion for all "speakers of the British language." Let gallant little Wales look out; there would seem to be some corner in its twelve (or thirteen) counties in which free discussion is just now not allowed. New names often take. In my youth the "Anglo-Saxon race" was unheard of, and the "British race" dates, I believe, only from the speech of last week from which I quote. Why should the *Suiones*, so long and so unfairly cheated of their honor, not have their day at last! Set forth with a good delivery, at the end of a fine rolling period, "the Imperial instincts of the *Suionic race*" would be as likely to draw forth a cheer as other phrases whose amount of meaning is very much the same. When will men, statesmen above all, learn that names are facts, that words, as expressing things, are themselves things, that a confused nomenclature marks confusion of thought, failure to grasp the real nature of things and the points of likeness and unlikeness between one thing and another! Leaving then the Anglo-Saxon race and the British race and the *Suionic race*, and the instincts, Imperial or otherwise, of any of them, this question of the origin of our people, this great and abiding dispute whether we are ourselves or somebody else, suggests one or two practical thoughts. Here I rule no point of present controversy; I only give some hints which may possibly help those who have to rule such points.

There is an English folk, and there is a British Crown. The English folk have homes; the British Crown has dominions. But the homes of the English folk and the dominions of the British Crown do not always mean the same thing. Here, by the border stream of the Angle and the Saxon, we are at once in one of the homes of the English folk and in one—and I dare to think the noblest and the greatest—of the dominions of the British Crown. If we pass to the banks of the Indus and Ganges, we are still within the dominions of the British Crown, but we cannot say that we are any longer among the homes of the English folk. Let us pass again to the banks of the Potomac and the Susquehanna; there we have gone out of the dominions of the British Crown, but we have come back again to the English folk in one of their chiefest homes. These are but plain facts, plain as the sun at noon—

* See the speeches of the Earl of Rosebery, Cardinal Manning, and the Earl of Carnarvon in the *Times* of November 16, 1889. The qualification needful in all such cases must of course be understood—"If the speakers really said what the reporters put into their mouths."

day. It is because they are so plain that mankind, above all orators and statesmen, will not understand them. Once more, let a man's words set forth his thoughts and let him shape his thoughts by the facts. That is all; but if this counsel of

perfection be too hard, it may be better to declaim about the "Suionic race" than about the "Anglo-Saxon race." It will lead fewer people astray.—*Contemporary Review*.

PROFIT-SHARING.

BY PROFESSOR J. SHIELD NICHOLSON.

RECENT events demand a few prefatory remarks to the present article. It was written before the troubles in connection with the London Gas-works had begun, and without the least idea that a scheme of "profit-sharing" was to be brought forward to defeat the demands of the Trade Unions concerned in the struggle. No more forcible illustration, however, could have been given of the necessity of accurately estimating the meaning, limitations, and possibilities of "profit-sharing" as a method of preventing industrial strife, and the views here expressed, though closely applicable to this latest contest, have at any rate the merit of the impartiality of general arguments on economic tendencies.

Profit-sharing is a method of conducting business, and not a form of charity, although, of course, like all good business, it takes account of moral elements. The principle on which it is based is by no means new. It is in truth a special form of the most general and far-reaching of all economic principles, namely, that the work done will vary according to the interest of the worker in the result. The greatest agriculturalists of antiquity, the Romans, discovered that slave labor exacted by fear and torture was slovenly and inefficient, and they established a system by which the *colonus* or cultivator became directly interested in the amount and quality of the produce. The Romans were not philanthropists. The celebrated Cato and the older writers on agriculture thought it cheaper to work slaves at high pressure and shorten their lives. The new method of agriculture established by the Romans in one of its main branches grew into the celebrated *métayer* system which still prevails largely over the south of Europe. The essence of this system is that the landowner provides the capital and receives a share in the produce, normally one-half.

In England, as Professor Thorold Rogers has admirably shown, one of the greatest agencies in the emancipation of the serfs and the establishment of the famous yeomanry was the land-and-stock lease, in which the stock was let with the land, and the owner took a considerable part of the risk. Here also the partial identity of interests created was closely analogous to profit-sharing.

A few other examples may be quoted to illustrate the variety in forms and the widespread application of the principle. Fisheries have been, and still are, generally conducted in such a way that part at least of the reward of the workers depends upon the result. In the Scottish herring fishery, for example, the men sometimes work for the curers at definite wages, but more often take their "chance," as they call it.

Again, on both sides of the Border, sheep-farmers very commonly allow the shepherds to keep a certain number of sheep with their own, so that they may be directly interested in the welfare of the whole flock. The method of payment by commission in addition to a certain fixed salary has been adopted on a large scale in all kinds of business, and especially in France prizes (*gratifications*) are often given for quality of work, economy, and general efficiency.

It is well to look at the question in the first place in the broad aspects suggested by these examples for several reasons. Most people in this country like to keep their business and their charity quite separate, and there is no maxim more popular than "Business is business." If practical men can once be brought to see that profit-sharing in some form or other has proved an excellent plan of conducting business they will be more likely to give it a trial than if it is considered only as a method of elevating the working classes.

Again, it must be distinctly recognized that the principle must be applied in different ways according to circumstances—the kind of industry, the class of workers, the nature of the markets, and the like.

Lastly, the full bearing upon the general wages question cannot be seen if the attention is confined simply to the details of one or two experiments, especially when they have been conducted in a foreign country.

At the same time, however, in these days when the air is teeming with all kinds of socialistic theories, it is certainly desirable to study actual living examples of success, and also to account for any prominent cases of failure. For such an appeal to experience the literature of profit-sharing now affords ample materials. The decision of the Society founded in Paris in 1878 for “the practical study of the various systems under which workmen participate in profits” is a good illustration of the need which, even in France, the country *par excellence* of ideas, industrial reformers feel that they have of the aid of hard facts. This Society, in order to preserve the absolutely practical character of its studies determined to admit to membership none but persons actually engaged in manufacture or commerce. An annual *Bulletin* in quarterly numbers gives some two hundred pages of information collected by the members on the progress of the participatory movement.*

It is, however, to Germany that one naturally turns for a complete compilation of facts and theories with ancient and modern instances. Professor Böhmert has written an elaborate work,† in the first part of which he gives the theoretical and historical side of the question, while a special part is devoted to an examination of more than one hundred actual cases taken from nearly every country in Europe, as well as from England and America.

Nor has the subject failed to attract the attention of English economists. J. S. Mill, in the chapter in his “Political Economy” on the Probable Future of the Laboring Classes (bk. iv. c. 7), gave an

account of the first and most successful experiment by M. Leclaire, who is justly regarded as the father of profit-sharing in the strict sense of the term. Professor Jevons in a paper on “Industrial Partnerships” (1870), and W. T. Thornton in his work “On Labor” (1870), did much to make the principle and the most striking examples of its application familiar to English readers, and the subject has found a place in all the best text-books since the work of Mill. Quite recently two important works on Profit-Sharing have appeared—one by Mr. Sedley Taylor (1884), and the other, by an American, Mr. N. P. Gilman (1889). In both of these books the case is presented with great impartiality, and with a full sense of the difficulties and dangers as well as of the direct and indirect benefits of the system.

There are, indeed, few economic proposals of a practical kind which have been so long, and so persistently and with such authority presented to the public, and yet it must be confessed that hitherto, in this country especially, profit-sharing has received much more attention from the theoretical economist than from the practical man. Compared with the great mass of industry conducted on the ordinary system of payment by wages, either by piece-work or time, the amount of profit-sharing in the specific sense of the term (according to which in addition to the wages usually current for the same work the laborers receive a share in the surplus profits) is practically infinitesimal. The latest returns compiled by Mr. Bushill, * Coventry, show that there are less than thirty firms in the kingdom which have adopted the plan, and the number of laborers employed is only about 10,000. The numbers are from one point of view considerable, but compared with the millions of ordinary wage-earners, they are insignificant—especially when we remember that many celebrated economists and social reformers in the last forty years have not only given the plan their cordial approval but a wide publicity.

It will naturally occur to most readers who know anything of trade that if profit-sharing really possessed the merits claimed for it as a method of business, and not merely as a philanthropic scheme, it would

* “Profit-Sharing between Capital and Labor,” p. 45, by Mr. Sedley Taylor, a work to which, throughout this article, I am much indebted.

† “Die Gewinnbetheilung.” Leipzig, 1878. Translated into French and brought up to date. Paris, 1888.

* Quoted by Mr. Schloss, *Fortnightly Review*, Oct. 1889.

have been much more generally adopted. It is notorious how in these days of excessive competition every new idea, tried by one firm with any success, at once finds imitation—*e.g.*, artistic advertising. The first thing, then, that those who advocate profit-sharing on its merits must do, is to explain why it has hitherto obtained so little practical recognition, especially among the English-speaking nations, which have taken the lead in most great industrial changes; and an inquiry into the nature and results of profit-sharing may advantageously follow the same lines.

One reason, undoubtedly, why the system has not even been tried at all generally lies in the fact, that even in our day the economic value of various so-called moral forces is altogether under-estimated. The self-interest of employers and of parents ought to have made the long series of Factory Acts unnecessary. It ought to have been evident to master manufacturers that excessive hours of work, bad air, and other notorious evils, not only caused a degradation of labor, but that labor so degraded was inefficient. Parents ought to have seen that it would pay them better in the long run to have their children properly educated and brought up in a healthy manner, even if they regarded them merely as sources of revenue. But it is more than doubtful if either sanitation or education would have been promoted, even to the interest of those most directly concerned, by reliance simply upon that interest. In spite of example and precept, the economic value of moral forces, except of the most obvious kinds—*e.g.*, trustworthiness in a manager—is rarely recognized. The chief reason why productive co-operation is a comparative failure is, that the value of business capacity is under-rated, and efficiency is sacrificed to nominal cheapness in management. It may be allowed, then, that on analogy with corresponding business methods, profit-sharing may be perfectly sound and practicable in spite of the fact that it has made so little headway. Any one can see at once the value of a new mechanical process; but an improvement in the mechanism of human motive power is not so easily understood.

Another cause of the slow progress of the movement, also of a general character, and therefore more liable to be overlooked, is the popular conception, usually

entertained both by masters and men, of the natural economic relations of labor to capital, and of wages to profits. The greatest industrial success achieved by labor in this century, judged by the ordinary standards of numbers, funds, and results, is undoubtedly trade unionism. Co-operation, boards of conciliation, sliding-scales, and other methods of social reform have obtained a certain amount of practical support from labor, but, directly and indirectly, trade unionism has done more for the welfare of the working-classes than all these other methods put together. Trade unionism has, in fact, been so successful that it has now reached the point of development at which the danger to be feared, on the analogy of corresponding forms in industrial history, is the danger of excessive power. But the outcome of trade unionism is at the best an armed peace—the unions may be, and are to a large extent, benefit societies, but essentially they are great fighting organizations. If there is a rise in prices an advance of wages is demanded, and if there is a fall a reduction is resisted. The natural result is that both in the minds of masters and men there seems to be an irreconcilable opposition between profits and wages, and it is generally believed that the one can rise only at the expense of the other. This is one crucial difficulty which profit-sharing as a practical scheme must overcome before it can hope to be widely adopted.

The nature and force of this difficulty can only be appreciated when the characteristic features of profit-sharing are fully realized. In the typical case the workmen are to receive the ordinary rates of wages current in the neighborhood, and these rates are in general fixed at the maximum possible according to the state of trade by the action of strong trade unions. Yet, under the proposed scheme, the master is to set aside only a fixed percentage for himself by way of interest on capital, provision for wear and tear and the like, and anything earned beyond this rate is to be divided in certain proportions between the employer and the employed. It certainly looks, at first sight, as if the master was compelled to pay the market rate of wages, but to receive something less than the market rate of profits. And this supposition is strengthened when it is observed that the laborers are never to be called

upon to share in exceptional losses, and that at the outside in bad years they can only fail to receive the exceptional bonus obtained in good years. Surely masters may naturally argue that if they are to meet the losses of a depression they must be able to draw upon the gains of an inflation.

There is only one possible answer to this objection, and this is the answer which was given by M. Leclair, and which is the kernel of the whole matter. *Under the stimulus of profit-sharing the workers must create the additional profits which they are to receive.* If they do not increase the efficiency of their labor or make economies by avoiding waste of materials, or by taking greater care of tools and machinery, if, in a word, they do not for the same wages in some way or other either increase the out-put or diminish the cost of production, then profit-sharing is simply a gain to the workers at the expense of the masters.

On the other hand, if the system works well, it is plainly possible for wages and profits to rise simultaneously. That the system can be made to work well, the experience of the Maison Leclair, now extending over nearly half a century, furnishes at once a striking and most interesting proof. The story has been often told, and Mr. Gilman deserves praise for having once more imparted freshness to the subject, "by tracing the development of the Maison Leclair in close connection with the circumstances of its founder's life." Nor is this the only example of success. In an industrial census of the whole world 150 is certainly a very small number of firms to quote as evidence of the acceptance of the principle; but when it is found that this number includes various kinds of business, and that the proportion of failures is much below the average, and in most cases due to extraneous causes, the appeal to experience has more weight than appears at first sight. For an inductive proof, however, the reader must turn to the volumes already quoted; it is plainly impossible to compress such a proof within the limits of an article.

To return to the examination of the causes why, especially in the United Kingdom, the progress of profit-sharing has not been greater, another reason is at once suggested by the appeal just made to experience. The English practical man is only too fond of saying that "an ounce of

fact is worth a ton of theory," and unfortunately in this case the facts with which he is most familiar seem to be against the system, at any rate on the surface. The failure of the experiment made by Messrs. Briggs is even more widely known than the success of the Maison Leclair, and the English attempt which next to this has attracted most attention—that made by Messrs. Fox, Head and Co.—was also abandoned after eight years' trial. These two examples have had so much influence in practically dissuading employers from making the experiment for themselves that, even in an argument of a general kind, they demand a certain amount of attention. As regards the Whitwood Colliery of Messrs. Briggs, very full information is given by Mr. Sedley Taylor in a memorandum* offered to him for publication by two of the original partners. It will be seen from this document that the Messrs. Briggs themselves do not consider the abandonment of the system in their own case a decisive test of its unfitness for this country, for they state explicitly at the conclusion of the paper that "nothing that has occurred seems to show that the system inaugurated at Whitwood may not eventually be generally and successfully adopted, and lead to a more intimate union of interests and a more cordial feeling between capitalists and their workmen." In response to a request by Mr. Sedley Taylor for further information, Mr. Archibald Briggs stated that down to 1872, about seven years, the bonus paid to the workmen was really earned by extra care and economy, and that the outside shareholders also reaped a benefit, but in the two years of great inflation which followed, the bonus paid to workmen was more than was earned by the extra efficiency of labor, and thus from a business point of view the shareholders were not so well off as they would have been without the system of profit-sharing. He also said that in his opinion no isolated concern could reap the full benefits of the plan, and that the greatest advantages could only be secured by its being generally adopted, and altering the whole tone of the relations between employer and employed, and doing away with the *antagonistic combinations of one class against the other.*

* "Profit-Sharing between Capital and Labor," p. 117.

To the present writer, after a careful examination of the evidence, the main cause of the failure of the Whitwood experiment seems to lie in the fact that from beginning to end the principal object aimed at was to provide a substitute for the influence of the trade unions, and not simply to increase the efficiency of the whole concern with the view of creating a divisible bonus. The chief reason given by Messrs. Briggs for the original adoption of the scheme was, that during a period of ten years four strikes had occurred, lasting in the aggregate seventy-eight weeks, and it was supposed that if the workmen were allowed to become industrial partners they would have no further interest in strikes. While every one must approve of any method which diminishes the number and severity of strikes, and equally of every advance toward a better understanding of their mutual interests by masters and men, it seems fallacious to argue that, as matters stand, it is not for the interest of those workmen who join an industrial partnership to give any support to the action of trade unions. For it must be remembered that the essence of the system as a method of business is to pay a minimum interest on capital and also the market rate of wages before there can be any bonus to divide.

But it is easy to see that the bonus paid to labor must always be small compared with the market rate of wages, and, accordingly, that it is for the economic interest of the workmen to look first to the best mode of increasing the *ordinary* rate of wages, which in the concrete means the action of trade unions. The men in the Whitwood Collieries were fully alive to this elementary fact, and the immediate cause of the breakdown of this industrial partnership was an attempt to keep the men from attending a meeting of unionists. At the same time, while the men naturally considered that the bonus, large as it was during the years of inflation, was not large enough to make them independent of their unions, the shareholders, apart from the actual managers, naturally thought the bonus was to a great extent taken from profits, and not from additional earnings; and on the matter of fact, there can be little doubt that in the two years of very high prices the opinion of Mr. A. Briggs, already quoted, was correct, and that the bonus paid to labor was not due to extra

exertion or economy, but mainly to the accidental rise in prices. As a consequence, just as labor looked for the market rate of wages, capital looked for the market rate of profits, and it was announced that the minimum interest reserved to capital before any participation of surplus was allowed would be raised from ten to fifteen per cent. Even after this rise, the outside shareholders grumbled, because they thought their profits were lower than they ought to have been.

The position was one of great difficulty, and when the plan was first adopted no one had ever dreamed of such an abnormal rise in prices. Both Mr. Sedley Taylor and Mr. Gilman maintain that the rise of profits (reserved) from ten to fifteen per cent. was unjustified and contrary to the essence of the scheme. Of course, if it had been foreseen that such a rise was possible, a provision should have been inserted in the original agreement, and in this way a certain amount of friction would have been avoided. As matters stood, however, there appears to be no reason why, as Mr. Briggs points out, when wages had risen fifty per cent. (without the bonus) the interest on capital should also not receive an increment (apart from the bonus), especially as no one could tell how long the "boom" would last, though there was little doubt that very lean years would follow on the natural over-production of the fat years. But although there was some friction over the division of the unexpected surplus, and neither the shareholders nor the men were satisfied, this was not the principal cause of the abandonment of the system. It was not a dispute over the "bonus" but over the ordinary rate of wages and the conditions of work which really led to the disruption. The men wished to support the trade unions, and the shareholders practically threatened to fine them heavily if they did.

The failure of the profit-sharing system adopted by Messrs. Fox, Head and Co., in their ironworks at Middlesbrough, may also be largely ascribed to the hostility shown toward the trade unions. It was definitely stipulated that no employees were to belong to trade unions; and in return the employers agreed not to join any association of employers. But, as Mr. Gilman's criticism* shows very plainly, the

* "Profit-Sharing," p. 274.

workmen must have found in the eight years' experiment that Messrs. Fox, Head and Co. were asking much more than they gave. In the first place, ten per cent. interest with six per cent. for renewals and depreciation of the works and plant, and one-and-a-half per cent. for bad debts, constituted a large reserve from profits, and the highest bonus earned by labor in the best year seems to have been four per cent. The firm also secured for itself immunity from strikes, and it decided for itself any question of wages and prices, while the workmen had to cut themselves off from the unions which not only tried to obtain a maximum wage, but also carefully looked after the general conditions of labor. Trade unions, however, have done too good service for too long a time to be abandoned for such a small bribe as a bonus on wages. Thus, an examination of the two most celebrated cases of failure tends to prove that the failure was due to an insufficient recognition of actual industrial conditions and an exaggerated idea of the magnitude of the real changes introduced by profit-sharing.

Both "industrial partnership" and "profit-sharing" are apt to suggest a much closer identity of interests than is really involved in this method of business, and it may be questioned whether it would not be better to adopt some such simple name as "bonus system." * The term "partnership" is certainly misleading, for neither in the conduct of the business nor in responsibility for losses are the workmen "partners;" and even as regards profits they have no share in the "interest," which is reserved, nor in the "wages of management," nor in the "reward for risk"—the three elements into which gross profits are generally analyzed. What the workmen really share is the increased earnings due to a better use of capital by labor.

Every one will admit that a system of profit-sharing as usually understood offers favorable opportunities for the improvement of the relations between masters and men; but it would be a great mistake, both in theory and fact, to suppose that a "share in the profits," or a bonus on wages, as it is more properly called, is the only possible foundation of a cordial understanding

between masters and men, and the only way to obtain various social advantages. On the other hand, in considering the causes of the slow progress of the system practically, some weight must be given to the fact that the purely business principle has been overshadowed in the public mind with these secondary influences. There is no reason why the least charitable and least philanthropic of masters should not adopt some form of extra payment for extra results, some simple form of profit-sharing, any more than that he should adopt piece-work instead of time wages; but many masters are inclined to think that their workmen out of their own wages can make savings and invest them, and also provide themselves with decent recreation and, if they choose, education. Accordingly, although those more elaborate schemes of profit-sharing which set aside so much for social purposes, pensions, insurance against accidents and the like, and which allow, if they do not compel, the savings of the workmen to be invested in the shares of the concern—although such schemes are much more attractive to social reformers and seem to offer much greater advantages, still they tend to alarm the average man of business and to make him think that profit-sharing is in reality a form of charity—at his expense. And even from the point of view of the workmen it may be doubted whether it is always prudent to rely upon their particular business for old age, provision for sickness and children, and so forth, rather than on benefit and insurance societies; and they might often prefer to have any bonus they could earn placed entirely at their own disposal. Thus, the indirect social advantages which have justly received such high praise in a few celebrated cases—e.g., Leclaire and Godin—may really have prevented the spread of the system in a more elementary form. Those who could not or would not imitate these great philanthropists on the social side have thought that they need not look at the question at all.

Again, many employers who take a great interest in their workmen, and are ready and anxious to promote their welfare in many ways, still object most strongly to giving them any voice even indirectly in the management, and they think that if profit-sharing were introduced their independence would be sacrificed. This objection takes many forms. It is said, for

* In the neighboring collieries the Whitwood scheme was commonly spoken of as "Briggs' bonus."

example, that if workmen are allowed to share in the profits they will insist upon seeing the books, and will distrust the returns made by the masters. To this it is answered that the accounts might be submitted to sworn accountants, whose decision should be final. But, again, it is objected that the rate of profit earned must necessarily be made public, seeing that the amount of bonus will depend upon it, and thus, if the rate is high, that competition might be increased, while, in case of bad trade, it is feared that the non-payment of a bonus after a payment for some years might even lead to a partial loss of credit. Thus, whether profits were very high or very low it would not be to the advantage of the firm that the fact should be known. Again, it is said that in years of good trade large profits might be earned for a time, which were in no way due to the extra exertions or carefulness of the men (as in the case of the Whitwood Collieries during the great inflation), and that these profits ought to be set against the exceptional losses of a depression, in which, although the workmen may not receive a bonus, they never share in the actual loss.

The general result of all these objections is that, rightly or wrongly, masters think that under a system of profit-sharing their profits would, in the long run, be less, and that they would also be hampered in the management of their business. Experience has shown that these fears are certainly exaggerated, and also that they are generally expressed by those who have never given the system a trial; but at the same time they do much toward explaining the small amount of favor which the system has practically received from the great mass of employers. When the other reasons already advanced are also taken into account, it is not difficult to understand why profit-sharing has hitherto altogether failed to realize the expectations formed of it by very good judges, and few would now be inclined to endorse the opinion of Prof. Jevons* in 1870, that "the sharing of profits is one of those apparently simple inventions at the simplicity of which men will wonder in an after-age."

The method of inquiry hitherto pursued in this paper has been, in the main, to consider why this "apparently simple invention" has met with so little practical

recognition. It remains now to indicate the way in which this experience from the past may be utilized for the future. To some the natural conclusion would be that a tree which has borne so little fruit for half a century might now be cut down and burned. To my mind, however, to continue the simile, what the tree needs is a liberal use of the pruning knife and the lopping off of a mass of luxuriant but unfruitful foliage.

In the *first place*, in the light of experience and in the present condition of industry, it is ridiculous to suppose that "profit-sharing" can be a substitute for trade unions. Any ordinary firm which intends to give the system a fair trial should be prepared to leave the employés absolutely free to take part in the meetings and policy of the unions, just as it should reserve to itself the right of joining combinations of the masters. The reason for this course is obvious. A bonus on wages, after the reserved profits have been allotted to the masters, is not an economic equivalent for the abandonment by the men of their unions, which have so much influence in determining the rates of wages and the conditions of employment. Again, the unions are so strong in a great number of industries, that it would be extremely impolitic for a new and weakly institution to provoke their hostility.

Secondly, it must be remembered that the so-called share in the profits is simply an addition to and not a substitute for wages. Even if the system were adopted almost universally, the working-classes would still in the main depend upon the ordinary rate of wages, which again is determined by the conditions of industrial demand and supply. All that trade unions themselves can do is to see that the best bargain is made which the conditions of the market allow; and profit-sharing can do no more.

Profit-sharing as such furnishes no guarantee against instability of earnings and fluctuations in employment. No system of division of the proceeds can be a guarantee that the proceeds will be forthcoming. The greatest perseverance would be no remedy against over-production or the loss of a foreign market, or an enormous rise in the price of raw material, or the popular adoption of some substitute for an old staple. But in the great mass of industries, fluctuations in wages and em-

* "Methods of Social Reform," p. 125.

ployment are the most crying evils of the day. In some businesses of a peculiar character and with well-established custom these evils are not felt, but the great industries of a manufacturing country are not of this fortunate kind. Thus, profit sharing at the best will not of itself be a sufficient remedy for some of the most serious evils affecting labor.

Thirdly, there are other methods of obtaining the social advantages connected with the most celebrated examples of profit-sharing. It is not every business that could provide, like that of M. Godin, for the education, amusement, and general comfort of its members, and the example in this country which comes the nearest to it—*Saltaire*—does not, I believe, adopt the profit-sharing principle. Supposing that profit-sharing were as widely spread as its most ardent supporters desire, it would probably not be an unmixed gain for the country at large if, for general social purposes, every business establishment aimed at becoming self-sufficing and independent.

When, however, all this pruning has been accomplished, the stem and its main branches—the principle and its logical consequences—are left intact. And that principle, as pointed out at the outset of this article, is not a principle of charity or philanthropy, but essentially an economic principle. In every business in which time-wages are paid there is always a great waste of time. Nor can this waste be considered as a pleasure to the workmen themselves. Every one knows that it is really much more pleasant to work with brisk, lively energy, and with interest, than to idle and dawdle, and be always looking at the clock. Again, if piece-work is adopted, it is well known that quality is sacrificed to quantity, unless the supervision is stringent and effective.

But so long as the time-worker is paid simply for time, and the piece-worker for quantity, there will be a loss in the value of the output, a loss which is a gain to nobody. Apart from this, there is a further loss in the waste of material, carelessness in the use of machinery, and the like, when the workers have no interest in the general result. Accordingly it is quite clear that in most businesses there is room for extra earnings, and the best way to secure this end is to give a large share to those who by their efforts or care contribute to the result. Profit-sharing of this

kind must be advantageous to all concerned. The master obtains a share of the income in proportion to his wages of superintendence, and the workmen obtain their bonus on wages. If this bonus is paid at considerable intervals, or is invested in the form of shares, the compulsory saving thus effected is strictly analogous to that which has produced such good results in the old co-operative societies.

The question has been treated on the whole from the business point of view, and profit-sharing has been considered mainly as increasing the efficiency of the productive agents; but the more successful the system is as a method of business, so much the more will it tend to bring about those moral and social results for which in most quarters it is generally recommended. The constant effort to make the most of the concern, the creation of a keen *esprit de corps* among the workers, the knowledge that to a large extent the interests of masters and men are identical, the application of a share of the profits to social purposes, the opportunity for the gradual accumulation of capital out of extra earnings, and the consequent sense of independence—all these are factors which make for the moral elevation both of masters and men, and tend to diminish the friction between classes. If profit-sharing is a business success, there is little doubt that the rest will follow. Even in private firms it is those on the margin of bankruptcy, and not those with exceptional profits, which give labor the least reward for the hardest work. The best business for the master is, as a rule, best also for the men. But if profit-sharing does not prove a good method of business, it is vain to talk of the social improvements which would follow on its general adoption—for the simple reason that it will never be generally adopted.

An illustration may be taken from co-operation. The co-operative societies for distributive purposes among the working classes have been a wonderful success. In Great Britain they have a membership of about 900,000, and sell goods to the amount of nearly £33,000,000 per annum. The net profits are about £3,000,000. Now, after making full allowance for the moral enthusiasm of the original founders, and for the co-operative spirit of the present members, there can be little doubt that this great success is in the main to be

ascribed to economic causes—*e.g.*, better quality of goods, and, directly or indirectly, lessened cost. The co-operative productive societies, from the moral standpoint, offer much greater attractions, but they have succeeded only to a small extent, and again the principal causes of failure are purely economic—*e.g.*, competition and inferior business capacity.

But the co-operative movement furnishes a still more definite illustration of the position that profit-sharing must in the first place stand or fall on its economic merits. At the Co-operative Congress in 1888* it was recommended that, "by whomsoever productive enterprises are established—by either the wholesale or distributive societies, or by organizations of the workmen themselves—an alliance be formed on equitable conditions for the sharing of profits and risks between the worker, the capitalist, and the consumer." A copy of this resolution was sent to the different societies, and questions were put in a circular as to their treatment of their workers. "To this circular only 199 sent replies, of which 138 said that they had no productive works, while 61 gave replies more or less full to the question: 'Does the society admit the workers employed in it productively to any share in the profits of its business?'" *Five societies only replied in the affirmative and 46 in the negative.*† To the question: "Would the society be disposed to enter into any plan by which the whole profits in production, or any, or what part of them might be applied for

the permanent benefit of the workmen by providing against sickness, disability from age, or assurance on death?" *Ten societies replied in the affirmative and 30 in the negative.*

Could a more convincing proof be offered of the contention that however attractive may be the moral aspects of profit-sharing it must, for practical purposes, be considered in the first place as a matter of business? It is too much to hope that the ordinary capitalist will regard the question from a higher standpoint than the managers of the co-operative distributing agencies which also take up production, encouraged as they are by the public opinion of the great body of co-operators.

Profit-sharing is capable of a much wider extension than it has yet attained, but the first condition of success is that the nature of the economic principles on which it rests, as well as the industrial forces with which it must work, should be fully realized.

At the same time the stress laid on the business side of the question in this paper must not be misunderstood. The ideal of profit-sharing is to make the best use not only of the physical strength and the technical skill, but also of the moral energy of all the workers, the managers included; and the principal obstacle in its path, as in every department of industrial progress, lies in the fact, noticed at the outset, that the economic value of moral forces is constantly underrated.—*Westminster Review.*

ABSOLUTE POLITICAL ETHICS.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

LIFE in Fiji at the time when Thomas Williams settled there must have been something worse than uncomfortable. One of the people who passed near the string of nine hundred stones with which Ra Undreundre recorded the number of human victims he had devoured, must

* See Report for 1889, p. 28, and Appendix VIII., p. 40.

† The returns referred to were made by the distributive societies, and do not include those occupied only with production. The figures quoted in the Appendix (apparently later) are 264 replies—181 no productive works, 10 affirmative, and 61 negative.

have had unpleasant waking thoughts and occasionally horrible dreams. A man who had lost some fingers for breaches of ceremony, or had seen his neighbor killed by a chief for behavior not sufficiently respectful, and who remembered how King Tanoa cut off his cousin's arm, cooked it and ate it in his presence, and then had him cut to pieces, must not unfrequently have had "a bad quarter of an hour." Nor could creeping sensations have failed to run through any women who heard Tui Thakan eulogizing his dead son for cruelty, and saying that "he could kill his own

wives if they offended him, and eat them afterward." Happiness could not have been general in a society where there was a liability to be one among the ten whose life-blood baptized the decks of a new canoe—a society in which the killing even of unoffending persons was no crime but a glory; and in which every one knew that his neighbor's restless ambition was to be an acknowledged murderer. Still there must have been some moderation in murdering even in Fiji. Or must we hesitate to conclude that unlimited murder would have caused extinction of the society?

The extent to which each man's possessions among the Biluchis are endangered by the predatory instincts of his neighbors, may be judged from the fact that "a small mud tower is erected in each field, where the possessor and his retainers guard his produce." If turbulent states of society such as early histories tell of, do not show us so vividly how the habit of appropriating one another's goods interferes with social prosperity and individual comfort, yet they do not leave us in doubt respecting these results. It is an inference which few will be hardy enough to dispute, that in proportion as the time of each man, instead of being occupied in further production, is occupied in guarding that which he has produced against marauders, the total production must be diminished and the sustentation of each and all less satisfactorily achieved. And it is a manifest corollary that if each pushes beyond a certain limit the practice of trying to satisfy his needs by robbing his neighbor, the society must dissolve: solitary life will prove preferable.

A deceased friend of mine, narrating incidents in his life, told me that as a young man he sought to establish himself in Spain as a commission agent; and that, failing by expostulation or other means to obtain payment from one who had ordered goods through him, he, as a last resource, went to the man's house and presented himself before him pistol in hand—a proceeding which had the desired effect: the account was settled. Suppose now that everywhere contracts had thus to be enforced by more or less strenuous measures. Suppose that a coal-mine proprietor in Derbyshire, having sent a train load to a London coal-merchant, had commonly to send a *posse* of colliers up to town, to stop

the man's wagons and take out the horses until payment had been made. Suppose the farm laborer or the artisan was constantly in doubt whether, at the end of the week, the wages agreed upon would be forthcoming, or whether he would get only half, or whether he would have to wait six months. Suppose that daily in every shop there occurred scuffles between shopman and customer, the one to get the money without giving the goods, and the other to get the goods without paying the money. What in such case would happen to the society? What would become of its producing and distributing businesses? Is it a rash inference that industrial co-operation (of the voluntary kind at least) would cease?

"Why these absurd questions?" asks the impatient reader. "Surely every one knows that murder, assault, robbery, fraud, breach of contract, etc., are at variance with social welfare and must be punished when committed." My replies are several. In the first place, I am quite content to have the questions called absurd; because this implies a consciousness that the answers are so self-evident that it is absurd to assume the possibility of any other answers. My second reply is that I am not desirous of pressing the question *whether* we know these things, but of pressing the question *how* we know these things. Can we know them, and do we know them, by contemplating the necessities of the case? or must we have recourse to "inductions based on careful observation and experience"? Before we make and enforce laws against murder, ought we to inquire into the social welfare and individual happiness in places where murder prevails, and observe whether or not the welfare and happiness are greater in places where murder is rare? Shall robbery be allowed to go on until, by collecting and tabulating the effects in countries where thieves predominate and in countries where thieves are but few, we are shown by induction that prosperity is greater when each man is allowed to retain that which he has earned? And is it needful to prove by accumulated evidence that breaches of contract impede production and exchange, and those benefits to each and all which mutual dependence achieves? In the third place, these instances of actions which, pushed to extremes, cause social dissolution, and which, in smaller degrees, hinder social co-opera-

tion and its benefits, I give for the purpose of asking what is their common trait. In each of such actions we see aggression—a carrying on of life in a way which directly interferes with the carrying on of another's life. The relation between effort and consequent benefit in one man, is either destroyed altogether or partially broken by the doings of another man. If it be admitted that life can be maintained only by certain activities (the internal ones being universal, and the external ones being universal for all but parasites and the immature), it must be admitted that when like-natured beings are associated, the required activities must be mutually limited; and that the highest life can result only when the associated beings are so constituted as severally to keep within the implied limits. The restrictions stated thus generally, may obviously be developed into special restrictions referring to this or that kind of conduct. These, then, I hold are *à priori* truths which admit of being known by contemplation of the conditions—axiomatic truths which bear to ethics a relation analogous to that which the mathematical axioms bear to the exact sciences.

I do not mean that these axiomatic truths are cognizable by all. For the apprehension of them, as for the apprehension of simpler axioms, a certain mental growth and a certain mental discipline are needed. In the *Treatise on Natural Philosophy* by Professors Thomson and Tait, it is remarked that "physical axioms are axiomatic to those only who have sufficient knowledge of the action of physical causes to enable them to see at once their necessary truth." Doubtless a fact and a significant fact. A plough-boy cannot form a conception of the axiom that action and reaction are equal and opposite. In the first place, he lacks a sufficiently generalized idea of action—has not united into one conception pushing and pulling, the blow of a fist, the recoil of a gun, and the attraction of a planet. Still less has he any generalized idea of reaction. And even had he these two ideas, it is probable that, defective in power of representation as he is, he would fail to recognize the necessary equality. Similarly with these *à priori* ethical truths. If a speculative member of that Fijian slave-tribe who regarded themselves as food for the chiefs had suggested that there might come a place where men would not eat one an-

other, his implied belief that they might come to have a little respect for one another's lives, condemned as utterly without justification in experience, would be considered as fit only for a wild speculator. Facts furnished by every-day observation make it clear to the Biluchi, keeping watch in his mud-tower, that possession of property can be maintained only by force; and it is most likely to him scarcely conceivable that there exist limits which, if mutually recognized, may exclude aggressions, and make it needless to mount guard over fields: only an absurd idealist (supposing such a thing known to him) would suggest the possibility. And so even of our own ancestors in feudal times, it may be concluded that, constantly going about armed and often taking refuge in strongholds, the thought of a peaceful social state would have seemed ridiculous; and the belief that there might be a recognized equality among men's claims to pursue the objects of life, and a consequent desistance from aggressions, would have been scarcely conceivable. But now that an orderly social state has been maintained for generations—now that in daily intercourse men rarely use violence, commonly pay what they owe, and in most cases respect the claims of the weak as well as those of the strong—now that they are brought up with the idea that all men are equal before the law, and daily see judicial decisions turning upon the question whether one citizen has or has not infringed upon the equal rights of another; there exist in the general mind materials for forming the conception of a *régime* in which men's activities are mutually limited, and in which maintenance of harmony depends on respect for the limits. There has arisen an ability to see that mutual limitations are necessitated when lives are carried on in proximity; and to see that there necessarily emerge definite sets of restraints applying to definite classes of actions. And it has become manifest to some, though not it seems to many, that there results an *à priori* system of absolute political ethics—a system under which men of like natures, severally so constituted as spontaneously to refrain from trespassing, may work together without friction, and with the greatest advantage to each and all.

"But men are not wholly like-natured and are unlikely to become so. Nor are they so constituted that each is solicitous

for his neighbor's claims as for his own, and there is small probability that they ever will be. Your absolute political ethics is therefore an ideal beyond the reach of the real." This is quite true. Nevertheless, much as it seems to do so, it does not in the least follow that there is no use for absolute political ethics. The contrary may clearly enough be shown. An analogy will explain the paradox.

There exists a division of physical science distinguished as abstract mechanics or absolute mechanics—absolute in the sense that its propositions are unqualified. It is concerned with statics and dynamics in their pure forms—deals with forces and motions considered as free from all interferences resulting from friction, resistances of media, and special properties of matter. If it enunciates a law of motion, it recognizes nothing which modifies manifestation of it. If it formulates the properties of the lever it treats of this assuming it to be perfectly rigid and without thickness—an impossible lever. Its theory of the screw imagines the screw to be frictionless; and in treating of the wedge, absolute incompressibility is supposed. Thus its truths are never presented in experience. Even those movements of the heavenly bodies which are deducible from its propositions are always more or less perturbed; and on the Earth the inferences to be drawn from them deviate very considerably from the results reached by experiment. Nevertheless this system of ideal mechanics is indispensable for the guidance of real mechanics. The engineer has to deal with its propositions as true in full, before he proceeds to qualify them by taking into account the natures of the materials he uses. The course which a projectile would take if subject only to the propulsive force and the attraction of the Earth must be recognized, though no such course is ever pursued; correction for atmospheric resistance cannot else be made. That is to say, though, by empirical methods, applied or relative mechanics may be developed to a considerable extent, it cannot be highly developed without the aid of absolute mechanics. So is it here. Relative political ethics, or that which deals with right and wrong in public affairs as partially determined by changing circumstances, cannot progress without taking into account right and wrong considered apart from changing circumstances—can-

not do without absolute political ethics; the propositions of which, deduced from the conditions under which life is carried on in an associated state, take no account of the special circumstances of any particular associated state.

And now observe a truth which seems entirely overlooked; namely, that the set of deductions thus arrived at is verified by an immeasurably vast induction, or rather by a great assemblage of vast inductions. For what else are the laws and judicial systems of all civilized nations, and of all societies which have risen above savagery? What is the meaning of the fact that all peoples have discovered the need for punishing murder, usually by death? How is it that where any considerable progress has been made, theft is forbidden by law, and a penalty attached to it? Why along with further advance does the enforcing of contracts become general? And what is the reason that among fully civilized peoples frauds, libels, and minor aggressions of various kinds are repressed in more or less rigorous ways? No cause can be assigned save a general uniformity in men's experiences, showing them that aggressions directly injurious to the individuals aggressed upon are indirectly injurious to society. Generation after generation observations have forced this truth on them; and generation after generation they have been developing the interdicts into greater detail. That is to say, the above fundamental principle and its corollaries arrived at *a priori* are verified in an infinity of cases *a posteriori*. Everywhere the tendency has been to carry further in practice the dictates of theory—to conform systems of law to the requirements of absolute political ethics: if not consciously, still unconsciously. Nay, indeed, is not this truth manifest in the very name used for the end aimed at—equity or equalness? Equalness of what? No answer can be given without a recognition—vague it may be, but still a recognition—of the doctrine above set forth.

Thus, instead of being described as putting faith in "long chains of deduction from abstract ethical assumptions" I ought to be described as putting faith in simple deductions from abstract ethical necessities; which deductions are verified by infinitely numerous observations and experiences of semi-civilized and civilized mankind in all ages and places. Or rather

I ought to be described as one who, contemplating the restraints everywhere put upon the various kinds of transgressions, and seeing in them all a common principle everywhere dictated by the necessities of the associated state, proceeds to develop the consequences of this common principle by deduction, and to justify both the deductions and the conclusions which legislators have empirically reached by showing that the two correspond. This method of deduction verified by induction is the method of developed science at large. I do not believe that I shall be led to abandon it and change my "way of thinking" by any amount of disapproval, however strongly expressed.

Are we then to understand that by this imposing title, "Absolute Political Ethics," nothing more is meant than a theory of the needful restraints which law imposes on the actions of citizens—an ethical warrant for systems of law? Well, supposing even that I had to answer "Yes" to this question (which I do not), there would still be an ample justification for the title. Having for its subject-matter all that is comprehended under the word "Justice," alike as formulated in law and administered by legal instrumentalities, the title has a sufficiently large area to cover. This would scarcely need saying were it not for a curious defect of thought which we are everywhere led into by habit.

Just as, when talking of knowledge, we ignore entirely that familiar knowledge of surrounding things, animate and inanimate, acquired in childhood, in the absence of which death would quickly result, and think only of that far less essential knowledge gained at school and college or from books and conversation—just as, when thinking of mathematics, we include under the name only its higher groups of truths and drop out that simpler group constituting arithmetic, though for the carrying on of life this is more important than all the rest put together; so, when politics and political ethics are discussed, there is no thought of those parts of them which include whatever is fundamental and long settled. The word political raises ideas of party-contests, ministerial changes, prospective elections, or else of the Home-Rule question, the Land-Purchase scheme, Local Option, or the Eight-Hours movement. Rarely does the word suggest law-reform, or a better judicial organiza-

tion, or a purified police. And if ethics comes into consideration, it is in connection with the morals of parliamentary strife or of candidates' professions, or of electoral corruptions. Yet it needs but to look at the definition of politics ("that part of ethics which consists in the regulation and government of a nation or state, for the preservation of its safety, peace, and prosperity"), to see that the current conception fails by omitting the chief part. It needs but to consider how relatively immense a factor in the life of each man is constituted by safety of person, security of house and property, and enforcement of claims, to see that not only the largest part but the part which is vital is left out. Hence the absurdity does not exist in the conception of an absolute political ethics, but it exists in the ignoring of its subject-matter. Unless it be considered absurd to regard as absolute the interdicts against murder, burglary, fraud and all other aggressions, it cannot be considered absurd to regard as absolute the ethical system which embodies these interdicts.

It remains to add that beyond the deductions which, as we have seen, are verified by vast assemblages of inductions, there may be drawn other deductions not thus verified—deductions drawn from the same data, but which have no relevant experiences to say yes or no to them. Such deductions may be valid or invalid; and I believe that in my first work, written forty years ago and long since withdrawn from circulation, there are some invalid deductions. But to reject a principle and a method because of some invalid deductions is about as proper as it would be to pooh-pooh arithmetic because of blunders in certain arithmetical calculations.

I turn now to a question above put—whether, by absolute political ethics, nothing more is meant than an ethical warrant for systems of law—a question to which, by implication, I answered No. And now I have to answer that it extends over a further field equally wide if less important. For beyond the relations among citizens taken individually, there are the relations between the incorporated body of citizens and each citizen. And on these relations between the State and the man, absolute political ethics gives judgments as well as on the relations between man and man.

Its judgments on the relations between man and man are corollaries from its primary truth, that the activities of each in pursuing the objects of life may be rightly restricted only by the like activities of others: such others being like-natured (for the principle does not contemplate slave-societies or societies in which one race dominates over another); and its judgments on the relations between the man and the State are corollaries from the allied truth, that the activities of each citizen may be rightly limited by the incorporated body of citizens only as far as is needful for securing to him the remainder. This further limitation is a necessary accompaniment of the militant state; and must continue so long as, besides the criminalities of individual aggression, there continue the criminalities of international aggression. It is clear that the preservation of the society is an end which must take precedence of the preservation of its individuals taken singly; since the preservation of each individual and maintenance of his ability to pursue the objects of life, depend on the preservation of the society. Such restrictions upon his actions as are imposed by the necessities of war, and of preparedness for war when it is probable, are therefore ethically defensible.

And here we enter upon the many and involved questions with which relative political ethics has to deal. When originally indicating the contrast, I spoke of "absolute political ethics, or that which ought to be, as distinguished from relative political ethics, or that which is at present the nearest practicable approach to it;" and had any attention been paid to this distinction, no controversy need have arisen. Here I have to add that the qualifications which relative political ethics sets forth vary with the type of the society, which is primarily determined by the extent to which defence against other societies is needful. Where international enmity is great and the social organization has to be adapted to warlike activities, the coercion of individuals by the State is such as almost to destroy their freedom of action and make them slaves of the State; and where this results from the necessities of defensive war (not offensive war, however), relative political ethics furnishes a warrant. Conversely, as militancy decreases, there is a diminished need both

for that subordination of the individuals which is necessitated by consolidating them into a fighting machine, and for that further subordination entailed by supplying this fighting machine with the necessities of life; and as fast as this change goes on, the warrant for State-coercion which relative political ethics furnishes becomes less and less.

Obviously it is out of the question here to enter upon the complex questions raised. It must suffice to indicate them as above. Should I be able to complete Part IV. of the *Principles of Ethics* treating of "Justice," of which the first chapters only are at present written, I hope to deal adequately with these relations between the ethics of the progressive condition and the ethics of that condition which is the goal of progress—a goal ever to be recognized, though it cannot be actually reached.

The grave misrepresentations dealt with in the foregoing sections, I have been able to rectify by an exposition that is mainly impersonal: allusions, only, having been made to the personal bearings of the argument. But there remain other grave misrepresentations which I cannot dispose of in the same way. Life sometimes presents alternatives both of which are disagreeable, and acceptance of either of which is damaging. A choice between two such I now find myself compelled to make. Professor Huxley, referring to me, speaks of "the gulf fixed between his way of thinking and mine:" the implication being that as he regards his own "way of thinking" as the right one, my way of thinking, separated from it by a gulf, must be extremely wrong. As this tacit condemnation of my "way of thinking" touches not only the question at issue but also many other questions, and as it comes not from an anonymous critic, but from one whose statements will be taken as trustworthy, I am placed in the dilemma of either passively allowing his injurious characterization, or else of showing that it is untrue, which I cannot do without describing or illustrating my "way of thinking." This is, of course, an unpleasant undertaking, and one which self-respect would ordinarily negative. But unpleasant as it is, I feel obliged to enter upon it.

Years ago Professor Huxley criticised the political doctrine held by me, and entitled his article "Administrative Nihil-

ism." As this doctrine includes advocacy of governmental action for the repression not only of crimes but of many minor offences, I pointed out that if it is to be called "administrative nihilism," then still more must the eight prohibitory clauses of the decalogue be called ethical nihilism. Professor Huxley nevertheless thought his title a fit one; and has continued to use it in the last edition of his *Critiques and Addresses*. This political doctrine held by me remains unchanged, but the view taken of it by Professor Huxley appears to have been reversed. In an emphatic manner he has recently warned me against "undertaking to preserve the health and heal the diseases of an organism vastly more complicated than the human body," having for my guides "long chains of deduction from abstract ethical assumptions." So that while represented as one who would have no administration at all, I am represented as advocating dangerous administrative methods of healing diseases of the body politic. My policy is characterized now as a policy of no action, and now as a policy of rash action. These two characterizations are applied to the same set of beliefs, and they stand in direct contradiction. Necessarily there must be extreme error in one or both; and the latter alternative is the true one: both are wrong.

The "way of thinking" which Professor Huxley indicates as separated by a gulf from his own, and which he implies is exclusively pursued by me, is that of reaching conclusions by "long chains of deduction from abstract ethical assumptions, hardly any link of which can be tested experimentally." On the other hand the course he advocates is that of seeking guidance from "inductions based on careful observation and experience"—a course which he implies is not pursued by me, either in the political sphere or elsewhere: certainly not in the political sphere. Now let us ask what is implied by the evidence. Up to the end of the division treating of Ecclesiastical Institutions, where it has stood still for these four years, the *Principles of Sociology* contains more than five thousand facts, gathered from accounts of more than two hundred societies, savage and civilized, ancient and modern. If, then, I am rightly described as pursuing the deductive method (exclusively, as it would appear),

there arises this curious question:—How have I used for deductive purposes more facts than have been used by any other writer on Sociology for inductive purposes? "This is irrelevant," will perhaps be the rejoinder—"The question concerns not the method pursued in dealing with Sociology at large, but the method pursued in dealing with governmental actions at the present time." Merely remarking that it would be strange had I pursued one method in treating the subject at large and an opposite method in treating a small division of it, I go on to reply that I have *not* pursued the opposite method but the same method. The views I hold respecting the sphere of governmental action are everywhere supported by inductions. The essay on "Over-legislation," dating back to 1853, is almost wholly inductive. Inductive reasoning in support of the same views occupies the greater part of the essay on "Representative Government," much of the essay on "Parliamentary Reform: the Dangers and the Safeguards," and half of the essay on "Specialized Administration." In the *Study of Sociology*, again, several masses of facts are brought in support of the same views (pp. 3-4, 161-69, and 270-73); and once more in *The Man versus The State* (pp. 48-60 and 62-64) a like course is pursued. I count, in different places, eight inductive arguments, not in defence of proposals for curing the diseases of the body politic, but in reprobation of proposals for doing this. "But do not the books and essays named contain deductive arguments?" it may be asked. Certainly they do; and I should be ashamed of them if they did not. But everywhere there has been pursued what I have above said is the method of developed science—deduction verified by induction. I shall think it time to reconsider the deductions when I find the masses of facts which support them met by larger masses of facts which do the reverse. "Careful observation and experience" have not yet furnished these.

To make clear the use of an ideal for guidance in dealing with the real, I had recourse to the familiar comparison between the individual body and the body politic. I remarked that "before there can be rational treatment of a disordered state of the bodily functions, there must be a conception of what constitutes their

ordered state." The guidance contemplated as derivable from such knowledge consists in exclusion of what is wrong to be done, not in directions concerning what is right to be done. This is clearly shown by the context. There is an imaginary warning against the excesses of a supposed empiric as being "at variance with physiological principles;" that is, *negated* by them or *forbidden* by them. There is no trace whatever of any proposed treatment conforming to physiological principles, but merely an interdict against a treatment. Yet on the strength of these passages, Professor Huxley ascribes to me the monstrous belief that the practitioner should "treat his patients by deduction from physiological principles!" Similarly with the body-politic. While I have alleged that "a system of *limits and restraints* on conduct" may be deduced from the primary conditions of social co-operation, Professor Huxley represents me as proposing to seek guidance in *healing* "the diseases of an organism vastly more complicated than the human body" by "deduction from abstract ethical assumptions!" While in both cases the guiding inferences indicated by me all come under the blank form—"Thou shalt not do this," they are represented as coming under the blank form—"Thou shalt do that." How utterly at variance is the view thus ascribed to me with the view I have myself expressed, will be seen in the following passage:—

How, indeed, can any man, and how more especially can any man of scientific culture, think that special results of special political acts can be calculated, when he contemplates the incalculable complexity of the influences under which each individual, and *à fortiori* each society, develops, lives and decays? . . .

As fast as crude conceptions of diseases and remedial measures grow up into Pathology and Therapeutics, we find increasing caution, along with increasing proof that evil is often done instead of good. This contrast is traceable not only as we pass from popular ignorance to professional knowledge, but as we pass from the smaller professional knowledge of early times to the greater professional knowledge of our own. The question with the modern physician is not as with the ancient—shall the treatment be blood-letting? shall cathartics, or shall diaphoretics be given? or shall mercurials be administered? But there rises the previous question—shall there be any treatment beyond a wholesome regimen? And even among existing physicians it happens that, in proportion as the judgment is most cultivated, there is the least yielding to the "must-do-something" impulse.

Is it not possible, then—is it not even probable, that this supposed necessity for immediate action, which is put in as an excuse for drawing quick conclusions from few data, is the concomitant of deficient knowledge? Is it not probable that as in Biology so in Sociology, the accumulation of more facts, the more critical comparison of them, and the drawing of conclusions on scientific methods, will be accompanied by increasing doubt about the benefits to be secured, and increasing fear of the mischiefs which may be worked? Is it not probable that what in the individual organism is improperly, though conveniently, called the *vis medicatrix naturee*, may be found to have its analogue in the social organism? and will there not very likely come along with the recognition of this, the consciousness that in both cases the one thing needful is to maintain the conditions under which the natural actions have fair play?—*The Study of Sociology*, pp. 15-21.

Manifestly if, instead of saying that I proposed to treat the diseases of this complex social organism by the aid of deductions from "abstract ethical assumptions," Professor Huxley had, contrariwise, said that I am so overcautious that I dare not treat them at all, save by maintaining the conditions to health, he would have had ground for his statement. As early as 1853 ("Over-Legislation," pp. 62, 63) I dwelt on the involved structure of a society and the consequent difficulty and danger of dealing with it. Since then I have more than once insisted on these facts. And now that which I have been teaching for a generation is put before me as a lesson to be learned!

Replies will, I suppose, be made to some of the things said in the foregoing pages. Always there are collateral questions on which debates may be raised. I see, for instance, that one of my remarks may have given to it a meaning quite different to that which I intended. After the ascription to me of the belief that treatment of diseases should be dictated by physiological principles, rightly enough regarded by Professor Huxley as absurd, there came from me the remark that, according to him, "the principles of physiology, as at present known, are of no use whatever for guidance in practice"—a remark which may be interpreted as a tacit endorsement of the ascription; whereas it referred to the fact that he had recognized for the present (though not for the future) no guidance whatever beyond that of empiricism. Doubtless there may be other side-issues which I do not perceive. But no number of such can change the verdicts on

the main issues. That Professor Huxley's two characterizations of the political doctrine I hold are contradictory, is undeniable. That his description of my "way of thinking" is utterly at variance with the evidence as presented in my books,

is no less demonstrated. And it is equally certain that the conceptions of right treatment, medical and political, which he ascribes to me are opposite to those I have myself set forth.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE RING OF THOTH.

MR. JOHN VANSITTART SMITH, F.R.S., of 147A Gower Street, was a man whose energy of purpose and clearness of thought might have placed him in the very first rank of scientific observers. He was the victim, however, of a universal ambition which prompted him to aim at distinction in many subjects rather than pre-eminence in one. In his early days he had shown an aptitude for zoology and for botany which caused his friends to look upon him as a second Darwin, but when a professorship was almost within his reach he had suddenly discontinued his studies and turned his whole attention to chemistry. Here his researches upon the spectra of the metals had won him his fellowship in the Royal Society; but again he played the coquette with his subject, and after a year's absence from the laboratory he joined the Oriental Society, and delivered a paper on the Hieroglyphic and Demotic inscriptions of El Kab, thus giving a crowning example both of the versatility and of the inconstancy of his talents.

The most fickle of wooers, however, is apt to be caught at last, and so it was with John Vansittart Smith. The more he burrowed his way into Egyptology the more impressed he became by the vast field which it opened to the inquirer, and by the extreme importance of a subject which promised to throw a light upon the first germs of human civilization and the origin of the greater part of our arts and sciences. So struck was Mr. Smith that he straightway married an Egyptological young lady who had written upon the sixth dynasty, and having thus secured a sound base of operations he set himself to collect materials for a work which should unite the research of Lepsius and the ingenuity of Champollion. The preparation of this *magnum opus* entailed many hurried visits to the magnificent Egyptian collections of the Louvre, upon the last of which, no longer ago than the middle of last Octo-

ber, he became involved in a most strange and noteworthy adventure.

The trains had been slow and the Channel had been rough, so that the student arrived in Paris in a somewhat befogged and feverish condition. On reaching the Hôtel de France, in the Rue Laffitte, he had thrown himself upon a sofa for a couple of hours, but, finding that he was unable to sleep, he determined, in spite of his fatigue, to make his way to the Louvre, settle the point which he had come to decide, and take the evening train back to Dieppe. Having come to this conclusion, he donned his great coat, for it was a raw rainy day, and made his way across the Boulevard des Italiens and down the Avenue de l'Opéra. Once in the Louvre he was on familiar ground, and he speedily made his way to the collection of papyri which it was his intention to consult.

The warmest admirers of John Vansittart Smith could hardly claim for him that he was a handsome man. His high-beaked nose and prominent chin had something of the same acute and incisive character which distinguished his intellect. He held his head in a birdlike fashion, and birdlike, too, was the pecking motion with which, in conversation, he threw out his objections and retorts. As he stood, with the high collar of his greatcoat raised to his ears, he might have seen from the reflection in the glass case before him that his appearance was a singular one. Yet it came upon him as a sudden jar when an English voice behind him exclaimed in very audible tones, "What a queer-looking mortal!"

The student had a large amount of petty vanity in his composition which manifested itself by an ostentations and overdone disregard of all personal considerations. He straightened his lips and looked rigidly at the roll of papyrus, while his heart filled with bitterness against the whole race of travelling Britons.

"Yes," said another voice, "he really is an extraordinary fellow."

"Do you know," said the first speaker, "one could almost believe that by the continual contemplation of mummies the chap has become half a mummy himself?"

"He has certainly an Egyptian cast of countenance," said the other.

John Vansittart Smith spun round upon his heel with the intention of shaming his countrymen by a corrosive remark or two. To his surprise and relief, the two young fellows who had been conversing had their shoulders turned toward him, and were gazing at one of the Louvre attendants who was polishing some brass work at the other side of the room.

"Carter will be waiting for us at the Palais Royal," said one tourist to the other, glancing at his watch, and they clattered away, leaving the student to his labors.

"I wonder what these chatterers call an Egyptian cast of countenance," thought John Vansittart Smith, and he moved his position slightly in order to catch a glimpse of the man's face. He started as his eyes fell upon it. It was indeed the very face with which his studies had made him familiar. The regular statuesque features, broad brow, well-rounded chin, and dusky complexion were the exact counterpart of the innumerable statues, mummy-cases, and pictures which adorned the walls of the apartment. The thing was beyond all coincidence. The man must be an Egyptian. The national angularity of the shoulders and narrowness of the hips were alone sufficient to identify him.

John Vansittart Smith shuffled toward the attendant with some intention of addressing him. He was not light of touch in conversation, and found it difficult to strike the happy mean between the brusqueness of the superior and the geniality of the equal. As he came nearer, the man presented his side face to him but kept his gaze still bent upon his work. Vansittart Smith, fixing his eyes upon the fellow's skin, was conscious of a sudden impression that there was something inhuman and preternatural about its appearance. Over the temple and cheek-bone it was as glazed and as shiny as varnished parchment. There was no suggestion of pores. One could not fancy a drop of moisture upon that arid surface. From brow to chin,

however, it was cross-hatched by a million delicate wrinkles which shot and interlaced as though Nature in some Maori mood had tried how wild and intricate a pattern she could devise.

"Où est la collection de Memphis?" asked the student, with the awkward air of a man who is devising a question merely for the purpose of opening a conversation.

"C'est là," replied the man brusquely, nodding his head at the other side of the room.

"Vous êtes un Egyptien, n'est-ce pas?" asked the Englishman.

The attendant looked up and turned his strange dark eyes upon his questioner. They were vitreous, with a misty dry shininess, such as Smith had never seen in a human head before. As he gazed into them he saw some strong emotion gather in their depths, which rose and deepened until it broke into a look of something akin both to horror and to hatred.

"Non, monsieur; je suis Français." The man turned abruptly and bent low over his polishing. The student gazed at him for a moment in astonishment, and then turning to a chair in a retired corner behind one of the doors he proceeded to make notes of his researches among the papyri. His thoughts, however, refused to return into their former groove. They would run upon the enigmatical attendant with the sphinx-like face and the parchment skin.

"Where have I seen such eyes?" said Vansittart Smith to himself. "There is something saurian about them, something reptilian. There's the *membrana nictitans* of the snakes," he mused, bethinking himself of his zoological studies. "It gives a shiny effect. But there was something more here. There was a sense of power, of wisdom—so I read them—and of weariness, utter weariness, and ineffable despair. It may be all imagination, but I never had so strong an impression. By Jove, I must have another look at them!" He rose and paced round the Egyptian rooms, but the man who had excited his curiosity had disappeared.

The student sat down again in his quiet corner, and continued to work at his notes. He had gained the information which he required from the papyri, and it only remained to write it down while it was still fresh in his memory. For a time his pen-

cil travelled rapidly over the paper, but soon the lines became less level, the words more blurred, and finally the pencil tinkled down upon the floor, and the head of the student dropped heavily forward upon his chest. Tired out by his journey, he slept so soundly in his lonely post behind the door that neither the clanking civil guard, not the footsteps of sightseers, nor even the loud hoarse bell which gives the signal for closing were sufficient to arouse him.

Twilight deepened into darkness, the bustle from the Rue de Rivoli waxed and then waned, distant Notre-Dame clanged out the hour of midnight, and still the dark and lonely figure sat silently in the shadow. It was not until close upon one in the morning that, with a sudden gasp and an intaking of the breath, Vansittart Smith returned to consciousness. For a moment it flashed upon him that he had dropped asleep in his study-chair at home. The moon was shining fitfully through the unshuttered window, however, and, as his eye ran along the lines of mummies and the endless array of polished cases, he remembered clearly where he was and how he came there. The student was not a nervous man. He possessed that love of a novel situation which is peculiar to his race. Stretching out his cramped limbs, he looked at his watch, and burst into a chuckle as he observed the hour. The episode would make an admirable anecdote to be introduced into his next paper as a relief to the graver and heavier speculations. He was a little cold, but wide awake and much refreshed. It was no wonder that the guardians had overlooked him, for the door threw its heavy black shadow right across him.

The complete silence was impressive. Neither outside nor inside was there a creak or a murmur. He was alone with the dead men of a dead civilization. What though the outer city reeked of the garish nineteenth century! In all this chamber there was scarce an article, from the shrivelled ear of wheat to the pigment-box of the painter, which had not held its own against four thousand years. Here was the flotsam and jetsam washed up by the great ocean of time from that far-off empire. From stately Thebes, from lordly Luxor, from the great temples of Heliopolis, from a hundred rifled tombs, these

relics had been brought. The student glanced round at the long silent figures who flickered vaguely up through the gloom, at the busy toilers who were now so restful, and he fell into a reverent and thoughtful mood. An unwonted sense of his own youth and insignificance came over him. Leaning back in his chair, he gazed dreamily down the long vista of rooms, all silvery with the moonshine, which extend through the whole wing of the wide-spread building. His eyes fell upon the yellow glare of a distant lamp.

John Vansittart Smith sat up on his chair with his nerves all on edge. The light was advancing slowly toward him, pausing from time to time, and then coming jerkily onward. The bearer moved noiselessly. In the utter silence there was no suspicion of the pat of a footfall. An idea of robbers entered the Englishman's head. He snuggled up further into the corner. The light was two rooms off. Now it was in the next chamber, and still there was no sound. With something approaching to a thrill of fear the student observed a face, floating in the air as it were, behind the flare of the lamp. The figure was wrapped in shadow, but the light fell full upon the strange eager face. There was no mistaking the metallic glistening eyes and the cadaverous skin. It was the attendant with whom he had conversed.

Vansittart Smith's first impulse was to come forward and address him. A few words of explanation would set the matter clear, and lead doubtless to his being conducted to some side door from which he might make his way to his hotel. As the man entered the chamber, however, there was something so stealthy in his movements, and so furtive in his expression, that the Englishman altered his intention. This was clearly no ordinary official walking the rounds. The fellow wore felt-soled slippers, stepped with a rising chest, and glanced quickly from left to right, while his hurried gasping breathing thrilled the flame of his lamp. Vansittart Smith crouched silently back into the corner and watched him keenly, convinced that his errand was one of secret and probably sinister import.

There was no hesitation in the other's movements. He stepped lightly and swiftly across to one of the great cases, and, drawing a key from his pocket, he

unlocked it. From the upper shelf he pulled down a mummy, which he bore away with him, and laid it with much care and solicitude upon the ground. By it he placed his lamp, and then squatting down beside it in Eastern fashion he began with long quivering fingers to undo the cerecloths and bandages which girt it round. As the crackling rolls of linen peeled off one after the other, a strong aromatic odor filled the chamber, and fragments of scented wood and of spices pattered down upon the marble floor.

It was clear to John Vansittart Smith that this mummy had never been unwashed before. The operation interested him keenly. He thrilled all over with curiosity, and his birdlike head protruded further and further from behind the door. When, however, the last roll had been removed from the four-thousand-year-old head, it was all that he could do to stifle an outcry of amazement. First, a cascade of long, black, glossy tresses poured over the workman's hands and arms. A second turn of the bandage revealed a low, white forehead, with a pair of delicately arched eyebrows. A third uncovered a pair of bright, deeply fringed eyes, and a straight, well-cut nose, while a fourth and last showed a sweet, full, sensitive mouth, and a beautifully curved chin. The whole face was one of extraordinary loveliness, save for the one blemish that in the centre of the forehead there was a single irregular, coffee-colored splotch. It was a triumph of the embalmer's art. Vansittart Smith's eyes grew larger and larger as he gazed upon it, and he chirruped in his throat with satisfaction.

Its effect upon the Egyptologist was as nothing, however, compared with that which it produced upon the strange attendant. He threw his hands up into the air, burst into a harsh clatter of words, and then, hurling himself down upon the ground beside the mummy, he threw his arms round her, and kissed her repeatedly upon the lips and brow. "Ma petite!" he groaned in French. "Ma pauvre petite!" His voice broke with emotion, and his innumerable wrinkles quivered and writhed, but the student observed in the lamplight that his shining eyes were still as dry and tearless as two beads of steel. For some minutes he lay, with a twitching face, crooning and moaning over the beautiful head. Then he broke into a sudden

smile, said some words in an unknown tongue, and sprang to his feet with the vigorous air of one who has braced himself for an effort.

In the centre of the room there was a large circular case which contained, as the student had frequently remarked, a magnificent collection of early Egyptian rings and precious stones. To this the attendant strode, and, unlocking it, he threw it open. On the ledge at the side he placed his lamp, and beside it a small earthenware jar which he had drawn from his pocket. He then took a handful of rings from the case, and with a most serious and anxious face he proceeded to smear each in turn with some liquid substance from the earthen pot, holding them to the light as he did so. He was clearly disappointed with the first lot, for he threw them petulantly back into the case, and drew out some more. One of these, a massive ring with a large crystal set in it, he seized and eagerly tested with the contents of the jar. Instantly he uttered a cry of joy, and threw out his arms in a wild gesture which upset the pot and sent the liquid streaming across the floor to the very feet of the Englishman. The attendant drew a red handkerchief from his bosom, and, mopping up the mess, he followed it into the corner, where in a moment he found himself face to face with his observer.

"Excuse me," said John Vansittart Smith, with all imaginable politeness; "I have been unfortunate enough to fall asleep behind this door."

"And you have been watching me?" the other asked in English, with a most venomous look on his corpse-like face.

The student was a man of veracity. "I confess," said he, "that I have noticed your movements, and that they have aroused my curiosity and interest in the highest degree."

The man drew a long flamboyant-bladed knife from his bosom. "You have had a very narrow escape," he said; "had I seen you ten minutes ago, I should have driven this through your heart. As it is, if you touch me or interfere with me in any way you are a dead man."

"I have no wish to interfere with you," the student answered. "My presence here is entirely accidental. All I ask is that you will have the extreme kindness to show me out through some side door." He spoke with great suavity, for the man

was still pressing the tip of his dagger against the palm of his left hand, as though to assure himself of its sharpness, while his face preserved its malignant expression.

"If I thought—" said he. "But no, perhaps it is as well. What is your name?"

The Englishman gave it.

"Vansittart Smith," the other repeated. "Are you the same Vansittart Smith who gave a paper in London upon El Kab? I saw a report of it. Your knowledge of the subject is contemptible."

"Sir!" cried the Egyptologist.

"Yet it is superior to that of many who make even greater pretensions. The whole keystone of our old life in Egypt was not the inscriptions or monuments of which you make so much, but was our hermetic philosophy and mystic knowledge, of which you say little or nothing."

"Our old life!" repeated the scholar, wide eyed; and then suddenly, "Good God, look at the mummy's face!"

The strange man turned and flashed his light upon the dead woman, uttering a long doleful cry as he did so. The action of the air had already undone all the art of the embalmer. The skin had fallen away, the eyes had sunk inwards, the discolored lips had writhed away from the yellow teeth, and the brown mark upon the forehead alone showed that it was indeed the same face which had shown such youth and beauty a few short minutes before.

The man flapped his hands together in grief and horror. Then mastering himself by a strong effort he turned his hard eyes once more upon the Englishman.

"It does not matter," he said, in a shaking voice. "It does not really matter. I came here to night with the fixed determination to do something. It is now done. All else is as nothing. I have found my quest. The old curse is broken. I can rejoin her. What matter about her inanimate shell so long as her spirit is awaiting me at the other side of the veil?"

"These are wild words," said Vansittart Smith. He was becoming more and more convinced that he had to do with a madman.

"Time presses, and I must go," continued the other. "The moment is at hand for which I have waited this weary time. But I must show you out first. Come with me."

Taking up the lamp, he turned from the disordered chamber, and led the student

swiftly through the long series of the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Persian apartments. At the end of the latter he pushed open a small door let into the wall and descended a winding stone stair. The Englishman felt the cold fresh air of the night upon his brow. There was a door opposite him which appeared to communicate with the street. To the right of this another door stood ajar, throwing a spurt of yellow light across the passage. "Come in here!" said the attendant, shortly.

Vansittart Smith hesitated. He had hoped that he had come to the end of his adventure. Yet his curiosity was strong within him. He could not leave the matter unsolved, so he followed his strange companion into the lighted chamber.

It was a small room, such as is devoted to a *concierge*. A wood fire sparkled in the grate. At one side stood a truckle bed, and at the other a coarse wooden chair, with a round table in the centre, which bore the remains of a meal. As the visitor's eye glanced round he could not but remark with an ever-recurring thrill that all the small details of the room were of the most quaint design and antique workmanship. The candlesticks, the vases upon the chimney-piece, the fire-irons, the ornaments upon the walls, were all such as he had been wont to associate with the remote past. The gnarled heavy-eyed man sat himself down upon the edge of the bed, and motioned his guest into the chair.

"There may be design in this," he said, still speaking excellent English. "It may be decreed that I should leave some account behind as a warning to all rash mortals who would set their wits up against workings of nature. I leave it with you. Make such use as you will of it. I speak to you now with my feet upon the threshold of the other world."

"I am, as you surmised, an Egyptian—not one of the down-trodden race of slaves who now inhabit the Delta of the Nile, but a survivor of that fiercer and harder people who tamed the Hebrew, drove the Ethiopian back into the southern deserts, and built those mighty works which have been the envy and the wonder of all after generations. It was in the reign of Tuthmosis, sixteen hundred years before the birth of Christ, that I first saw the light. You shrink away from me. Wait, and you will see that I am more to be pitied than to be feared."

"My name was Soera. My father had been the chief priest of Osiris in the great temple of Abaris, which stood in those days upon the Bubastic branch of the Nile. I was brought up in the temple and was trained in all those mystic arts which are spoken of in your own Bible. I was an apt pupil. Before I was sixteen I had learned all which the wisest priest could teach me. From that time on I studied Nature's secrets for myself and shared my knowledge with no man.

"Of all the questions which attracted me there were none over which I labored so long as over those which concern themselves with the nature of life. I probed deeply into the vital principle. The aim of medicine had been to drive away disease when it appeared. It seemed to me that a method might be devised which should so fortify the body as to prevent weakness or death from ever taking hold of it. It is useless that I should recount my researches. You would scarce comprehend them if I did. They were carried out partly upon animals, partly upon slaves, and partly on myself. Suffice it that their result was to furnish me with a substance which, when injected into the blood, would endow the body with strength to resist the effects of time, of violence, or of disease. It would not indeed confer immortality, but its potency would endure for many thousands of years. I used it upon a cat and afterward drugged the creature with the most deadly poisons. That cat is alive in Lower Egypt at the present moment. There was nothing of mystery or magic in the matter. It was simply a chemical discovery, which may well be made again.

"Love of life runs high in the young. It seemed to me that I had broken away from all human care now that I had abolished pain and driven death to such a distance. With a light heart I poured the accursed stuff into my veins. Then I looked round for some one whom I could benefit. There was a young priest of Thoth, Parmes by name, who had won my goodwill by his earnest nature and his devotion to his studies. To him I whispered my secret, and at his request I injected him with my elixir. I should now, I reflected, never be without a companion of the same age as myself.

"After this grand discovery I relaxed my studies to some extent, but Parmes

continued his with redoubled energy. Every day I could see him working with his flasks and his distiller in the Temple of Thoth, but he said little to me as to the result of his labors. For my own part, I used to walk through the city and look around me with exultation as I reflected that all this was destined to pass away, and that only I should remain. The people would bow to me as they passed me, for the fame of my knowledge had gone abroad.

"There was war at this time, and the Great King had sent down his soldiers to the eastern boundary to drive away the Hyksos. A Governor, too, was sent to Abaris, that he might hold it for the King. I had heard much of the beauty of the daughter of this Governor, but one day as I walked out with Parmes we met her, borne upon the shoulders of her slaves. I was struck with love as with lightning. My heart went out from me. I could have thrown myself beneath the feet of her bearers. This was my woman. Life without her was impossible. I swore by the head of Horus that she should be mine. I swore it to the priest of Thoth. He turned away from me with a brow which was as black as midnight.

"There is no need to tell you of our wooing. She came to love me even as I loved her. It seems that Parmes had seen her before I did, and had shown her that he too loved her, but I could smile at his passion, for I knew that her heart was mine. The white plague had come upon the city and many were stricken, but I laid my hands upon the sick and nursed them without fear or scathe. She marvelled at my daring. Then I told her my secret and begged her that she would let me use my art upon her.

"Your flower shall then be unwithered, Atma," I said. "Other things may pass away, but you and I, and our great love for each other, shall outlive the tomb of King Chefru."

"But she was full of timid maidenly objections. 'Was it right?' she asked, 'was it not a thwarting of the will of the gods? If the great Osiris had wished that our years should be so long, would he not himself have brought it about?'

"With fond and loving words I overcame her doubts, and yet she hesitated. It was a great question, she said. She would think it over for this one night. In

the morning I should know her resolution. Surely one night was not too much to ask. She wished to pray to Isis for help in her decision.

"With a sinking heart and a sad foreboding of evil I left her with her tirewomen. In the morning, when the early sacrifice was over, I hurried to her house. A frightened slave met me upon the steps. Her mistress was ill, she said, very ill. In a frenzy I broke my way through the attendants, and rushed through hall and corridor to my Atma's chamber. She lay upon her couch, her head high upon the pillow, with a pallid face and a glazed eye. On her forehead there blazed a single angry purple patch. I knew that hell-mark of old. It was the scar of the white plague, the sign-manual of death.

"Why should I speak of that terrible time? For months I was mad, fevered, delirious, and yet I could not die. Never did an Arab thirst after the sweet wells as I longed after death. Could poison or steel have shortened the thread of my existence, I should soon have rejoined my love in the land with the narrow portal. I tried, but it was of no avail. The accursed influence was too strong upon me. One night as I lay upon my couch, weak and weary, Parmes, the priest of Thoth, came to my chamber. He stood in the circle of the lamplight, and he looked down upon me with eyes which were bright with a mad joy.

"Why did you let the maiden die?" he asked; "why did you not strengthen her as you strengthened me?"

"I was too late," I answered. "But I had forgot. You also loved her. You are my fellow in misfortune. Is it not terrible to think of the centuries which must pass ere we look upon her again? Fools, fools, that we were to take death to be our enemy!"

"You may say that," he cried with a wild laugh; "the words come well from your lips. For me, they have no meaning."

"What mean you?" I cried, raising myself upon my elbow. "Surely, friend, this grief has turned your brain." His face was aflame with joy, and he writhed and shook like one who hath a devil.

"Do you know whither I go?" he asked.

"Nay," I answered, "I cannot tell."

"I go to her," said he. "She lies em-

balmed in the further tomb by the double palm-tree beyond the city wall."

"Why do you go there?" I asked.

"To die!" he shrieked, "to die! I am not bound by earthen fetters."

"But the elixir is in your blood," I cried.

"I can defy it," said he; "I have found a stronger principle which will destroy it. It is working in my veins at this moment, and in an hour I shall be a dead man. I shall join her and you shall remain behind."

"As I looked upon him I could see that he spoke words of truth. The light in his eye told me that he was indeed beyond the power of the elixir.

"You will teach me!" I cried.

"Never!" he answered.

"I implore you, by the wisdom of Thoth, by the majesty of Anubis!"

"It is useless," he said, coldly.

"Then I will find it out," I cried.

"You cannot," he answered; "it came to me by chance. There is one ingredient which you can never get. Save that which is in the ring of Thoth, none will ever more be made."

"In the ring of Thoth!" I repeated; "where then is the ring of Thoth?"

"That also you shall never know," he answered. "You won her love. Who has won in the end? I leave you to your sordid earth life. My chains are broken. I must go!" He turned upon his heel and fled from the chamber. In the morning came the news that the Priest of Thoth was dead.

"My days after that were spent in study. I must find this subtle poison which was strong enough to undo the elixir. From early dawn to midnight I bent over the test-tube and the furnace. Above all, I collected the papyri and the chemical flasks of the Priest of Thoth. Alas! they taught me little. Here and there some hint or stray expression would raise hope in my bosom, but no good ever came of it. Still, month after month, I struggled on. When my heart grew faint, I would make my way to the tomb by the palm-trees. There, standing by the dead casket from which the jewel had been rifled, I would feel her sweet presence, and would whisper to her that I would rejoice her if mortal wit could solve the riddle.

"Parmes had said that his discovery was connected with the ring of Thoth. I

had some remembrance of the trinket. It was a large and weighty circlet made, not of gold, but of a rarer and heavier metal brought from the mines of Mount Harbal. Platinum, you call it. The ring had, I remembered, a hollow crystal set in it, in which some few drops of liquid might be stored. Now, the secret of Parmes could not have to do with the metal alone, for there were many rings of that metal in the Temple. Was it not more likely that he had stored his precious poison within the cavity of the crystal? I had scarce come to this conclusion before, in hunting through his papers, I came upon one which told me that it was indeed so, and that there was still some of the liquid unused.

"But how to find the ring? It was not upon him when he was stripped for the embalmer. Of that I made sure. Neither was it among his private effects. In vain I searched every room that he had entered, every box, and vaso, and chattel that he had owned. I sifted the very sand of the desert in the places where he had been wont to walk; but, do what I would, I could come upon no traces of the ring of Thoth. Yet it may be that my labors would have overcome all obstacles had it not been for a new and unlooked for misfortune.

"A great war had been waged against the Hyksos, and the Captains of the Great King had been cut off in the desert, with all their bowmen and horsemen. The shepherd tribes were upon us like the locusts in a dry year. From the wilderness of Shur to the great bitter lake there was blood by day and fire by night. Abaris was the bulwark of Egypt, but we could not keep the savages back. The city fell. The Governor and the soldiers were put to the sword, and I, with many more, was led away into captivity.

"For years and years I tended cattle in the great plains by the Euphrates. My master died, and his son grew old, but I was still as far from death as ever. At last I escaped upon a swift camel, and made my way back to Egypt. The Hyksos had settled in the land which they had conquered, and their own King ruled over the country. Abaris had been torn down, the city had been burned, and of the great Temple there was nothing left save an unsightly mound. Everywhere the tombs had been rifled and the monuments destroyed. Of my Atma's grave no sign

was left. It was buried in the sands of the desert, and the palm-trees which marked the spot had long disappeared. The papers of Parmes and the remains of the Temple of Thoth were either destroyed or scattered far and wide over the deserts of Syria. All search after them was vain.

"From that time I gave up all hope of ever finding the ring or discovering the subtle drug. I set myself to live as patiently as might be until the effect of the elixir should wear away. How can you understand how terrible a thing time is, you who have experience only of the narrow course which lies between the cradle and the grave! I know it to my cost, I who have floated down the whole stream of history. I was old when Ilium fell. I was very old when Herodotus came to Memphis. I was bowed down with years when the new gospel came upon earth. Yet you see me much as other men are, with the cursed elixir still sweetening my blood, and guarding me against that which I would court. Now at last, at last I have come to the end of it!

"I have travelled in all lands and I have dwelt with all nations. Every tongue is the same to me. I learned them all to help pass the weary time. I need not tell you how slowly they drifted by, the long dawn of modern civilization, the dreary middle years, the dark times of barbarism. They are all behind me now. I have never looked with the eyes of love upon another woman. Atma knows that I have been constant to her.

"It was my custom to read all that the scholars had to say upon Ancient Egypt. I have been in many positions, sometimes affluent, sometimes poor, but I have always found enough to enable me to buy the journals which deal with such matters. Some nine months ago I was in San Francisco, when I read an account of some discoveries made in the neighborhood of Abaris. My heart leaped into my mouth as I read it. It said that the excavator had busied himself in exploring some tombs recently unearthed. In one there had been found an unopened mummy with an inscription upon the outer case setting forth that it contained the body of the daughter of the Governor of the city in the days of Tuthmosis. It added that on removing the outer case there had been exposed a large platinum ring set with a crystal, which had been laid upon the

breast of the embalmed woman. This, then, was where Parmes had hid the ring of Thoth. He might well say that it was safe, for no Egyptian would ever stain his soul by moving even the outer case of a buried friend.

"That very night I set off from San Francisco, and in a few weeks I found myself once more at Abaris, if a few sand-heaps and crumbling walls may retain the name of the great city. I hurried to the Frenchmen who were digging there and asked them for the ring. They replied that both the ring and the mummy had been sent to the Boulak Museum at Cairo. To Boulak I went, but only to be told that Mariette Bey had claimed them and had shipped them to the Louvre. I followed them, and there at last, in the Egyptian chamber, I came, after close upon four thousand years, upon the remains of my Atma, and upon the ring for which I had sought so long.

"But how was I to lay hands upon them? How was I to have them for my very own? It chanced that the office of attendant was vacant. I went to the Director. I convinced him that I knew much about Egypt. In my eagerness I said too much. He remarked that a Professor's chair would suit me better than a seat in the Conciergerie. I knew more, he said, than he did. It was only by blundering, and letting him think that he had overestimated my knowledge, that I prevailed upon him to let me move the few effects which I have retained into this chamber. It is my first and my last night here.

"Such is my story, Mr. Vansittart Smith. I need not say more to a man of your perception. By a strange chance you have this night looked upon the face of the woman whom I loved in those far-off days. There were many rings with crystals in the case, and I had to test for the platinum to be sure of the one which I wanted. A glance at the crystal has

shown me that the liquid is indeed within it, and that I shall at last be able to shake off that accursed health which has been worse to me than the foulest disease. I have nothing more to say to you. I have unburdened myself. You may tell my story or you may withhold it at your pleasure. The choice rests with you. I owe you some amends, for you have had a narrow escape of your life this night. I was a desperate man, and not to be balked in my purpose. Had I seen you before the thing was done, I might have put it beyond your power to oppose me or to raise an alarm. This is the door. It leads into the Rue de Rivoli. Good night!"

The Englishman glanced back. For a moment the lean figure of Soera the Egyptian stood framed in the narrow doorway. The next the door had slammed, and the heavy rasping of a bolt broke on the silent night.

It was on the second day after his return to London that Mr. John Vansittart Smith saw the following concise narrative in the Paris correspondence of the "Times":—"Curious Occurrence in the Louvre.—Yesterday morning a strange discovery was made in the principal Egyptian Chamber. The *ouvriers* who are employed to clean out the rooms in the morning found one of the attendants lying dead upon the floor with his arms round one of the mummies. So close was his embrace that it was only with the utmost difficulty that they were separated. One of the cases containing valuable rings had been opened and rifled. The authorities are of opinion that the man was bearing away the mummy with some idea of selling it to a private collector, but that he was struck down in the very act by long-standing disease of the heart. It is said that he was a man of uncertain age and eccentric habits, without any living relations to mourn over his dramatic and untimely end."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE BURN.

BY PETER BAYNE.

I SAT on a gray crag of Scotland's shore,
 A book upon my knee, wherein I read
 Of that thrice-happy English Brook that found
 A *sacer vates* in the laurelled bard
 Who sang of Arthur and of Wellington.
 And as I read, a gurdy Scottish Burn,
 Torn in its struggling with the hornèd rocks,
 That fenced the margin of the jealous brine,
 Disturbed me with its noise, and dashed its spray
 Upon the page, until I raised my head,
 And, not without some touch of patriot shame,
 "O Burn!" I cried, "be still, that I may hear
 The fine crisp accents, dainty, musical,
 Of your south-country cousin. What have you
 To set against that gayly chattering tale
 Of lawns, and garden-plots, and level fields?
 Whence come you? Speak, if you have aught to say."

I.

I come from distant sunset peaks
 Where eagles track their quarry,
 My fountain-head the red deer seeks
 In the lone mountain corrie.

By stormy cliff and frowning crest
 My infant waves go streaming,
 By lichenèd crags in ruby drest,
 With frosted silver gleaming.

From ledge to ledge I flash and spring
 Of shelving precipices,
 A million diamond gems I fling
 To deck the fir-tree's treasuries.

Down splintered chasms I rave and reel
 A torrent madly foaming;
 And then through witching glens I steal,
 By lovers in the gloaming.

Upon my banks in fairy bands
 The blue-bells sing together;
 For very joy I clap my hands
 Among the blooming heather.

In shimmering dusk of wooded glade
 The branches meet above me;
 But lights come glinting through the shade,
 For well the sunbeams love me.

I smooth my ripples as I pass
 Below the daisied green,
 The solitary birch to glass,
 The long-haired forest-queen.

Her willing slave, I kiss her feet,
 And,—guerdon sweet of duty!—
 She shields me from the fierce noon-heat,
 And glads me with her beauty.

II.

Sometimes, well pleased, I break my course,
 And sleep from night to morning;
 The miller wants my gathered force
 To set his old wheel turning.

He lifts, when dawn is on the hill,
 The sluice; then forth I sally,
 And with the music of the mill
 I wake the slumbering valley.

And oh, the happiness to see
 The miller's children's faces,
 When out they rush to sport with me
 In gambollings and races.

By broomy knowes and hazel scrub
 In windy upland passes,
 I form, Ha! ha! the washing-tub
 For gleesome Highland lasses.

In rock-hewn basin, glittering bright,
 I curl, and glance, and eddy
 Round fair feet treading linen white,—
 To think on't makes me giddy.

III.

In tranced calm of summer night,
 When cloudless moonlight fills
 With chastened splendor, gently bright,
 The circuit of the hills;

When dew lies deep on bower and brake,
 And on the sparkling fern,
 And ghost-like thistles seem to shake
 Upon the haunted cairn;

Through silver gleam, through purple gloom,
 In that enchanted hour,
 Slow glide I by the martyr's tomb,
 Pale church, and feudal tower.

With low, melodious lulling tune
 I steal by cliffs and scaurs,
 In measured music with the moon
 And with the rolling stars.

And when the crimson glimpse of day
 Fires rowan-tree and willow,
 I bound at last into the bay,
 To battle with the billow.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ATTRACTIVE MELANCHOLY.

MISANTHROPIC melancholy, if it be genuinely and not merely superficially misanthropic, is almost always repellent, probably because insatiable selfishness lies at the root of it. But there is a good deal of melancholy in the world which is only superficially misanthropic, and a good deal more which is almost pure and undiluted goodness; and melancholy of these kinds is one of the most fascinating elements in human life. Carlyle's melancholy was probably a mixture of the two. It was certainly not wholly free from the restlessness of an overbearing egotism, but it had also a very large element of tenderness and geniality in it. That is why we hardly ever know what we do feel to Carlyle. Sometimes we love him and sometimes we hate him, and sometimes we laugh out at the strange mixture of feelings with which his overbearing nature inspires us. We have heard the same said of Dr. Johnson, but his melancholy seems to us much freer from egotism than Carlyle's, and, on the whole, melancholy of a purer and nobler kind. But in all those whose melancholy is most attractive, there is a singular mixture of reverence and pity, such as Dr. Johnson showed throughout life in the passionate piety of his prayers, and in the tenderness with which he would go out to get oysters for his sick cat, and cherish the most cross-grained of his poor pensioners. Carlyle could show the same, but, as we have said, in less degree and with more distinct traces of egotism. But among the recent examples of men whose melancholy has been in the highest degree attractive, perhaps the most remarkable was the late Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, of whom a charming and most delicate study has just been published* by one of the youthful friends in whose society he took so much delight. What was it that made this man, of whose literary work only two or three volumes of miscellaneous writings are known to the world, "Rab and his Friends" being perhaps the most popular, and his sketch of little Marjory Fleming (Sir Walter Scott's pet) the most exquisite, so much more fascinating than even his own fascinating work? We believe that it was the singularly delightful

mixture of tenderness, humor, and melancholy in his life and conversation. No man ever understood animals so well; no man ever loved children better; no man ever discerned more clearly the glory as well as the gloom of life; and no man ever felt that gloom more profoundly, not in the fashion of what one might fairly call Swift's selfish fury,—if Swift were really in any way responsible for his own *sæva indignatio*,—but in the way of real bewilderment when the light he loved so much and in which he basked so gratefully, suddenly left him, and a great mist appeared to blot out for him even the hand of God. Pity and reverence were the two chief elements in his nature, though to them was added a keenness and vivacity of perception which would alone have been enough to insure happiness, had not the pity been so unusually deep and tender. But keenness and vivacity of perception alone would never have given Dr. John Brown the fascination which made him, as one of his friends said of him, "act as a magnet in a room," and draw every one toward him. "'I'll tell Dr. Brown,' was the thought that came first to his friends on hearing anything genuine, pathetic, or queer," says the writer of the beautiful little notice to which we have already referred; "and the gleam as of sunlight that shone in his eyes, and played round his sensitive mouth as he listened, acted as inspiration, so that friends and even strangers he saw at their best; and their best was better than it would have been without him. They brought him of their treasure, figuratively and literally too, for there was not a rare engraving, a copy of an old edition, a valuable autograph, anything that any one in Edinburgh greatly prized, but sooner or later it found its way to Rutland Street, 'just that Dr. Brown might see it.' It seemed to mean more, even to the owner himself, when he had looked at it and enjoyed it." What was it that gave him this magnetic attractiveness? Partly, no doubt, his fine sympathy and vigilant observation, for his friends hardly knew what to think of a saying or a thing till he had appreciated it; but even more, we think, that pathetic melancholy which so often made him close his eyes as if to rest him-

* Edinburgh: David Douglas.

self from sad visions and which made every one who loved him (and that was almost every one who knew him) wish to minister to him food for pleasant reflections. And how surely did his presence teach them what to say, so as to go to his heart, teaching them to speak to him with just a dash of serious tenderness, and a dash of playful humor such as he loved to hear. "When one day he spoke of driving with him as if it were only a dull thing to do, I told him that when he asked me, I always came most gladly, and that I looked upon it as 'a means of grace.' He smiled, but shook his head rather sadly, and I was afraid I had ventured too far. We did not refer to it again, but weeks after he came up to me in the dining-room at Rutland Street, and without one introductory remark, said,—'Means of grace to-morrow at half-past two.'" It was in driving home on this occasion that he told his young companion of the difficulty he found in recalling the voices of those whom he had lost, and spoke of his wife's voice. "'For three months,' he said, 'I tried to hear *her* voice and could not; but at last it came, one word brought it back.' He was going to say the word, and then he stopped, and said, 'No, it might spoil it.'" This was the man who had such an intimate sympathy with all the dogs in his neighborhood, that when asked if he had looked so eagerly out of the carriage because he had recognized an acquaintance, he answered, "No, it's a dog I *don't* know,"—to him a much more remarkable occurrence than the recognition of any one he did know. Yet with all this eagerness of friendly feeling for half the world, the belts of cloud in his life were more remarkable than the gleams of sunshine; the involuntary shutting of the eyes was at least as characteristic as the quick humor of his smile; the sense of pathos which his presence left upon one, deeper than the sense of genial and sunny wit. And to our thinking, though he could not have been the universal magnet he was without his humor and swiftness of glance, still less could he have been that magnet without his gentle and pathetic sadness.

What is it that makes such a character so fascinating? To a very considerable extent, of course, its wide and delicate sympathy. The nature that could discriminate, as Dr. John Brown did, the

characters of men, the characters of children, and the characters of dogs, and so delineate them that thousands of readers have made them into familiar friends, more intimate even than their own intimates, could not but fascinate. But Dickens had a far greater power of delineation, and yet nothing like the same exquisite attractiveness. To a very great extent, it was the deep but gentle melancholy which sprinkled the light of Dr. John Brown's humor with dark lines, such as our chemists have found in the sunbeam when broken up by a prism. All melancholy, even Swift's fierce scorn of the world, has its attraction for those who feel the power to cheer and beguile it, as Stella's and Vanessa's sad lives sufficiently prove. But the morose melancholy of Swift could attract only the very few. The playful and pathetic melancholy of such lives as Cowper's or Dr. John Brown's, attracts almost all who can enter into qualities so rare and fine. What has given Virgil and Gray and Matthew Arnold their singular elegiac charm, except the genuine pathos which penetrates their highest verse?—and yet, exquisite as that poetic pathos is, it is hardly so attractive to the world in general as the same sort of pathos when shot with humor, like Dr. John Brown's. It is not merely that such melancholy inspires a deep desire to cheer it,—for that would affect only the personal friends of a man during his lifetime,—but that it inspires also a deep affection for the nature which reflects bright and dark alike with so unresisting an acquiescence. There is no charm greater than that of feeling a new capacity for sadness stealing into you from a nature at once richer in the sources of heartfelt gayety, and yet richer at the same time in the sources of heartfelt tragedy than your own. It produces something of the same kind of impression as that produced upon us by a midnight sky full of stars and flashes of electric light, an impression at once awful and beautiful, at once subduing and inspiring. Poets from the very beginning of all history have tried to make us feel, and, indeed, have succeeded in making us feel, that the pain of life, though deeper in many respects than its happiness, is deeper rather because it is the only instrument by which the human mind, with so great an inborn tendency to contract round finite objects, is quickened to admit into it a larger uni-

verse than it could otherwise ever be made to embrace. The great sufferers of the world have taught us this even better than the poets, but perhaps their teaching has been too lofty for all our moods. The lesser sufferers of the world, like Johnson and Cowper and Dr. John Brown, have taught us the same lesson with that mixture of humor which has adapted it to less elevated natures and less purely religious moods. In lives like these we have learned how close is the source of laughter to the source of tears, and how much deeper and

nobler is the laughter which comes from a source nearly akin to that of sorrow than the laughter which is all comedy; and how much more the mind is raised and widened by it. Of all the subordinate influences which have purified the world,—of all those which must be reckoned second to pure and undefiled religion,—probably the sweet, or at least genial melancholy of natures rich at once in the brighter and darker streaks of human destiny, has been the most effective, because the most endearing.—*Spectator*.

WHAT STANLEY HAS DONE FOR THE MAP OF AFRICA.

BY J. SCOTT KELTIE.

It is nineteen years this month since Stanley first crossed the threshold of Central Africa. He entered it as a newspaper correspondent to find and succor Livingstone, and came out burning with the fever of African exploration. While with Livingstone at Ujiji he tried his 'prentice hand at a little exploring work, and between them they did something to settle the geography of the north end of Lake Tanganyika. Some three years and a half later he was once more on his way to Zanzibar, this time with the deliberate intention of doing something to fill up the great blank that still occupied the centre of the continent. A glance at the first of the maps which accompany this paper (pp. 370-1) will afford some idea of what Central Africa was like when Stanley entered it a second time. The ultimate sources of the Nile had yet to be settled. The contour and extent of Victoria Nyanza were of the most uncertain character. Indeed, so little was known of it beyond what Speke told us, that there was some danger of its being swept off the map altogether, not a few geographers believing it to be not one lake, but several. There was much to do in the region lying to the west of the lake, even though it had been traversed by Speke and Grant. Between a line drawn from the north end of Lake Tanganyika to some distance beyond the Albert Nyanza on one side, and the west coast region on the other, the map was almost white, with here and there the conjectural course of a river or two. Livingstone's latest work, it should be remem-

bered, was then almost unknown, and Cameron had not yet returned. Beyond the Yellala Rapids there was no Congo, and Livingstone believed that the Lualaba swept northward to the Nile. He had often gazed longingly at the broad river during his weary sojourn at Nyangwé, and yearned to follow it, but felt himself too old and exhausted for the task. Stanley was fired with the same ambition as his dead master, and was young and vigorous enough to indulge it.

What, then, did Stanley do to map out the features of this great blank during the two years and nine months which he spent in crossing from Bagamoyo to Boma, at the mouth of the Congo? He determined, with an accuracy which has since necessitated but slight modification, the outline of the Victoria Nyanza; he found it to be one of the great lakes of the world, 21,500 square miles in extent, with an altitude of over 4000 feet, and border soundings of from 330 to 580 feet. Into the south shore of the lake a river flowed, which he traced for some 300 miles, and which he set down as the most southerly feeder of the Nile. With his stay at the Court of the clever and cunning Mtesa of Uganda we need not concern ourselves; it has had momentous results. Westward he came upon what he conceived to be a part of the Albert Nyanza, which he named Beatrice Gulf, but of which more anon. Coming southward to Ujiji, Stanley filled in many features in the region he traversed, and saw at a distance a great mountain, which he named Gordon Bennett, of

which also more anon. A little lake to the south he named the Alexandra Nyanza; thence he conjectured issued the south-west source of the Nile, but on this point, within the last few months, he has seen cause to change his mind. Lake Tanganyika he circumnavigated, and gave greater accuracy to its outline; while through the Lukuga he found it sent its waters by the Lualaba to the Atlantic. Crossing to Nyangwé, where with longing eyes Livingstone beheld the mile-wide Lualaba flowing "north, north, north," Stanley saw his opportunity, and embraced it. Tippu Tip failed him then, as he did later; but the mystery of that great river he had made up his mind to solve, and solve it he did. The epic of that first recorded journey of a white man down this majestic river, which for ages had been sweeping its unknown way through the centre of Africa, he and his dusky companions running the gauntlet through a thousand miles of hostile savages, is one of the most memorable things in the literature of travel. Leaving Nyangwé on November 5, 1876, in nine months he traced the many-islanded Congo to the Atlantic, and placed on the map of Africa one of its most striking features. For the Congo ranks among the greatest rivers of the world. From the remote Chambeze that enters Lake Bangweolo to the sea, it is 3000 miles. It has many tributaries, themselves affording hundreds of miles of navigable drains; waters a basin of a million square miles, and pours into the Atlantic a volume estimated at 1,800,000 cubic feet per second. Thus, then, were the first broad lines drawn toward filling up the great blank. But, as we know, Stanley two years later was once more on his way to the Congo, and shortly after, within the compass of its great basin, he helped to found the Congo Free State. During the years he was officially connected with the river, either directly or through those who served under him, he went on filling up the blank by the exploration of other rivers, north and south, which poured their voluminous tribute into the main stream; and the impulse he gave has continued. The blank has become a network of dark lines, the interspaces covered with the names of tribes and rivers and lakes.

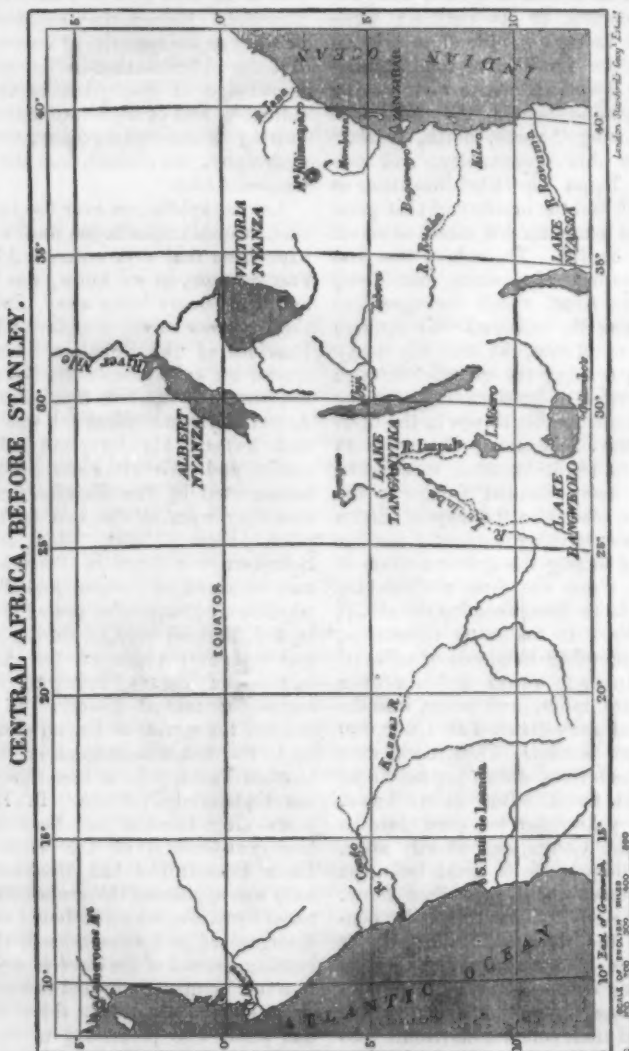
Such then, briefly, is what Stanley did for the map of Africa during his great and

ever-memorable journey across the continent. Once more Mr. Stanley has crossed the continent, in the opposite direction, and taken just about the same time in which to do so. Discovery was not his main object this time, and therefore the results in this direction have not been so plentiful. Indeed, they could not be; he had left so comparatively little to be done. But the additions that he has made to our knowledge of the great blank are considerable, and of high importance in their bearing on the hydrography, the physical geography, the climate, and the people of Central Africa.

Let us rapidly run over the incidents of this, in some respects, the most remarkable expedition that ever entered Africa. Its first purpose, as we know, was to relieve, and if necessary bring away, Emin Pasha, the Governor of the abandoned Equatorial Province of the Egyptian Sudan, which spread on each side of the Bahr-el-Jebel, the branch of the Nile that issues from the Albert Nyanza. Here it was supposed that he and his Egyptian officers and troops, and their wives and children, were beleaguered by the Mahdist hordes, and that they were at the end of their supplies. Emin Pasha, who as Eduard Schnitzer was born in Prussian Silesia, and educated at Breslau and Berlin as a physician, spent twelve years (1864-1876) in the Turkish service, during which he travelled over much of the Asiatic dominions of Turkey, indulging his strong tastes for natural history. In 1876 he entered the service of Egypt, and was sent up to the Sudan as surgeon on the staff of Gordon Pasha, who at that time governed the Equatorial Province. In 1878, two years after Gordon had been appointed Governor-General of the whole Sudan, Emin Effendi (he had Moslemized himself) was appointed Governor of the Equatorial Province, which he found completely disorganized and demoralized, the happy hunting-ground of the slave-raider. Within a few months Emin had restored order, swept out the slavers, got rid of the Egyptian scum who pretended to be soldiers, improved the revenue, so that instead of a large deficit there was a considerable surplus, and established industry and legitimate trade. Meantime, the Mahdi had appeared, and the movement of conquest was gathering strength. It was not, however, till 1884 that Emin began to fear

danger. It was in January of that year that Gordon went out to hold Khartoum; just a year later both he and the city fell before the Mahdist host. Emin withdrew with his officers and dependents, number-

try; but no one outside of scientific circles seemed to take much interest in Emin till 1886. Rapidly, however, Europe became aware what a noble stand this simple *savant*, who had been foisted into the po-



ing probably about 1500, to Wadelai, in the south of the province, within easy reach of Albert Nyanza.

Rumors of the events in the Sudan after the fall of Khartoum reached this coun-

sition of Governor of a half-savage province, was making against the forces of the Mahdi, and how he refused to desert his post and his people. Toward the autumn of 1886 public feeling on the subject rose

erously offered his services as leader, without fee or reward, giving up many lucrative engagements for the purpose. No time was lost. The sum of £20,000 had been subscribed, including £10,000 from the Egyptian Government. Mr. Stanley returned from America to England in the end of December; by the end of January he had made all his preparations, selecting nine men as his staff, including three English officers and two surgeons, and was on his way to Zanzibar, which was reached on February 21. On the 25th the expedition was on board the *Madura*, bound for the mouth of the Congo, by way of the Cape; nine European officers, sixty-one Sudanese, thirteen Somalis, three interpreters, 620 Zanzibaris, the famous Arab slaver and merchant, Tippu Tip and 407 of his people. The mouth of the Congo was reached on March 18; there the expedition was transhipped into small vessels, and landed at Matadi, the limit of navigation on the lower river. From Matadi there was a march of 200 miles, past the Cataracts to Stanley Pool, where the navigation was resumed. The troubles of the expedition began on the Congo itself. The question of routes was much discussed at the time of organizing the expedition, the two that found most favor being that from the east coast through Masai land and round by the north of Uganda, and that by the Congo. Into the comparative merits of these two routes we shall not enter here. For reasons which were satisfactory to himself—and no one knows Africa better—Mr. Stanley selected the Congo route; though had he foreseen all that he and his men would have to undergo he might have hesitated. As it was, the expedition, which it was thought would be back in England by Christmas 1887, only reached the coast in November 1889. But the difficulties no one could have foreseen, the region traversed being completely unknown, and the obstacles encountered unprecedented even in Africa. Nor, when the goal was reached, was it expected that months would be wasted in persuading Emin and his people to quit their exile. Not the keenest-eyed of African explorers could have foreseen all this.

Want of sufficient boat accommodation, and a scarcity of food almost amounting to famine, hampered the expedition terribly on its way up the Congo. The

mouth of the Aruwimi, the real starting-point of the expedition, some 1500 miles from the mouth of the Congo, was not reached by Mr. Stanley and the first contingent till the beginning of June 1887. The distance from here in a straight line to the nearest point of the Albert Nyanza is about 450 miles; thence it was believed communication with Emin would be easy, for he had two steamers available. But it was possible that a detour would have to be made toward the north so as to reach Wadelai direct, for no one knew the conditions which prevailed in the country between the Aruwimi mouth and the Albert Nyanza. As it was, Mr. Stanley took the course to the lake direct, but with many a circuit and many an obstruction, and at a terrible sacrifice of life. An intrenched camp was established on a bluff at Yambuya, about fifty miles up the left bank of the Aruwimi. Major Barttelot was left in charge of this, and with him Dr. Bonny, Mr. Jameson, Mr. Rose Troup, Mr. Ward, and 257 men; the rear column was to follow as soon as Tippu Tip provided the contingent of 500 natives which he had solemnly promised. Although the whole of the men had not come up, yet everything seemed in satisfactory order; explicit instructions were issued to the officers of the rear column; and on June 28, 1887, Mr. Stanley, with a contingent consisting of 389 officers and men, set out to reach Emin Pasha. The officers with him were Captain Nelson, Lieutenant Stairs, Dr. Parke, and Mr. Jephson.

Five miles after leaving camp the difficulties began. The expedition was face to face with a dense forest of immense extent, choked with bushy undergrowth, and obstructed by a network of creepers through which a way had often to be cleaved with the axes. Hostile natives harassed them day after day; the paths were studded with concealed spikes of wood; the arrows were poisoned; the natives burned their villages rather than have dealings with the intruders. Happily the river, when it was again struck, afforded relief, and the steel boat proved of service, though the weakened men found the portages past the cataracts a great trial. It was fondly hoped that here at least the Arab slaver had not penetrated; but on September 16, 200 miles from Yambuya, making 340 miles of actual travel, the

slave camp of Ugarowwa was reached, and here the treatment was even worse than when fighting the savages of the forest. The brutalities practised on Stanley's men cost many of them their lives. A month later the camp of another Arab slaver was reached, Kilinga Longa, and there the treatment was no better. These so-called Arabs, whose caravans consist mainly of the merciless Manyema, from the country between Tanganyika and Nyangwé, had laid waste a great area of the region to be traversed by the expedition, so that between August 31 and November 12 every man was famished; and when, at last, the land of devastation was left behind, and the native village of Ibwire entered, officers and men were reduced to skeletons. Out of the 389 who started only 174 entered Ibwire, the rest dead, or missing, or left behind, unable to move, at Ugarowwa's. So weak was everybody that 70 tons of goods and the boat had to be left at Kilinga Longa's with Captain Nelson and Surgeon Parke.

A halt of thirteen days at Ibwire, with its plenty of fowls, bananas, corn, yams, beans, restored everybody; and 173 sleek and robust men set out for the Albert Nyanza on November 24. A week later the gloomy and dreaded forest suddenly ended; the open country was reached; the light of day was unobstructed; it was an emergence from darkness to light. But the difficulties were not over; some little fighting with the natives on the populous plateau was necessary before the lake could be reached. On the 12th the edge of the long slope from the Congo to Lake Albert was attained, and suddenly the eyes of all were gladdened by the sight of the lake lying some 3000 feet almost sheer below. The expedition itself stood at an altitude of 5200 feet above the sea. But the end was not yet. Down the expedition marched to the south-west corner of the lake, where the Kakongo natives were unfriendly. No Emin Pasha had been heard of; there was no sign even that he knew of Stanley's coming or that the messenger from Zanzibar had reached him. The only boat of the expedition was at Kilinga Longa's, 190 miles away. Of the men 94 were behind sick at Ugarowwa's and Kilinga Longa's; only 173 were with Stanley; 74 of the original 341 were dead or missing; and, moreover, there was anxiety about the rear column.

Stanley's resolution was soon taken. Moving to the village of Kavalli, some distance up the steep slope from the lake, the party began a night march on December 15, and by January 7 they were back at Ibwire. Here Fort Bodo, famous in the records of the expedition, was built. The men were brought up from the rear, and on April 7 Stanley, with Jephson and Parke, once more led the expedition to Lake Albert, this time with the boat and fresh stores. Meantime, Stanley himself was on the sick-list for a month. This time all the natives along the route were friendly and even generous, and on April 22 the expedition reached the chief Kavalli, who delivered to Stanley a letter wrapped in American cloth. The note was from Emin, and stated that he had heard rumors of Stanley's presence in the district; it begged Stanley to wait until Emin could communicate with him. The boat was launched, and Jephson set off to find Emin. On the 29th the *Khedive* steamer came down the lake with Emin, the Italian Casati, and Jephson on board. The great object of the expedition seemed at last to be all but fulfilled.

But the end was not yet. There was the party at Fort Bodo; there were the sick farther back with whom Lieutenant Stairs had not returned when Stanley left the fort; and, above all, there was the rear column left at Yambuya with Major Barttelot. It would take some time for Emin to bring down all his people from Nadelai and other stations. So after spending over three weeks with the vacillating Emin, Stanley, on May 25, was once more on the march back to Fort Bodo to bring up all hands. He left Jephson, three Sudanese, and two Zanzibaris with Emin, who gave him 102 natives as porters, and three irregulars to accompany him back. Fort Bodo was reached on June 8, and was found in a flourishing state, surrounded by acres of cultivated fields. But of the fifty-six men left at Ugarowwa's only sixteen were alive for Lieutenant Stairs to bring to Fort Bodo. As there was no sign of the rear column nor of the twenty messengers sent off in March with letters for Major Barttelot, Stanley felt bound to retrace his steps through the terrible forest. This time he was better provisioned, and his people (212) escaped the horrors of the wilderness.

Fort Bodo was left on June 10, Stanley letting all his white companions remain behind. Ugarowwa's camp was deserted, and he himself with a flotilla of fifty-seven canoes was overtaken far down the river on August 10, and with him seventeen of the carriers sent off to Major Barttelot in March; three of their number had been killed. On the 17th the rear column was met with at Bonalya, eighty miles above Yambuya, and then for the first time Stanley learned of the terrible disaster that had befallen it:—Barttelot shot by the Manyema; Jameson gone down the Congo (only to die); Ward away; and Troup invalided home. No one but Dr. Bonny; of the 257 men only seventy-two remaining, and of these only fifty-two fit for service. No wonder Mr. Stanley felt too sick to write the details; and until we have the whole of the evidence it would be unfair to pronounce judgment. One thing we may say: we know, from Mr. Werner's recently published "River Life on the Congo," that before Major Barttelot left Yambuya to follow Stanley it was known to Mr. Werner, to more than one Belgian officer, to several natives, and to the Manyema people with Barttelot, that instructions had been given by Tippu Tip to these last to shoot Major Barttelot if he did not treat them well. Yet no one cared to warn the Major, and he was allowed to depart to his almost certain fate. The thing is too sickening to dwell upon. It was at this stage that Stanley sent home his first letters, which reached England on April 1, 1889, twenty months after he started from the Arawimi, and over two years after he left England. The relief was intense; all sorts of sinister rumors had been floated, and most people had given up the expedition for lost.

Once more back through the weary forest, with the expedition reorganized. A new route was taken to the north of the river through a region devastated by the Arab slavers; and here the expedition came near to starvation, but once more Fort Bodo was reached, on December 20. Here things were practically as Stanley had left them; there was no sign of Emin, though he had promised to come to the fort. The combined expedition marched onward, and Mr. Stanley, pushing on with a contingent, reached the lake for the third time, on January 18, only to learn that Emin and Jephson had been made

prisoners by Emin's own men; the Mahdists had attacked the station and created a panic, and all was disorganization and vacillation. At last, however, the chief actors in this strange drama were together again; and Mr. Stanley's account of Emin's unstable purpose; the long arguments with the Pasha to persuade him to come to a decision; the ingratitude and treachery of the Egyptians; the gathering of the people and their burdensome goods and chattels preparatory to quitting the lake—these and many other details are fresh in our memories from Stanley's own letters. But the main purpose of the expedition was accomplished, at however terrible a cost, and however disappointing it was to find that after all Emin was reluctant to be "rescued." When the start was made from Kavalli's, on April 10 last, 1500 people in all were mustered. An almost mortal illness laid Stanley low for a month shortly after the start, and it was May 8 before the huge caravan was fairly under way. Some fighting had to be done with the raiders from Unyoro, but on the whole the homeward march was comparatively free from trouble, and full of interest; and on December 6 Mr. Stanley once more entered Zanzibar, which he had left two years and ten months before. Such briefly are some of the incidents of the rescue expedition; let us now as briefly sum up the geographical results.

When Stanley left for Africa in January 1887 there remained one of the great problems of African hydrography still unsolved—what is known as the problem of the Wellé. Schweinfurth and Junker had come upon a river at some points which seemed to rise in the neighborhood of the Albert Nyanza, and appeared to flow in a north-west direction. The favorite theory at the time was that the river Wellé was really the upper course of the Shari, which runs into Lake Chad far away to the north-west. But as the Congo and its great feeders on the north, and the lie of the land in that direction, became better known, it began to be conjectured that after all the Wellé might send its waters to swell the mighty volume of the great river. Stanley, I know, hoped that, among other geographical work, he might be able to throw some light on the course of this puzzling river. But, as we see now, the cares and troubles that fell upon him prevented him going

much out of the way to do geographical work. While, however, Stanley was cleaving his way through the tangled forest, Lieutenant Van Gèle, one of the Free State officers, proved conclusively that the Wellé was really the upper course of the Mobangi, one of the largest northern tributaries of the Congo. But another and kindred problem Stanley was able to solve. Before his journey, the mouth of the river Aruwimi was known; the great naval battle which he fought there on his first descent of the river is one of the most striking of the many striking pictures in the narrative of that famous journey. But beyond Yambuya its course was a blank. The river, under various names, "Ituri" being the best known, led him almost to the brink of the Albert Nyanza. One of its upper tributaries is only ten minutes' walk from the brink of the escarpment that looks down upon the lake. With many rapids, it is for a great part of its course over 500 yards wide, with groups of islands here and there. For a considerable stretch it is navigable, and its entire length, taking all its windings into account, from its source to the Congo, is 800 miles. One of its tributaries turns out to be another river which Junker met further north, and whose destination was a puzzle—the Nepoko.

Thus this expedition has enabled us to form clearer notions of the hydrography of this remarkable region of rivers. We see that the sources of the Congo and the Nile lie almost within a few yards of each other. Indeed, so difficult is it to determine to which river the various waters in this region send their tribute that Mr. Stanley himself, in his first letter, was confident that the southern Lake Albert belonged to the Congo and not to the Nile system; it was only actual inspection that convinced him he was mistaken. How it is that the Ituri or the Aruwimi and other rivers in the same region are attracted to the Congo and not to the Nile is easily seen from Mr. Stanley's graphic description of the lie of the country between the Congo and the Albert Nyanza. It is, he says, like the glacis of a fort, some 350 miles long, sloping gradually up from the margin of the Congo (itself at the Aruwimi mouth 1400 feet above the sea), until ten minutes beyond one of the Ituri feeders it reaches a height of 5200 feet, to descend almost perpendicularly 2900 feet

to the surface of the lake, which forms the great western reservoir of the Nile.

But when the term "glacis" is used, it must not be inferred that the ascent from the Congo to Lake Albert is smooth and unobstructed. The fact is that Mr. Stanley found himself involved in the northern section of what is probably the most extensive and densest forest region in Africa. Livingstone spent many a weary day trudging its gloomy recesses away south at Nyangwé on the Lualaba. It stretches for many miles north to the Mombutu country. Stanley entered it at Yambuya, and tunnelled his way through it to within fifty miles of the Albert Nyanza, when it all of a sudden ceased and gave way to grassy plains and the unobstructed light of day. How far west it may extend beyond the Aruwimi he cannot say; but it was probably another section of this same forest region that Mr. Paul du Chailu struck some thirty years ago, when gorilla-hunting in the Gaboon. Mr. Stanley estimates the area of this great forest region at about 300,000 square miles, which is more likely to be under than over the mark. The typical African forest, as Mr. Drummond shows in his charming book on "Tropical Africa," is not of the kind found on the Aruwimi, which is much more South American than African. Not even in the "great sponge" from which the Zambesi and the Congo draw their remote supplies do we meet with such impenetrable density. Trees scattered about as in an English park in small open clumps form, as a rule, the type of "forest" common in Africa; the physical causes which led to the dense packing of trees over the immense area between the Congo and the Nile lakes will form an interesting investigation. Mr. Stanley's description of the great forest region, in his letter to Mr. Bruce, is well worth quoting:—

"Take a thick Scottish copse, dripping with rain; imagine this copse to be a mere undergrowth, nourished under the impenetrable shade of ancient trees, ranging from 100 to 180 feet high; briars and thorns abundant; lazy creeks, meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay and growth—old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes, and colors murmuring around; monkeys and chimpanzees above, queer noises of birds and animals, crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away; dwarfs with poisoned ar-

rows securely hidden behind some buttress or in some dark recess; strong, brown-bodied aborigines with terribly sharp spears, standing poised, still as dead stumps; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences, fever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day, and darkness almost palpable throughout the night; and then if you will imagine such a forest extending the entire distance from Plymouth to Peterhead, you will have a fair idea of some of the inconvenience endured by us from June 28 to December 5, 1887, and from June 1, 1888, to the present date, to continue again from the present date till about December 10, 1888, when I hope then to say a last farewell to the Congo Forest."

Mr. Stanley tries to account for this great forest region by the abundance of moisture carried over the continent from the wide Atlantic by the winds which blow landward through a great part of the year. But it is to be feared the remarkable phenomenon is not to be accounted for in so easy a way. Investigation may prove that the rain of the rainiest region in Africa comes not from the Atlantic, but the Indian Ocean, with its moisture-laden monsoons. And so we should have here a case analogous to that which occurs in South America, the forests of which resemble in many features those of the region through which Mr. Stanley has passed.

But the forest itself is not more interesting than its human denizens. The banks of the river in many places are studded with large villages, some, at least, of the native tribes being cannibals. We are here on the northern border of the true negro peoples, so that when the subject is investigated the Aruwimi savages may be found to be much mixed. But unless Europe promptly intervenes, there will shortly be few people left in these forests to investigate. Mr. Stanley came upon two slave-hunting parties, both of them manned by the merciless people of Man-yuena. Already great tracts have been turned into a wilderness, and thousands of the natives driven from their homes. From the ethnologist's point of view the most interesting inhabitants of the Aruwimi forests are the hostile and cunning dwarfs, or rather pigmies, who caused the expedition so much trouble. No doubt they are the same as the Monbuttu pigmies found farther north, and essentially similar to the pigmy population found scattered all over Africa, from the Zambezi to the Nile, and from the Gaboon to the east

coast. Mr. Du Chaillu found them in the forests of the west thirty years ago, and away south on the great Sankuru tributary of the Congo Major Wissmann and his fellow-explorers met them within the past few years. They seem to be the remnants of a primitive population rather than stunted examples of the normal negro. Around the villages in the forest wherever clearings had been made the ground was of the richest character, growing crops of all kinds. Mr. Stanley has always maintained that in the high lands around the great lakes will be found the most favorable region for European enterprise; and if in time much of the forest is cleared away, the country between the Congo and Lake Albert might become the granary of Africa.

To the geographer, however, the second half of the expedition's work is fuller of interest than the first. Some curious problems had to be solved in the lake region, problems that have given rise to much discussion. When in 1864 Sir Samuel Baker stood on the lofty escarpment that looks down on the east shore of the Albert Nyanza, at Vacovia, the lake seemed to him to stretch illimitably to the south, so that for long it appeared on our maps as extending beyond 1° S. latitude. When Stanley, many years later, on his first great expedition, after crossing from Uganda, came upon a great bay of water, he was naturally inclined to think that it was a part of Baker's lake, and called it Beatrice Gulf. But Gessi and Mason, members of Gordon Pasha's staff, circumnavigated the lake later on and found that it ended more than a degree north of the equator. So when Stanley published his narrative he made his "Beatrice Gulf" a separate lake lying to the south of the Albert Nyanza. Mr. Stanley saw only a small portion of the southern lake, Muta Nzigé, but in time it expanded and expanded on our maps, until there seemed some danger of its being joined on to Lake Tanganyika. Emin himself, during his twelve years' stay in the Sudan, did something toward exploring the Albert Nyanza, and found that its southern shore was fast advancing northward, partly owing to sediment brought down by a river, and partly due to the wearing away of the rocky bed of the Upper Nile, by which much water escaped, and the level of the lake subsided. Thus, when Baker stood

on the shore of the lake in 1864, it may well have extended many miles farther south than it does now. But where did the river come from that Mason and Emin saw running into the lake from the south? As was pointed out above, Stanley at first thought it could not come from his own lake to the south, which he believed must send its waters to the Congo. But all controversy has now been ended. During the famous exodus of the 1500 from Kavalli to the coast, the intensely interesting country lying between the northern lake Albert and the southern lake, now named Albert Edward, was traversed. Great white grassy plains stretch away south from the shores of Lake Albert, which under the glitter of a tropical sun might well be mistaken for water; evidently they have been under water at a quite recent period. But soon the country begins to rise, and round the base of a great mountain boss the river Semliki winds its way through its valley, receiving through the picturesque glens many streams of water from the snows that clothe the mountain-tops. Here we have a splendid country, unfortunately harassed by the raids of the Wanyoro, in dread of whom the simple natives of the mountain-side often creep up to near the limit of snow. Up the mountain, which Lieutenant Stairs ascended for over 10,000 feet, blackberries, bilberries, violets, heaths, lichens, and trees that might have reminded him of England flourish abundantly. Here evidently we have a region that might well harbor a European population. The mountain itself, Ruwenzori, a great boss with numerous spurs, is quite evidently an extinct volcano, rising to something like 19,000 feet, and reminding one of Kilimanjaro, farther to the east. It is not yet clear whether it is the same mountain as the Gordon Bennett seen by Stanley in his former expedition, though the probability is that, if distinct, they belong to the same group or mass. Apart from the mountain the country gradually ascends as the Semliki is traced up to its origin in Lake Albert Edward. Mr. Stanley found that, after all, the southern Nyanza belongs to the great Nile system, giving origin to the furthest south-west source of Egypt's wonderful river, which we now know receives a tribute from the snows of the equator.

The southern lake itself is of compar-

atively small dimensions, probably not more than 45 miles long, and is 900 feet above the northern Lake Albert. Mr. Stanley only skirted its west, north, and east shores, so that probably he has not been able to obtain complete data as to size and shape. But he has solved one of the few remaining great problems in African geography. The two lakes lie in a trough, the sides of which rise steeply in places 3000 feet, to the great plateaus that extend away east and west. This trough, from the north end of Lake Albert to the south end of Lake Albert Edward, is some 260 statute miles in length. About 100 miles of this is occupied by the former lake, 45 by the latter, and the rest by the country between, where the trough, if we may indulge in an Irishism, becomes partly a plain, and partly a great mountain mass. But this trough, or fissure, a glance at a good map will show, is continued more or less south and south-east in Lakes Tanganyika and Nyassa, which are essentially of the same character as Lakes Albert and Albert Edward, and totally different from such lakes as Victoria Nyanza and Bangweolo. Here we have a feature of the greatest geographical interest, which still has to be worked out as to its origin.

There is little more to say as to the geographical results of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. There are many minute details of great interest, which the reader may see for himself in Mr. Stanley's letters, or in his forthcoming detailed narrative. In his own characteristic way, he tells of the tribes and peoples around the lakes, and between the lakes and the coast; and it was left for him on his way home to discover a great south-west extension of Victoria Nyanza, which brings that lake within 150 miles of Lake Tanganyika. The results which have been achieved have been achieved at a great sacrifice of life and of suffering to all concerned; but no one, I am sure, will wish that the work had been left undone. The few great geographical problems in Africa that Livingstone had to leave untouched Stanley has solved. Little remains for himself and others in the future beyond the filling in of details; but these are all-important, and will keep the great army of explorers busy for many years, if not for generations. — *Contemporary Review*.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF CORSICA.

BY CECIL F. PARR.

A JOURNEY by sea of, say, more than twelve hours and less than three or four days, must, to ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, however comfortable the ship, be a tiresome if not a disagreeable experience. If you are a good sailor, you have no time to get into the ways of the ship, to get on terms with the steward and the captain, or with your fellow-passengers; you feel it isn't worth while. So you smoke continuously and abuse the food at meal-times, which, on these short-voyage steamers (and not on these only), well deserves it, being, as a rule, execrable. If you are a bad sailor, your plight is sad indeed. You know that the voyage does not last long enough to enable you to gain your sea-legs—or sea stomach—so you lie down in your berth, knowing that you must endure to the end, yet feeling at times, when the ship rolls heavily, that an end will be prematurely put to your endurance.

The voyage from Marseilles to Ajaccio took us seventeen hours. Guide-books and time-tables say twelve, but I believe it has seldom or never been done under sixteen. Certainly we had one of the oldest bouts of the *Compagnie Transatlantique*, the *Maréchal Canrobert*. She was to be painted afresh, we were told, when the Company could find time—or paint, for I hardly think it could have been press of work, as she carried only six cabin passengers, while, from the height she was out of the water, and the way she rolled, she must have carried very little cargo.

My first glimpse of Corsica was through the port-hole of my cabin, about 7 A.M. We had left Marseilles at 4 P.M. the day before. It was raining heavily; sea, sky, and mountains were all a uniform gray, the last apparently rising almost straight from the sea, though, on a nearer approach, I found that some lesser slopes intervened between the taller peaks and the coast-line, which slopes were, for the most part, covered with brushwood of various kinds, among which the yellow *cyttus* and a white *cistus* predominated. Of the snow-clad summits of Monte D'Oro, Rotondo, Cinto, and others, all between 7,000 and 9,000 feet high, I could see

nothing, unfortunately, for I was told the *coup d'œil* from the sea is magnificent. Soon we passed close to "Les Iles Sanguinaires," three rocks jutting out in a line from the mainland of the island, toward the south. On the largest of these is a lighthouse, connected by an electric wire with Ajaccio, some seven miles away. On these islands, and, we were told, nowhere else, grows a most curious-looking plant. I have heard it called an arum lily, but it has not the slightest resemblance to one. It has large coarse leaves of, perhaps, a foot long; the bud (I did not see the open flower) was fully nine inches long, and strongly reminded me of a pelican's beak in shape, while the color and markings—green, streaked with purple—were very similar to those of a pitcher plant. It is carnivorous in its nature, consuming quantities of flies; and, I believe, when fully out, the flower has a most repulsive smell, described to us as suggestive of a charnel-house. The seed is supposed to have been first carried to the islands by birds, or cast ashore from some wreck.

Thirty minutes after passing "Les Iles Sanguinaires"—I never could get a satisfactory explanation of the name—the steamer dropped her anchor in the outer port of the bay of Ajaccio, about 200 yards from the quay. We lost no time in tumbling ourselves—leaving our baggage to follow—into a small boat, so eager were we either to get to Corsica, or to get away from the *Maréchal Canrobert*.

In spite of the still pouring rain, large numbers of the natives, and not a few visitors, came to watch our landing. They had had a long spell of *mauvais temps*, and probably the onlookers came to cheer themselves with the sight of fellow-creatures apparently more unfortunate than themselves, though, as a rule, your true misanthrope refuses to allow any claims to misery superior to his own.

A broad boulevard, "The Grand Val," shaded by two rows of ornamental trees—just then (April 9th) coming into leaf—runs inland for about half a mile, in a straight line from the quay, uphill all the way. On this boulevard, at the upper end, three out of the four principal hotels

in Ajaccio are built, and at the furthest of these, the Belle Vue, we were duly set down and installed. At this distance, the Grand Val has fairly outrun the town, and in another 150 yards it finally loses itself in a large square plateau, on which companies of soldiers are drilled in the early morning, marching to the music of the drum and "wry-necked fife," to the great discomfort of the sleepy visitor.

In England, representations to the commanding officer would very soon be made if the civilian population of a town had their rest disturbed every morning at 6 by the loud braying of a band. In France, the paramount duty is to prepare to fight the Germans, and until they have beaten them, or, as is quite as probable, been beaten by them, everything must give way to the military. A highway from Ajaccio toward the "Iles Sanguinaires" is closed to the public whenever the soldiers indulge in rifle practice, as it has pleased the military authorities to place their butts near the road. Nor do they even take the trouble to give notice of the fact: we were only turned back on arriving at the spot, some five miles out of the town.

This Grand Val in May does duty as a race-course, and a very stiff finish it must prove on to the aforesaid plateau. Apparently, too, it is a recognized training ground, as often we saw a horse ridden full gallop up this principal and populous thoroughfare, though never, however near the start, did I see any attempt on the part of the rider to husband the resources of his animal with an eye to the finish.

According to Black's latest guide to Corsica (1888), there is yet another hotel, the "Grand," still higher up the street, larger than any of the other hotels, with hot and cold water baths, lift, and a resident English physician on the premises. This description is, however, slightly premature, as at present there are only a few preliminary piles of building stones, while olive trees still stand on the site. As a matter of fact, the Grand Hotel has not yet got further than the issue of a prospectus, and the payment by the promoter of caution money to the municipality, which money the said promoter is now endeavoring to get back again, a process which he finds as difficult as the proverbial extraction of butter from a dog's throat.

I do not cite this hotel story as characteristic of Corsica. We are greater adepts

at home at building such castles in the air; indeed, I believe the promoter in this very case was a fellow-countryman.

It was on the ground floor of this palace in embryo that I first saw feeding a breed of sheep peculiar to the island. Their fleeces looked more like long silky hair than wool, and though they often went whole days among thick brushwood of all sorts, yet this hair never seemed to get matted or torn, or even to lose its gloss. Small fine heads they have with sharply cut muzzles shining like black silk, for white or parti-colored sheep in Corsica are as much the exception in a flock as black ones in England; altogether a far more interesting and aristocratic looking creature than its English cousin, but an animal to admire only, not to eat.

But the rain has stopped long ago, and the sun is shining, so we stroll down the Grand Val to take our first look at Ajaccio. The houses, at first detached, chiefly villas and hotels, with large spaces between, grow thicker together as we descend the hill toward the quay. About three parts of the way down, we come upon a large open space on our right planted round with plane and acacia trees. It is here that the citizens and the citizenesses of Ajaccio meet their friends and show themselves, and on Sundays listen to the band. Below this square, stretching left and right, lies the town proper, with its tall, six-storied houses and narrow streets, smelling as all and only the older quarters of French and Italian towns do smell.

Ajaccio, for a town of 20,000 inhabitants, struck us as being very poorly provided with shops. Nor do the shopkeepers tempt you to buy their wares by putting them in their windows, possibly because they have not got them to put. One establishment I must except, that of Lanzi Frères, which was a small universal provider's, and where the few things we actually did buy seemed astonishingly cheap. The only articles displayed at all were the *specialités* of the place, gourds and stilettoes, both toy ones for ornament and larger ones for use. The gourds were of every size, and could be bought plain, as used by the peasants for wine or water bottles, for three or four francs, or carved over with patterns or figures, the price varying with the fineness of the workmanship, many of the smaller ones

being mounted in silver, and made into scent bottles. The most common ornamentations were a negro's head, the emblem of Corsica, and the likeness of one of the pet Corsican patriots (when the island indulged in dreams of independence), a Sampiero or a Paoli. Do they ever dream now, I wonder, of independence? I fancy not. The only liberty they desire is the liberty of killing each other in the vendetta, and this, if half the stories we heard are true, they practically have already. Should a Corsican, in revenge for injury done to himself or his relations, or even to his dog or his horse, kill another with knife or *coup de fusil*, public sympathy sustains him, the hills shelter him, his relations feed him, and justice in the shape of gendarmes winks with both eyes unless the murderer be very unpopular. True, he is termed a "bandit," and has to take refuge in the *macqui*, as the natural bush is called that clothes the mountain-sides. Well-informed Corsicans tell one that there are at this moment in the island over 1,000 in hiding. But please understand the bandit is no brigand. Should you, defenceless, happen to fall in with him he will not take your purse, but on the contrary offer you food, if he has it, and shelter in his cave, and most probably refuse any payment for his hospitality. It is only his foe's family against which he wages war, and of course in self-defence with the gendarmes. These latter he will shoot with as much unconcern as a woodcock. And yet, though the Corsican will not rob you, it is not because he does not love money. For a very few francs, both Corsican gentlemen and English residents aver, you can find a man who will do your killing for you and rid you of your enemy with knife or bullet. And while this utter contempt for human life prevails there can be no hope of the extinction of the vendetta.

An English gentleman, Captain G——, who has now lived for some ten or fifteen years in Corsica, on his own property, told me the following story. It seems that one of the *employés* of the former proprietor, fancying he had some grudge against the new owner, made himself objectionable by breaking down fences, driving goats and sheep into the gardens, and annoying Captain G—— in other ways. Captain G—— happened to mention the fact of the man's enmity, and deplored it

as unreasonable, both to a Corsican gentleman, a neighboring proprietor, and also to a shepherd with whom he was on friendly terms.

"Let me know if it continues," said the gentleman, "and I will have the man taken over to yonder rocks, and you won't hear of him again."

"I will arrange for a little *coup de fusil* whenever you like to give me 'the office,'" said the *berger*.

This was fifteen years ago, but even now it is said there is in Ajaccio alone at least one murder a week, though these outrages are so hushed up by the authorities that it is difficult to get any reliable statistics. I never, for instance, saw the account of any murder in the little local French paper, *Le Raillement*, the only one, I think, in Ajaccio; but this proves nothing, for there was undoubtedly one atrocious crime committed in the village of Bocognano, about twenty miles off, while we were at Ajaccio, for particulars of which I vainly studied the columns of *Le Raillement*.

The official whose duty it was to investigate the matter had wanted to requisition from the livery-stable keeper the carriage I had bespoken, so I heard the story from the man's own mouth.

The victim was an Italian who had married and settled at Bocognano. The Italians are called *lucquas* by the Corsicans, and come over from Italy in large numbers. They are very industrious, and do a great deal of the hard work of the island. Their example of industry excites the Corsican's jealousy, but not his emulation, hence there is little love lost between them.

It appeared that the pig of a Corsican wandered near the open cottage door of an Italian, and to drive it off the latter threw a stone, whereupon the wife of the Corsican indignantly demanded of her husband if an Italian was to throw stones at a Corsican pig with impunity. The Corsican at once went into his house, and returning with his gun, shot the Italian dead on the spot. The murderer escaped to the *macqui*, and is, I presume, there still, unless the extenuating circumstance of the victim being a *lucqua* has enabled him to return unmolested to the bosom of his family.

That their fellow-countrymen, and even the authorities, sympathize with these mis-

creants, or, at least, are afraid of them, seems clear from the absurdly inadequate sentence passed on the murderer of even an Englishman some three years ago. A certain Major Roden, manager for some mining company, had occasion to turn off several of the hands. They at once drew lots who was to shoot him, and shot he was in broad daylight. There was no doubt as to the murderer; he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to *three years imprisonment!*

An English lady, a Mrs. L——, who has lived fifteen years in Ajaccio, and has done a great deal of nursing there, told me that at that moment there were two cases of vendetta in the hospital. It was in vain that both Mrs. L—— and the Sister of Mercy inculcated the Christian duty of forgiveness for injury, on a man badly shot in the thigh. "No, I must shoot him as soon as ever I leave the hospital, if I can," said the man, speaking of his adversary; and, indeed, both Mr. and Mrs. L—— admitted that he would lose caste with his family, and perhaps be boycotted, if he did not do his level best at retaliation.

One could fill pages with similar stories, if one could remember half of what we were told, and on good authority. A man's wife is shot because her husband kills a dog that had bitten him. In another village, a slain sheep leads to the murder of two men; and public opinion sympathizes with the offender, much as it does in this country with a poacher. You may buy gourds carved with the figure of a bandit shooting a gendarme, but you may ask in vain for one representing a gendarme shooting a bandit.

But enough of these horrors, which the romantic name of vendetta, except to a Corsican, fails to redeem from the ordinary catalogue of stupid and brutal crime. If the Corsican resembles the savage in his contempt for human life, he has on the other hand some of the virtues of uncivilized man, among which the old-fashioned one of hospitality stands pre-eminent. Should you lose your way and become benighted, the Corsican peasant will give you his best of bed and board, and on the morrow point out your road, declining any money you may offer for services rendered.

A Danish officer and his wife, staying at our hotel, lost their way out riding, and

found themselves—too late to return that night—at a small village some fifteen miles from Ajaccio. They were fed and lodged for the night, the beds being scrupulously clean, and even a boy of fourteen would not accept so much as a franc for his ministrations.

In respect, too, of the position their womenkind appear to occupy in the social *ménage* (please understand I am not citing this as a virtue), the Corsicans seem to approximate in their ideas to the noble savage. See a peasant and his wife coming into market. She will be walking along loaded with a large basket on her arm, and probably another on her head, heavy with produce of farm and garden, while he will have only his pipe in his mouth and his gun slung over his shoulder; and, indeed, should his means permit, will probably be riding a pony or mule. Very picturesque fellows some of them look, with their broad-brimmed hats and hot looking suits of black or brown velveteen. I am bound to say we did occasionally meet couples with the above respective positions reversed; but these we put down as lovers or honeymoon couples. The women, if they do ride, ride after the fashion of Miss Bird or an Indian squaw, *i.e.*, on both sides of the horse, as I have seen it expressed.

Judging from his language and appearance, you would say that the Corsican would assimilate more readily with Italy than France. A gentleman who spoke Italian well, told me that after a few days' conversation with the natives he could easily understand their language. As a matter of fact, the Corsicans dislike Italians. Events have proved stronger than race affinities, and the accident of Napoleon having been born in Ajaccio seems to be in itself sufficient to identify Corsica with France.

Our first drive in Corsica might easily have proved our last. We drove along a road winding up and round the hill at the back of the town, through an olive wood, to a very commonplace-looking spring called the fountain of Salario. It was a steep climb, and we were not rewarded by any fine view as the clouds were lying low on the mountains. Coming down again, as we swung round one of the sharp turns of the zigzag road, the pole of the carriage came out. Happily the horses, apparently accustomed to such a mishap, stopped al-

most of their own accord, and we replaced the pole, I holding it in position while the driver drove it home with a large stone. This was our only accident, though we afterward drove, I should say, nearly 200 miles before we left the island.

The Corsican horses are miracles of endurance. Cowhocked, half-starved weeds to look at, apparently lacking both in strength and stamina, these animals, when put to the test, seemed all muscle and whip-cord. Though very small—fourteen hands would be above the average—they tugged away at the lumbering old diligences in the gamest way, and with only an ordinary light open carriage behind them would, without being unduly distressed, do their thirty to forty miles a day for a week together.

Given fine weather—which an Englishman always regards as much his right, when once on the Continent, as if it had been included in the bargain when he purchased his Cook's ticket in Piccadilly—there is no pleasanter method of progression than driving in an open carriage, especially when, as in Corsica, you have the most excellent Government roads. I am not exaggerating when I say I have never seen roads in England or Scotland so perfectly made or so perfectly kept, though I understand their capabilities are severely tried at certain times of the year, when heavy timber is brought down in large quantities from the interior to the coast.

In time, doubtless, the temptation, apparently irresistible to so many, to *do* as much as possible of a country in the shortest time will drive people more and more to the railways. At present, however, the railway company, by running only two trains a day and those at the most inconvenient of times, and at the slowest possible pace, are disinterestedly avoiding competition with the carriage traffic as much as possible. The only line at present in operation is a single one, projected across the island from Ajaccio to Bastia. Unfortunately, owing to a serious error in the engineer's calculations, there is at present a gap of about twenty-six miles between Bocognano and Corté, over the pass of Vizzavona, which is filled up by a diligence service.*

* The above was written in April of last year; probably by this time through railway communication has been established.

These vehicles are of the most antiquated description, built, I should say, before the tax on glass was abolished, so small were the apertures to let in the much-needed light and air among perhaps six or eight closely-packed odoriferous natives. We never travelled in one of these ramshackle conveyances. I believe they were cheap; I am sure they were nasty.

A tunnel two and a half miles long is to carry the railway under the pass of Vizzavona, and just before we landed the engineer had made the discovery that his two tunnels from either end were not going to meet in the middle. Failure is not so fatal as success, so he did not, I believe, as did the poor engineer of the St. Gothard tunnel drop dead at the supreme moment of disappointment. The gauge is a very narrow one, barely more than 3 feet; and the small very bright blue, yellow, and claret-colored carriages quite reminded one of those in the nursery at home. The two daily trains run, as I mentioned, at most unseasonable hours; the 5 A.M. speaks for itself; the 5 P.M. from Ajaccio lands you between 7 and 8 at Bocognano, where you choose between staying the night at a dirty-looking wine shop, or travelling on by diligence through the night another fifteen or thirty miles to Vivario or Corté.

Rather than get up at 4.30 in the morning, we elected to drive in a private carriage through to Corté, about fifty miles, staying the night at Vivario.

We started soon after 8, and were not a little surprised, while bowling comfortably along the road parallel with the line, to be overtaken at 9 o'clock, when scarcely eight miles on our journey, by the 5 A.M. from Ajaccio.

At first we thought it must be a special; but no, it was the ordinary train. Could there, then, be anything of the nature of a Corsican Derby Day, or an Easter Monday Review, to cause such a dislocation of the traffic, or do passengers wait at the terminus, as do visitors to the Tower, until the party is sufficiently large to be personally conducted? No; neither hypothesis was tenable, for there were only three people in the whole train. We sought an explanation from our driver.

"Oh, it is nothing," said he. "*On change le temps chaque jour.*"

This lofty disregard of routine is not, however, usual on a Corsican railway. In

other matters they can exhibit, and even surpass, that pedantic adherence to forms and ceremonies so dear to the continental railway official. Though thirty minutes late after a tedious journey of four hours, we were kept fully fifteen minutes just outside Bastia, in order that the lamps might be lighted throughout the train, solely to take us through a tunnel barely 300 yards long into the terminus. I suppose they were solemnly extinguished again two minutes afterward, as the train went no further that evening.

But this has been a long digression, and meanwhile our carriage has been mounting steadily, though so admirably engineered is the road, almost imperceptibly, to the height of about 1,500 feet, at which elevation stands Bocognano, where we arrive about midday.

It is a long straggling village of over 1,000 inhabitants, lying among groves of Spanish chestnuts, with houses here and there so close to each other on both sides, as to justify the road in calling itself a street.

Bocognano, though but twenty-five miles from the capital, was only a year or two ago the stronghold of the *Bellicosias*, a numerous family of bandits, who for years had held their own against the gendarmes, acknowledging no laws but their own. Broken up at last, the Corsican authorities tell you that the leaders have left the island; people who think themselves better informed say they are still hiding in the *macqui*.

"Last year," said our driver, "Bellicosia's mother was dying in Bocognano, and the gendarmes thought he would come to see her, and watched for him accordingly."

"And did they catch him?" we asked.

"No," replied the *cocher*, with a wink; "but perhaps he saw his mother for all that."

Soon after leaving Bocognano, we begin our mount to the top of the Vizzavona Pass, and wonder, as we leave the mouth of the tunnel far below us, whether the engineer has yet found out where he is wrong. Along the road toward the summit are tall posts some 15 feet high, painted blue and red in alternate lengths. These are to enable the diligence drivers to estimate the depth of the snow in winter by counting the number of red and blue metres still visible.

At the extreme summit (3,800 ft.) stands what is euphemistically styled a fort, a dreary place enough for the dozen or two soldiers quartered there.

For the first two or three miles of the descent we drove through a pine forest thick with trees, save where in places a clearance had been made by a forest fire, showing acres of blackened stumps standing out in dark relief against the snow-covered ground.

Thirteen miles from Bocognano we reached Vivario, our halting-place for the night, nestling at the foot of an amphitheatre of mountains, and so shut in by them that we wondered how we were to get out next morning. The church tower was undergoing repair, so the bell had been hung *pro tem.* in a large walnut-tree close by.

But how shall I describe the scenery we had been passing through all day, in our thirty-eight miles from Ajaccio? Description of scenery is, I sometimes think, an art in itself, like landscape painting. Certainly it would require a far abler pen than mine to do justice to the natural beauties of Corsica. The steep mountain peaks of over 5,000 feet high are clothed to the very top, not with the stunted timber usually found (in Europe, at least) at such altitudes, but with giants measuring often 4 to 5 feet in diameter, and in the case of the *laricio* pine and the beech, tall in proportion. Seen from a distance, the large hardwood trees, such as oak, beech, and chestnut, give the high ridges a curiously indented appearance as of crumbled rock. Above all these, again, tower the white summits of Monte d'Oro, Rotondo, and others of less note, cold and clear against the morning sky, or pink under the setting sun.

Many of the peaks are composed of a red granite which, contrary to one's idea of granite, is soft and friable. I suppose the fire was not hot enough, or the materials were badly mixed in the prehistoric period, when it was boiled and crushed into solidity.

These granite rocks, worn by the elements into various quaint and jagged shapes, rise sheer many hundreds of feet, and varying in tone, as they do, from rose-color to dark red, form in places as at La Pianna, on the west coast, one of the most striking and beautiful features in this most picturesque country.

One meets with no such diversity of timber elsewhere. You emerge for a moment into sunshine, out of the deep gloom of a pine forest, only to be again plunged into a deeper shade of cork trees and ilex, the blackness of which is in turn relieved by the light fresh green of the young beech leaves, glancing like flecks of sunlight among the dark fir stems.

But the tree of trees in Corsica is the Spanish chestnut. Not only is it by far the most ornamental, but it is also the most useful. Men, horses, and pigs live on the fruit thereof, raw, or ground into meal, cheap as dates to the Arab or rice to the Indian.

A single forest will sometimes extend over 10,000 acres, and the trees are well thinned, pruned, and renewed by Government foresters.

On the lands of private individuals, or on Communal property, the chestnut on the high slopes takes the place of the olive tree lower down the valley.

Many of the trees looked more than 100 years old; their gnarled and twisted trunks, capable when hollow, as some of them were, of holding easily three or four men inside, reminded me more than any thing of Burnham Beeches. Every narrow valley was a grove of chestnuts, which followed the windings of the stream running down the centre through grass meadows as richly green as an English park, which the whole scene greatly resembled, cyclamens and narcissus taking the place of cowslips and primroses.

This article would become a botanical treatise were I to enlarge upon the numberless evergreen, flowering and aromatic shrubs, which, in addition to the wild olive, arbutus, and cotoneaster formed the *macqui* or natural brushwood on the open slopes of the mountains.

In one place the prevailing tint would be given by the Mediterranean heath, in full flower, growing in some instances to a height of 12 feet or more, with quite a respectable trunk; the next slope would be white with *cistus* flowers, of which there were three prominent varieties, and these in turn would cede the first place, though they all intermingled, to the fragrant yellow *cytissus* of our green-houses.

On a hot sunny day after rain, the air is literally loaded with a dozen different aromatic odors, and we could quite understand Napoleon's remark, that if he were

put down blindfold into Corsica, he should know where he was from the scent.

After a comfortable night at Vivario, we started in pouring rain for our thirteen-mile drive to Corté. Alas! it continued to pour with scarcely a break the whole way. The mist hung about everywhere, the clouds lay low on the mountain side, and we could just see sufficient to convince us that we were missing some very fine scenery. However, by the time we had finished our lunch at the Hotel Pieraggi, the sun was shining again, and the streets nearly dry.

Corté is the third largest town in the island, and has remained far more exclusively Corsican in general character and appearance than the more modernized and go-ahead seaports of Ajaccio and Bastia.

It stands most finely on a high rock, crowned with an ancient citadel now so ruinous as to necessitate its being shortly pulled down as dangerous, thus depriving the place of its most picturesque feature.

Two large mountain streams, the Tavignano and Restonico, both well stocked with trout, meet at the base of the rock.

At Corté we happened, as English people, to come in for more than the ordinary civility accorded to foreigners. It appeared that a gang of boys or young men had been accustomed to regard the travelling stranger as what a Chinaman calls a *fanqui* or "foreign devil," and would—especially if the *fanqui* had not got a stick handy—throw stones at him, or at any defenceless lady sketching. Several outrages of the kind having occurred lately, a strong written remonstrance from the visitors followed up by a deputation to the Mayor, resulted in the town crier being sent round the town blowing a trumpet, and escorted by gendarmes, with a proclamation threatening, in the name of the authorities, direst punishment to any offender. This happened the day before our arrival.

Several of the older inhabitants stopped us purposely in the street to disclaim, on the part of the respectable population, any sympathy with the gang, and the proclamation had, at least, a transitory effect on some of the offenders themselves, for on meeting half a dozen of these interesting youths they, at a preconcerted signal, took off their hats, and, with a low bow, chorused ironically, "Good-morning, Sir," having, I should say, acquired painfully

so much English purposely for the occasion.

Treating their salute as genuine, I returned it with equal politeness, which perhaps disconcerted them as much as anything else I could have done.

Corté is the starting-point for the ascents of Monte d'Oro and Rotondo. We did not ourselves attempt any mountain climbing; I am therefore unable to give my readers any notion of the views to be enjoyed from the summits of these snow-clad giants, though doubtless—as the guide-books say—they “would well repay the toil of the ascent.”

One of our polite friends there spontaneously offered us his donkey to ride, and his services as guide, if we would attempt the summit of Monte Rotondo, 9,068 feet, “la montagne la plus haute presque du monde,” as he proudly assured us. We declined his offer and considerably forebore to crush him under the 29,000 feet of Mt. Everest, or even bruise his patriotic pride with the height of Mt. Blanc.

Though we saw several shooting-boxes among the forests on the top of the passes, I do not think, from what I could learn, that I should advise any one to go to Corsica purely for sport.

Of course, first and foremost comes the moufflon; he is not legendary, but he is very scarce, and difficult to get at. Nor has he long silky hair, as described in one of the guide-books, but he has a hide with close, short hair like a red deer, but lighter in color and finer in texture. A pair of massive horns curl over toward the middle of his back, and he has short legs like a goat.

You may camp out for a week in summer, when the moufflon come down from the tops, and yet not get a shot, or even see one. It is said that the hunter, moreover, does not care to take you to, or put you in, the best place for a shot, but I fancy a system of payment by results would, at all events, secure this for you. The moufflon is, I understand, more plentiful in Sardinia.

In the way of smaller game, there are hares, duck, woodcock, and snipe; the latter are snared by the natives with horse-hair nooses—at least, so I was told by a sportsman who was plucking the tail of one of our horses as it stood at a wayside inn, for making *filôts* for the very purpose.

Wild boars are fairly plentiful; one was brought to our hotel at Ajaccio, bought for 20 francs, and duly eaten at *table d'hôte*. The flesh was dark, and the flavor uninteresting. For my part, I much prefer the fat, domestic pig.

On Captain G——'s property, close to Ajaccio, in a cave some 600 feet above his house, and which, more than once in the last eight or ten years, has been, to the proprietor's knowledge, the shelter of bandits—I saw the marks of two wild boar, which, just then, were every night ravaging Captain G——'s shrubberies for acorns and roots, the havoc being sadly apparent here and there.

I conclude the hunter watches for them at night in an open space, for the scrub is so thick that it would be impossible to get a shot at them in the daytime except by driving, and pig-sticking would be out of the question.

Perhaps the most lucrative sport in the island is the blackbird shooting. There are numbers of them on the hill-sides, and they feed on the arbutus berries. The bodies are boned and made into *pâtés de merle*, and a very succulent *pâté* I was told it is. I was unable to taste it myself, as the vendors of Ajaccio were all sold out of last season's make.

With the exception of goldfinches, siskins, and brown and green linnets, small birds were scarce. I saw a few hoopoes near the coast, and a couple of jays high up in a pine forest.

One very handsome bird I had never seen before, and though I saw a stuffed one in Bastia, the shopman could not tell me its name; indeed, he declared it was not a Corsican bird at all. It was about the size of a gray shrike, with a longish tail; on its neck and breast it was brilliant with the blue sheen of a kingfisher's back, while its own back was of the same reddish cinnamon as the kingfisher's breast. It had a thin beak, slightly curved, like a bee-eater's, and was evidently hawking gnats in the sunshine when I first saw it. There were about six of them in a flock, and now and then one would light on the telegraph wires along the road.

Trout, from all I could hear, are fairly plentiful in many of the rivers, but of no great size. From the specimens I saw at *table d'hôte*, I should say that a $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. fish would be above the average. There are,

however, lakes among the mountains which may hold fish of a larger size. I did hear of at least two Englishmen who were staying at certain places purposely for fishing; but Englishmen on the subject of sport are so enthusiastic, that I cannot say that the fact itself is sufficient warranty for full baskets.

One of the minor characteristics of Corsica is the Corsican dog. Not that there is anything characteristic in the sense of peculiarity of breed—far from it; the peculiarity consists rather in each dog exhibiting in its own proper person signs of every conceivable variety, but so beautifully blended as to defy the acutest observer to say what breed any particular animal is meant for. Nature, indeed, seems to have been “so careless of the single type” that the only dog I saw with any pretensions to breeding was the bull dog belonging to the English Consul, and that was a recent importation.

There is, however, a perceptible sporting strain, whether of setter, spaniel, or pointer, the latter perhaps predominating; for your Corsican is a keen sportman, and to be a successful one he must have a *chien de chasse*. The strain crops out in the most unexpected and ridiculous ways; you will see the spike tail—as the Yankees call it—of a pointer adorning the stern of a dog in face and size like a pug or a terrier; or a creature, with something like the head of a setter, tending sheep.

I asked of a peasant carrying a gun (most of them do) what sort of game he shot. “Oh, it is close time now,” he replied, “shooting is *défendu*; besides,” he added naively, “at present I have no dog.”

On the whole, dogs have a good time in Corsica. Owners appear fond and proud of their animals, and non-owners, as long as the principle of love me, love my dog prevails, and the vendetta obtains, are also very careful of canine rights. A certain man who had been badly bitten in the leg, was inconsiderate enough to shoot the dog; his wife paid the penalty with her life, within a fortnight.

No notice of Corsica, however short, should omit mention of the shells in which her coasts are so rich. In variety, and delicacy of shape and coloring, they are equal to the wonders of the tropical seas.

A certain Miss Campbell, styled in Ajaccio, where she had a villa, the queen of Corsica, and who died about eighteen months ago, had for years devoted herself to the task of collecting, chiefly by means of dredging apparatus every possible variety. The result I was permitted to see by the present owner, and the collection truly would rejoice the heart of a conchologist, while so beautifully were they set out in their numerous cases round the room that one hardly knew whether to admire more, the shells themselves or the taste and industry shown in arranging them.

Having brought my readers to Corsica, perhaps I ought to see them well off the island again, and I strongly recommend them to choose the short sea passage of six hours from Bastia to Leghorn. The boats are small but the sea is generally smooth, being protected on most sides from the swell of the main Mediterranean.

On a fine sunny day, the voyage is a pleasure and no penance, except to those determined few who insist upon being ill even before the ship has cast off from the quay.

No prettier view, during our whole three weeks in Corsica did we see than the island of Caprera, close to which we passed about half way on our passage. We saw it first mistily blue in the distance, but over growing sharper in outline as we approached, and changing to a deep purple. When abreast of the island, the colors of the rocks were simply marvellous in their variety and vividness of hue, gray, yellow and red, and here and there a deeper red where a landslip on the precipitous edge of the cliff showed the soil. There was no beach, and these glorious rocks rose straight up into the sunshine out of a dark sapphire sea. For a brief moment, one of our fellow passengers thought that here at last he had found the Eden he had longed for. Alas, his dreams were short-lived, for on rounding the first headland we came abruptly on a convict settlement.

Every prospect pleases and only man is vile,

we murmured, as the shadow of a cloud floated across the bright yellow grass on the upper slopes of the island.—*National Review*.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF: A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

BY MARION HEPWORTH DIXON.

Six years ago, when the October leaves were falling on the boulevards, a young consumptive girl passed from among us. Death found her comparatively unknown. A painter here and there had whispered her praises; a great lady had, perhaps, taken her by the hand; but outside some such small clique in Paris the name of Marie Bashkirtseff was a name, and a name only. Like a score of other girls, she had worked at art, had been hung on the line in the Salon, and had received a tardy "mention honorable." * With this small stir, with these scant honors, the matter might have dropped—had it not been for the pathos of her ending and a bundle of manuscript in a drawer. The dead girl had left a diary. It is this journal with which the world is ringing now, and which it is hardly too much to say is likely to carry the fame of Marie Bashkirtseff over the face of the civilized globe. She speaks, in a word, to the artistic instinct of the world. The lightning strokes which lay bare a human soul in these volumes make the book one of extraordinary interest. In it we find a woman self-revealed, a woman who, almost for the first time in history, has had the courage to present us with a real woman, as distinguished from the sham women of books.

The outward events of the girl's life, as is so often the case with those who are busy with things of the inward existence, can be told in a dozen lines.

A child of the Caucasus, the little Russian spent her youth at Nice. It was there she learned to love the splendor of the south, the mysteries of the silver olive-groves, the blue of the passionate skies. A summer moon rising over the Mediterranean, the winter sun, the wind in the palm-trees, the enchantment of the sapphire sea, all these things seemed to burn themselves into the fervid heart of the girl. Like Balzac, Marie Bashkirtseff loved Nice and Naples, but more than Nice and Naples she loved Rome. Rome uplifted this strangely constituted being like no other city on earth. It was doubt-

less the city of the seven hills which gave birth to that determination which fixed her artistic career; it was the city of the seven hills which saw the miscarriage of her pathetic, because ill-placed love. The girl's amazing truthfulness, her portentous naïveté—as Mr. Gladstone in his notes on Marie Bashkirtseff has it—carry us with her inch by inch on her bootless errands to her lovable, but shifty Roman scape-grace. The episode begins of course, as such things will, with a waltz, a mask, a bunch of roses; it ends again, as such things have a knack of doing, with useless reproaches, with still more useless regrets. And yet—and yet one feels in reading this woman's journals, that Rome was, and always remained, the city where she had loved. She returned again and again to it in her thoughts, the thoughts so minutely, so laboriously recorded in these pages. "L'amour fait paraître le monde tel qu'il devrait être" she exclaims in her own exalted language; in her instance no doubt it colored that particular little corner of the earth where cardinals are prone to have nephews. She wrote of Rome as a lover writes of his mistress, and as her graceless gallant assuredly never wrote to her. How she hungered after the Eternal City, hungered after it when her shifted aspirations compelled her—for her very nature in this respect was a tyranny—to toil and labor under the chilly northern skies of Paris. *Rome and Love, Paris and Art*, these two volumes might be labelled; for the home life of Nice, her momentary return as a stranger to her native Russia, her wanderings in Spain, all these things, after all, were but as shadows thrown on a screen. One is tempted to dwell on the human side of Marie Bashkirtseff's character all the more because she does that side but scant justice in these confessions. The glitter of the dissecting knife misleads even the practised eye of Mr. Gladstone, whom we find saying: "She did not possess the finer graces which we signify by the epithet feminine," and again, referring to her character, "Wonder it will stir, but not confidence; admiration, but not quite a loving admiration. Mademoiselle Bashkirtseff attracts

* It was after Marie Bashkirtseff's death that her pictures were hung in the Luxembourg.

and repels alternately, and perhaps repels as much as she attracts;" and yet again, "Wedlock would have been a troublesome incident; she holds it at arms' length."

The writer of these lines saw in her a much more human figure. She was ambitious, proud, restless; she was more than all this:—but she was above all things a woman. Like the author of the *Comédie Humaine* (one is constantly reminded of Balzac in these pages by the girl's passionate admiration of him), her desire was to be celebrated and to be loved. The two volumes before us give her too short life's struggle to attain first the one and then the other. Fame she had touched ere her fatal disease closed upon her; if not actually grasped in her short lifetime, it lay infallibly buried in her still-hidden journals. But love? From her passionate outcries—outcries wrung from her when her powers were failing, when she already stood within the twilight land of death—love in the fulness and strength in which she desired it, we know eluded her to the last.

There is more than pathos in the thought. It accounts for many defects in the journal, for faults which strike even the casual reader, to whom these volumes will probably convey the notion of excessive self-will, very likely of an almost repellent self-love. Yet the egotism of the artist is a byword; the egotism of the sick and, as we all know, especially of the love-sick, are common phenomena. In these volumes Marie Bashkirtseff is, in spite of her lusty protestations to the contrary, love-sick and sick in turn. When we think of this Russian girl's failings we must remember that her time was short. It was but a poor race with death which she ran, a break-neck start in which the finish was a foregone conclusion. How to achieve something in the short time which remained to her: that was her absorbing thought. To read—she was a deep and omnivorous reader; to see—she was an acute and minute observer; to learn, to travel:—all these things were necessities to her; but no less than such powers of absorption had she the wish, and above all the gift, of expressing herself. At first the mode varied and vacillated, as it often does with natures so handsomely endowed. As a child she must dance, as a girl sing, as a woman paint and model. Each in its urn served her mood, and ministered to

the fever which was in her for saying what she had to say; for, strangely enough, her gifts as a writer satisfied her not at all. Again and again in the journal we read her lamentations over her feeble pen. Pregnant with thought, teeming with suggestion, rich with all the complex meaning of modern life as are these pages, we yet feel, with her, that they but poorly express the extraordinary vitality of this young girl. When we think of her as egotistical, we must remember that this diary—worthy as it is of a Tolstoi—was to her little more than a "human document."

This modesty of the autobiographer was also strikingly apparent in the woman. This musician—for Marie Bashkirtseff could hold a room spellbound with her phrasing of Chopin—this musician, sculptor, painter, writer had none of the airs and graces of a merely clever woman. A simplicity, mingled with a quaint, a delightful whimsicality, were markedly hers. In her presence, it is true, one was conscious of being face to face with a personality, but it was not the uncomfortable sort of personality which mounts a pedestal, but rather the kind with whom we desire to sit down and chat by the fire. She was womanish in her wit, her refinement, her coquetry; womanish in her pruderies, in her audacities, her chatter, her silences, in her gayety, and, more than all, in her still more abundant sadness. Slightly above the medium height—above the height of the average Frenchwoman I should say, for they do not yet grow female gendarmes over the Channel—Marie Bashkirtseff bore that something ethereal and spiritual in her face which seems the birthright of those who die young. An exquisitely moulded figure, the arm and hand of a statue, the foot of a Spaniard, the blond hair and penetrating eye of the Northerner, all these things did not constitute in Marie Bashkirtseff what is called in every-day parlance, "a pretty woman." I doubt if the ordinary waltzer would have pressed to be introduced to her at a ball. That she had a bewitching pallor—an opaqueness of skin-tone peculiar to the North; a grace, a distinction, a fascination, a power which was felt in her very gentleness, all these things must be admitted by those who had the privilege of knowing her. Her shapeliness, her graciousness, were peculiarly hers, much more hers than the cherry lips, the rounded

cheek of the "pretty" girl of drawing-rooms. I have spoken of her graciousness, of her more than approachableness, yet in her very sociability there was a kind of aloofness, of detachment, which had little to do with the malady she so constantly deplored. At the age of twenty Marie Bashkirtseff was already slightly deaf. And this was her crowning grief. She could bear to die—to leave a world that held so much for her; but to become deaf—that was another matter. To hear imperfectly for this ardent creature meant to become dull, and stupid, and old. The woman in her revolted at the thought, and, as I have already said, there was a great deal of the woman in this Russian girl. The supremacy of sex proclaimed itself in her voice, which was ever soft and gentle, though the spoken word was incisive.

Half the charm of her individuality lay in this very femininity. It endeared her, perhaps, to her every-day companions in the Passage des Panoramas, more than all her splendid talents. Her very freaks and moods brought with them the air of another and more delicate world. A gala night at the opera; a vision of a Greuze toilette; a panier filled with roses—all these evanescent Parisian joys had their charm for the hard-worked Bohemian of the studios. Yet the girl was far from boasting or prating. Indeed, if any envy existed between "Mlle. Marie," as we called her in the studio, and her comrades, it lay on the side of the spoiled young Russian for the simpler lives, the more artistic milieu which she imagined was theirs. It has been said that we are never so good or so bad, so happy or so unhappy, as we paint ourselves, and this tendency to overstate the case I find in Marie Bashkirtseff's journals. The colors are lurid and graphic, the light and shade Rembrandtesque, but in this vivid picture of a human soul I miss many of the subtler half-tints. The grays are often wanting. The woman was so much more human than the portrait. With a fine scorn, in real life, for bourgeois pretensions and middle-class prejudices, she could be kind, helpful, almost tender with the ignorant and ill-advised. I have seen her aiding the least promising new-comer *

* The visiting master, the Adonis of the studio, M. Tony Robert Fleury (already a middle-aged Adonis in 1880), was sometimes unnecessarily severe with beginners. The initial drubbing of one student—a foreigner who

in the *atelier* Julien, giving her time, when she had already begun to guess that her working days were numbered. And how she worked! To labor was a passion with her; to toil at whatever she took in hand, a kind of ferocious joy.

At the present day I am told Monsieur Julien's students are a thousand strong. The *ateliers* have been moved to an airy, even an aristocratic quarter, and overcrowding and bad ventilation are a thing of the past. Marie Bashkirtseff's experiences in the Passage des Panoramas were of a different kind. It was not a bed of roses that this petted and idolized young Russian girl made for herself during the last seven or eight years of her life. From the teeming, tearing outer boulevard a passage, resembling a down-at-heel Burlington Arcade, and which was remarkable only for its emporiums of sham jewelry, and the unctuous, greasy smell of its frequent eating-houses, gave on to a tortuous flight of steps. This dark, winding, and evil-smelling stairway was the entrance of the *atelier* Julien. A fitting entrance, perhaps, it was, for it prepared the visitor for the stuffiness, the grime, the ill-odors of the building above. It was here, in a room partly partitioned off so as to form an ante-chamber and an office for the master, that from thirty to fifty students congregated every day. Closed windows, a fierce charcoal stove, the indescribable smells of oil paints, turpentine, rags, and, at luncheon-time, of scraps of entables, could hardly have conducted to the health of the strongest; yet I cannot recall one word of complaint that ever fell from Marie Bashkirtseff. She was a spoiled child—that is to say, an adult the least well-equipped to stand the knocks and rubs of the world; and yet the inconveniences, the hardships of the studio routine seemed to affect her not at all. Her eyes were, perhaps, elsewhere. The artist in her, at any rate, enabled her to see what was good and ignore what was evil in this haphazard Bohemian life.

Indeed, one would but poorly understand this elastic and versatile temperament has since found success in another walk in life—gives an example of Marie Bashkirtseff's ready tact and discernment. Crossing to the dejected artist's easel, she gave one of her swift, penetrating glances at the stranger's face, and tapping the unsatisfactory canvas exclaimed: "Oh, no! you are much cleverer than that!"

if one were to ignore the more childish side of her character. That big natures have such a side was amply demonstrated only the other day by that astute writer who chooses to call himself "John A' Dreams." The question was of the author of *The Master of Ballantrae*, who, according to this living witness, is the most famous of buffoons when the mood takes him, swearing and even dancing for hours among his intimates till he is pleased to pass from this "maddest of fooling" to "transcendencies of wisdom in talk." This glimpse behind the scenes helps my task. From this picture I shall be the more readily believed when I describe the pessimist and sceptic of the journal as the veriest madcap of a girl. By its light we shall the better see this penetrating thinker, this oftentimes self-acenser atop a studio table, swinging her mahlstick and the prettiest possible patent leather shoes as she chaffed her companions, serenaded them with her guitar, or lured them off to a champagne luncheon or to the Bois. Like Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, she had her wholesome flashes of idleness: moments when the success of a Laferrière gown was more to her than the Prix de Rome, when she would exchange her working blouse for velvet and sables, or spirit herself off to the Quartier Latin to play pranks with her friend and boon companion, Prince Bojidar Karageorgewitch. In these moods she would exclaim, after returning from some great reception, "Voyez-vous, Savoir être folle. Tout est là." At such times she could tie the coveted "mention honorable" to the tail of her pet dog, or, in Russia, would up and away in peasant guise on some madcap errand with a tail of scatter-brained admirers.

Her very love of contrast arose doubtless from the contradiction of her nature. She worshipped her art with a curious fidelity, but she had room in the immense breadth and charity of her mind for appreciating a hundred other things besides her own particular work. Politics, music, literature she had more than a passing affection for. There were moments, even, when she found time for regret that she had not gone to balls like other girls! There was absolutely nothing of the prig about this astoundingly learned maiden. She had no wish to pose as an eccentric, and though she fretted under it, had little desire to emancipate herself from the some-

what drastic etiquette of Parisian social life. She desired only the freedom of expressing herself in her art; and this freedom—though cut off before her twenty-fourth year—this extraordinary Russian attained. Such an achievement would only have been possible to the abnormally precocious, but this, more than all things, Marie Bashkirtseff was. There is more than a mere witticism in the saying that this wonderful creature was at least fifteen years old when she was born. As a baby she amuses a room full of people, at twelve she is hysterically in love, at sixteen she indulges in a *grande passion*, and by twenty assumes, in affairs of the heart at any rate, an attitude of Olympian indifference. And as it is with her intelligence, so it is with her physical form. At twelve she looks sixteen, at sixteen twenty. An evidently lovely child, she was a fascinating woman in her teens, but already in 1880 much of her youthful beauty had gone. The small features (which had nothing of the Tartar in them, as might be supposed from one of her portraits), the modelling of her fine form, the exquisite drawing of the bust were unchanged; but the disease which was to make such havoc with her young life had her already in its grip, and plainly showed its hold on her. The daintiness of her womanhood, the cunning of her speech, the indomitable courage of her spirit were there, but the fever pace at which she toiled, and lived, and thought, was already wearing away the body.

Such a woman cannot but die in harness. No small compromises are possible to her. She admits of no half-and-half. Nothing but the best would satisfy Marie Bashkirtseff, this demand for the superlative in life being carried even into the trivialities—for such I suppose plain folk would call them—of the society she frequented, of the clothes she wore. She asked comparatively nothing of the fancy side of existence, but when it came to a question of society one sees that she cared for little that was second-rate. This feeling was typical of everything she did. Her work challenged all the world. While she accepted no quarter, she gave none. She sacrificed her life rather than renounce her ambition, and this, after all, is the best explanation of her views.

There are personalities which of necessity command an audience. The writer,

the artist, if he have the stuff of such an one in him, speaks a voice which is understood. Too often, it is true, it is to a *coterie*, to a sect only that he speaks. The novelist may proclaim a fashionable and momentary belief—or more probably at the hour we write, an *unbelief*; the artist may trick us with some audacity of theme; but these qualities are, after all, ephemeral. With genius it is another matter. Here we tread on different ground. Prejudices, creeds, tongues—all the barriers invented by man for the misunderstanding of his fellow man—seem to disappear as by the touch of some magic wand. Genius in this sense has neither country nor religion; before it, men of the most widely different temperaments must needs stand cap in hand. It is a question of some such nature here. Some find Marie Bashkirtseff intensely Russian: those who know her found her curiously cosmopolitan. And in this she is typical of her day. As she is free from prejudice, so she is untainted by those—dare I say the word?—those narrowing influences which so often go hand-in-hand with patriotism. No smallness of creed, no puny aspirations, were this young girl's. Her very faults are an epitome of the age. All the restlessness, the fever, the longings, the caprices, the ambitions, the large-mindedness, the doubts, the waywardness, the abnegations, the fervors, the belief, and the scepticism of the nineteenth century are here. In

spiritual matters she neither denies nor affirms. She cries to God in her agony and her loneliness, but no special answer is vouchsafed her. A void is before her, the future is veiled. It is with a kind of fierce recklessness that she tries to pluck from the tangible, visible world around her, something enduring, perhaps that very immortality which seems denied to her in a life to come. "To die," she exclaims when she feels death's grip upon her, "oh, my God, to die like a dog, as a hundred thousand women have died whose names are hardly graven on their tombstones!" Not hers is the serenity of those devout and happy ones who know by faith. Her wings beat themselves out against the darkness; the lips stiffen while they ask the life-long question, "Why?"

The cruelty of death was often before her, even when it was a question of other lives than her own. She sees the abnormality, the grim irony of the destroyer when Gambetta falls, and more than ever when her ideal painter, Bastien Lepage, begins to droop before her eyes. "So many concierges," she says in her drolly pathetic way, "so many concierges enjoy excellent health." But when she is herself stricken, something of resignation comes, and the detachment from life which she had felt in the proudest moments of her triumphs, may well have been hers in death.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST.

BY YUSSUF.

WHEN springtime flushes the desert grass,
Our kafilas wind through the Khyber Pass.
Lean are the camels but fat the frails,
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,
As the snowbound trade of the North comes down
To the market-square of Peshawur town.

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,
A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,
And tent-peg answered to hammer-nose;
And the picketed ponies, shag and wild,
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled;
And the bubbling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;
And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale;

And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food ;
 And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood ;
 And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk
 A savor of camels and carpets and musk,
 A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
 To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.
 The lid of the flesh-pot chattered high,
 The knives were whetted and—then came I
 To Mahbub Ali, the muleteer,
 Patching his bridles and counting his gear,
 Crammed with the gossip of half a year.
 But Mahbub Ali, the kindly, said,
 " Better is speech when the belly is fed."
 So we plunged the hand to the mid-wrist deep
 In a cinnamon stew of the fat-tailed sheep,
 And he who never hath tasted the food,
 By Allah ! he knoweth not bad from good.

We cleansed our beards of the mutton-grease,
 We lay on the mats and were filled with peace,
 And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,
 With the sliding puffs from the hookah mouth.
 Four things greater than all things are,—
 Women and horses and power and war.
 We spake of them all, but the last the most,
 For I sought a word of a Russian post,
 Of a shifty promise, an unsheathed sword,
 And a gray-coat guard on the Helmund ford.

Then Mahbub Ali lowered his eyes
 In the fashion of one who is weaving lies.
 Quoth he : " Of the Russians who can say ?
 When the night is gathering all is gray.
 But we look that the gloom of the night shall die
 In the morning flush of a blood-red sky.
 Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
 To warn a king of his enemies ?
 We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
 But no man knoweth the mind of the king.
 That unsought counsel is cursed of God
 Attesteth the story of Wali Dad.

" His sire was leaky of tongue and pen,
 His dam was a clucking Khuttuck hen ;
 And the colt bred close to the vice of each,
 For he carried the curse of an unstanched speech.
 Therewith madness—so that he sought
 The favor of kings at the Cabul court ;
 And travelled, in hope of honor, far
 To the line where the gray-coat squadrons are.
 There have I journeyed too—but I
 Saw naught, said naught, and—did not die !
 He hearked to a rumor, and snatched at a breath
 Of ' this one knoweth ' and ' that one saith '—
 Legends that ran from mouth to mouth
 Of a gray-coat coming, and sack of the South.
 These have I also heard—they pass
 With each new spring and the winter grass.

" Hot-foot southward, forgotten of God,
Back to the city ran Wali Dad,
Even to Cabul—in full durbar
The King held talk with his Chief in War.
Into the press of the crowd he broke,
And what he had heard of the coming spoke.

" Then Gholam Hyder, the Red Chief, smiled,
As a mother might on a babbling child ;
But those who would laugh restrained their breath,
When the face of the King showed dark as death.
Evil it is in full durbar
To cry to a ruler of gathering war !
Slowly he led to a peach-tree small,
That grew by a cleft of the city-wall.
And he said to the boy : ' They shall praise thy zeal
So long as the red spurt follows the steel.
And the Russ is upon us even now !
Great is thy prudence—wait them, thou.
Watch from the tree. Thou art young and strong,
Surely thy vigil is not for long.
The Russ is upon us, thy clamor ran !
Surely an hour shall bring their van.
Wait and watch. When the host is near,
Shout aloud that my men may hear.'

" Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a king of his enemies ?

" A guard was set that he might not flee—
A score of bayonets ringed the tree.
The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,
When he shook at his death as he looked below.
By the power of God, who alone is great,
Till the twentieth day he fought with his fate.
Then madness took him, and men declare
He mowed in the branches as ape and bear,
And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,
And he hung like a bat in the forks, and wailed,
And sleep the cord of his hands untied,
And he fell, and was caught on the points, and died.

" Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a king of his enemies ?
We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
But no man knoweth the mind of the king.
Of the gray-coat coming who can say ?
When the night is gathering all is gray.
Two things greater than all things are,
The first is love, and the second war.
And since we know not how war may prove,
Heart of my heart, let us talk of love !"

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH MONARCHY.

BY FRANK H. HILL.

MORE than a generation has passed since the Prince Consort declared in a speech upon a public occasion that Constitutional Government was under a heavy trial. The popular imagination converted the phrase into a very different one, which the popular memory has retained. The husband and most intimate and influential counselor of the Queen was thought to have declared that representative institutions were on their trial. To be on one's trial may sometimes be a very heavy trial, especially when there is no great confidence in the verdict and sentence which may follow. To be under a heavy trial is the condition from time to time of all men and of all things human. The Prince Consort's words were used in the crisis and agony of the Crimean war, and he dwelt with emphasis on the difficulties which are inseparable from our Parliamentary system, and from that last result of civilization, a free newspaper in a free country. During a period of war and of negotiation secrecy is essential, and it is all but impossible. The Prince said nothing which had not been urged with emphasis by the Duke of Wellington nearly half a century before. Wellington in the Peninsular war had to carry on a Parliamentary as well as a military campaign. Napoleon, he said, could run great risks for the chance of decisive successes. No one in France could censure or recall him. But Wellington could not afford to lose a single battle, and that was why he never lost one. He could only fight when he was certain to win. His successes were cavilled at and minimized by perhaps the most unpatriotic Opposition that ever played the part of a doleful chorus to a great drama which had a kingdom for a stage. His strategy and tactics were adversely criticised by politicians who had not even the bookish theories of Othello's arithmetical lieutenant. As Chatham boasted that he had conquered America in Germany, so the rump of a faction hoped to conquer Downing Street in Spain. The consequence was that Wellington had to keep almost as close an eye upon the movements of Parliamentary parties at home as on the movements of Napoleon and his generals in the field.

He had to know not only the divisions of a battle, but divisions in the House of Commons. Defeat meant recall. To these considerations, quite as much as to any peculiarity of his own genius and character, was due the exaggerated caution with which critics, competent from the military point of view, but not understanding the political conditions of the problem he had to solve, sometimes reproach him.

The purpose of the Prince Consort's speech, though he did not, so far as I know, refer to the precedent of Wellington's campaigns, was to point this old moral. It is no derogation from the authority of Parliaments, or from the legitimate influence of the free newspaper in the free country, to show forbearance toward and confidence in men engaged on their behalf in an enterprise of pith and moment. If you have a giant's strength you are not bound at every moment to be showing that you are gigantically strong. The House of Commons can at any moment make and unmake Ministries. The obligation on it is the stronger to select only the right moment for making and unmaking them. Standing aloof from parties and representing the stable and permanent element in the Constitution which is not affected by general elections, Parliamentary divisions, and votes of want of confidence, the Prince Consort in 1855 was probably the only man in England who could deliver with authority words which it was necessary should be spoken, but which nevertheless it required no slight courage to speak. The nation had been taught in a phrase, which perhaps contains as much truth as any one can reasonably expect to find in half a dozen words, but which certainly does not contain the whole doctrine of Constitutional Monarchy in England, that the Queen reigns but does not govern. A Speaker of the House of Commons once said that he had only eyes to see, and ears to hear, and a tongue to speak, what the House of Commons bade him see and hear and say. Similarly, the Queen, it is thought, can only think and speak as the Ministry of the day bids her think and speak. The

Prince Consort, however, as he did not reign, was supposed to be ambitious of governing; and his intervention in public affairs by speech or action was childishly resented.

In the five-and-thirty years which have passed since the Prince Consort spoke, a considerable change has come over public feeling; not the House of Commons, but the Monarchy is on its trial, and the Monarchy is on its trial before the House of Commons. In the debates of last Session on the Royal Grants, Mr. Gladstone alone, of that party which deems that it has a monopoly of a near and long future, spoke with any recognition of the part played by the Monarchy in the political life of England; and Mr. Gladstone, to whom, in the natural course of things, not many years of the long future of Liberal ascendancy can be granted, carried with him into the Ministerial lobby only a handful of personal adherents. Polite phrases were used by Mr. Labouchere's supporters on the front Opposition bench, which, however, amounted to little more than veiled good wishes for a peaceful Euthanasia. The Monarchy is dying. Long live the Monarch. *Te moriturum salutamus.*

It is possible that that Liberal party of the future which is dreamed of, may not come to birth at all, or that the parturient Radical mountain may bring forth only a mouse. The course which will be taken by the newly enfranchised electors, who, if they are of one mind and choose to exercise the power they have, are the masters of England, is at present only a matter of speculation, of hope and fear. What an ancient writer says of war is as true of Democracy, that it seldom adheres to the rules laid down for it, but strikes out a path for itself when the time comes. But though one thing only is certain, that the future will be unlike what any one expects, though events will take their own course, and will decline to be driven and pulled aside by whips and wire-pullers, instruments surely too ignoble for Providence or even a self-respecting Destiny to employ, it does not do to be indifferent to the turn which attempts are made to give them. Still less is it safe to neglect more general tendencies, which are real and operative, though they may be counteracted by others working in a different direction. Lord Melbourne lays down the doctrine that it is not safe to despise a

book because its author is a ridiculous fellow; Lord Melbourne's precept was necessary for his own guidance, for he was a great reader, and to him all authors were ridiculous fellows. Parodying his remark, we may say that it is not safe to neglect a revolution even though it occurs in Brazil. According to the version which first reached Europe, an Emperor who had done nothing wrong, a plant-collecting and beetle-hunting Emperor, an Emperor fond of dabbling in the smells and explosions which to some people make up experimental chemistry, a reforming and Constitution observing Emperor to boot, was suddenly told to "move on and get out of this," put on board a ship, and sent across the seas. When, on Napoleon's proclamation that the House of Braganza had ceased to reign in Portugal, the Royal Family proceeded to the port of Lisbon, they were accompanied by a weeping crowd. The people of Rio Janeiro parted from their Emperor with less demonstration of emotion than they would have shown to a popular actress or music-hall entertainer. He was left off like a suit of clothes which was worn out or had become unfashionable. Brazil was tired of being an Empire, and wanted to be a Republic. As the Elders of Israel suddenly discovered that they must have a king like the nations around them, so the generals and politicians of Brazil have discovered that they must have a President like the nations around them.

This sudden dying out of the monarchical sentiment, its extinction by atrophy, is the wonder of the thing. Other monarchs have been deposed because they oppressed their subjects, or resisted their will, or were centres of strife. But the Empire had kept Brazil together. The Portuguese are not a race superior to the Spanish, yet, alone of the Americans of Latin blood, their state during seventy years was free from civil war or social disorder. The Emperor was ready to do everything he was asked to do, even to going away when he was asked to go away. The fact is, I imagine, that by one of those secret transformations of feeling which go on for a long time without emerging into distinct consciousness, even in the minds of those subject to them, and then declare themselves suddenly and with a strange simultaneousness, the idea of monarchy had become in Brazil slightly

ridiculous, the Emperor had become an incongruity, and out of relations with his place and time. And, though epigrams do not kill, a general sense of the absurdity of an institution may be fatal to it without expressing itself in a single epigram. The feeling may be unreasonable, the institution may have a rational basis, but, in a conflict between feeling and fact, the fact will get the worst of it.

There are traces here and there in England of the sentiment which, politically speaking, killed the Emperor of Brazil. In the debate on the Royal Grants, a member who is popular, if popularity is to be judged of by escorting and shouting crowds, suggested that it would be desirable to terminate the engagement of the Royal Family at the death of the Queen, to declare that the throne was vacant, and that there was no intention of filling it up. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who is sometimes witty and always jocose, has improved on the idea. Enraptured with the cashiering of an Emperor in Brazil, which he apparently looks on as Fox looked on the taking of the Bastille, as much the greatest event that ever happened in this world, he proposes that a shorter shrift shall be given to monarchy than Mr. Conybeare was willing to allow it. He is for, in future, engaging kings and emperors on the terms of a month's warning or a month's wages. He thinks it a grand idea "that since the fall of the Brazilian Empire the new world, from the frozen north to the sunny south, is without a king or emperor, one hereditary grand duke or hereditary humbug of any kind." Emperors and monarchs are put up by people who have not the sense to see the uselessness of them, and children will some day ask, "What was a king, mamma?" and will be told that kings lived in the dark ages, but had disappeared. Even Mr. Gladstone, while suspending judgment on the merit of the revolution, and eulogizing the character of Dom Pedro, expresses satisfaction at the example which has been given of revolution made easy, and holds up the Brazilian short way with monarchs for approval, in comparison with the long and bloody strife of former times. Formerly anti-monarchical sentiment expressed itself in the fervent Jacobin aspiration that the last king might be strangled in the bowels of the last priest. Now it takes the mild form

of a month's wages or a month's warning.

Not merely baronetcies and Cumberland estates, but human nature itself, we may remind Sir Wilfrid Lawson in passing, are hereditary institutions. Mental qualities, habits, and capacities are transmitted; and men whose fathers have for generations followed the same pursuits are likely to be more proficient in them than those who enter from different spheres. Allowance must of course be made for exceptional cases of incapacity on the one side and capacity on the other, for the growth of new ability and the decline of old. According to the modern theory, certain qualities become embedded in the organization and are transmitted along with it. In each man, so to speak, all his ancestors reside, and what is individual and special to him is the smallest part of the total life he bears about with him. In this sense Heine's lines are not true—

"Es bleiben todt die Todten,
Und nur der Lebendiger lebt."

On the contrary, the dead are more alive than the living. Moreover, the circumstances amid which the heir to a kingdom grows up give him at least the opportunity of being acquainted with conceptions of government and policy. The talk about him may often, and must sometimes, be of these things, as the talk of graziers is of bullocks and fairs, and of grocers of sugar, and possibly of sand. Franklin used to say that an hereditary legislator was as great an absurdity as an hereditary mathematician; anybody who will look in Mr. Douglas Galton's book on hereditary genius will find that hereditary mathematicians are not absolutely unknown in history. In truth, the speculations and researches of Darwin and his predecessors and followers deprive the Franklin Lawson doctrine of the axiomatic truthfulness which was once attributed to it, and if they do not reverse it, yet very gravely qualify it.

But a view may be true without being popular, and if monarchical government ceases to appeal to the imagination and to justify itself to the common-sense of men, converts will not be made out of Darwin and Galton.

For a long time we have heard of the decline of the monarchical sentiment. Mr. Lecky, whose "History of England

in the Eighteenth Century" is more alive with thought than any contemporary work of the same class, making it a storehouse of political reflection on which students and politicians may draw, traces this decline back to the early years of the eighteenth century. The number of disputed titles to the various European thrones, in his view, contributed much to weaken reverence for kings. Its decline forms, he says, one of the most remarkable political characteristics of the eighteenth century. The thrones of England and Spain, of Tuscany and Parma, the electoral crown of Poland and the succession to the throne of the young and, as it was thought, moribund king of France, were all disputed. Mr. Lecky assumes as a cause what is not a true cause. A disputed title to an estate does not involve or tend to produce a weakened sense of the sanctity of property. Just as little does a disputed title to a kingdom involve or tend to produce a decline of monarchical sentiment. Rather it assumes monarchy as an institution fixed and unassailable, though there may be uncertainty as to the individual monarch. The question, "Under which king?" implies that there is no question of anybody but a king. Respect for the office is not necessarily impaired because there is doubt as to the person.

If this had been otherwise—if the stability of monarchy had depended on the stability of the thrones of individual kings—it could scarcely have existed in England. It would certainly have disappeared long before the Commonwealth. The conflict between the House of Hanover and the House of Stuart was not the first, but the last, of a long series of struggles between kings in possession and pretenders to the throne. The history of England, so far as it is a history of the kings of England, is an almost continuous record of wars of succession, in the open field or by secret conspiracy, from the Norman Conquest to the Rebellion of 1745. The conflict between William I. and Harold, between the sons of the Conqueror, between Stephen and Maud, between Henry II. and his children, between Richard and John, and John and Arthur, between Richard II. and Bolingbroke, between Henry IV. and the partisans of the Earl of March, the Wars of the Roses, setting on the throne three kings of the House of York in sequence to three kings of the

House of Lancaster, the victory of the adopted representative of John of Gaunt's line over the last of the reigning descendants of Lionel Duke of Clarence—the Lambert Simnel, Perkin Warbeck, and Richard Wilford conspiracies of Henry VII.'s reign, involving the unhappy Earl of Warwick, son of the ill-fated Clarence, in a common doom with two of these counterfeit princes; the real or imaginary conspiracies and the death on the scaffold of nobles of royal lineage and royal ambition, De la Pole, Duke of Suffolk and Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, and Margaret Countess of Salisbury, under Henry VIII.; the brief mock-queendom of Lady Jane Grey, and the dangers which beset the life of the Princess Elizabeth under Queen Mary; the Norfolk and Babington conspiracies under Elizabeth; the pretensions of Philip of Spain, who claimed the throne not merely as his wife's heir, but as the descendant of John of Gaunt, the Spanish Armada being quite as much a dynastic as a religious enterprise; the more formidable pretensions of Mary Stuart—all these things show that insecurity of title, and the fact, or constantly apprehended danger, of wars of succession, run through English history, from the Battle of Hastings to the accession of the first of the Stuart kings, from the eleventh century to the seventeenth.

The intervals of undisturbed possession and peace were comparatively rare and short. The doctrine of hereditary right was very loosely held; it inferred merely a preferential title, and was subject to the most fantastic evasions. The younger sons of William I. succeeded, in disregard of the claims of their elder brother. Henry I., indeed, affected to base his claims to the throne on the fact that, though not the eldest son of the Duke of Normandy, he was the eldest son of the king of England, being alone born after William I.'s accession. John's title was in derogation of the claim of the son of his elder brother. Henry VIII., with the authorization of his Parliament, made a testamentary disposition of the Crown, entailing it, as if it had been a landed estate, after his son, upon his two daughters, both of whom could not be legitimate. Edward VI. attempted by his "plan" to set aside this settlement in favor of Lady Jane Grey, on the ground of the bastardy of both his sisters. Under Eliza-

beth, an Act of Parliament made guilty of treason any one who should declare any particular person, other than the natural issue of the Queen's body, to be entitled to the throne. The hereditary title, on the Queen's death without children, was in the House of Suffolk, the descendants of Henry VIII.'s elder daughter, and, on grounds of policy, they were set aside for the Stuart family. An hereditary title to the throne is firmly established now, by Act of Parliament, in the descendants of the Electress Sophia; but the principle in its strongest form dates from the eighteenth century, in which it is strangely said to have been impaired. There seems to be little ground for contending that in England the monarch was ever held to rule by divine right, at least by any other divine right than that which sees the benediction of Heaven in actual possession: *beati possidentes*. It was not much heard of till the accession of James I., and was used by him to supplement a notorious defect of hereditary title, which he was unwilling to strengthen by an acknowledgment that he owed his throne to election by the nation. The fact is that James I. was King of England by a kind of adoption, not altogether dissimilar to that which prevailed under the Roman Empire, and with the working of which M. Renan is so well pleased that he would like to see it introduced into the public law of modern Europe. The extreme doctrine of divine right which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Richard II. is an anachronism. It belongs not to the fourteenth century, but in germ perhaps to the closing years of the sixteenth and the commencement of the seventeenth, to the Tudors and Stuarts; and not to the Plantagenets. In the words:

—"Not all the water in the wide rough
 sea,
 Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord—"

it is noticeable that it is not the hereditary title, but election by the Lord, the consecrating balm and not primogeniture and rule of birth, on which an inalienable right is based. So in Hamlet, the usurper and murderer, Claudius avows himself safe in the shelter of that divinity which doth so hedge a king that treason can but peep to what it will. A subject and courtier of Elizabeth and of James I. could not iden-

tify divine right with hereditary title, in which they were lacking. Elizabeth, indeed, during the Essex rebellion, is said to have detected incentives to sedition in the story of Bolingbroke's adventure, and to have exclaimed, "Know ye not that I am Richard II.?" But if we are to suppose that Shakespeare was writing as a politician and not as a poet, it must be kept in mind that his politics, if they were not, as is sometimes contended, those of the House of Lancaster, were certainly in succession those of the Houses of Tudor and Stuart, whose title was through the House of Lancaster. Till near the close of the fourteenth century of our history, the doctrine that the king never dies, expressed in the formula of the French monarchy, "The king is dead; long live the king," did not prevail. The reign of the new monarch was supposed to begin, not on the day of what is now called his accession, but on the day of his coronation; the interval between the two was often a lawless anarchy, and the king's peace died with him. The inconvenience which this state of things produced when any considerable interval elapsed between the death of the king and his coronation made it necessary to adopt the system which recognizes no interregnum. But the older usage shows that the divine right of the king, so far as it existed, was in the office, and not in the person; that it was conferred, not by hereditary title, but by popular election and divine sanction, by the acclamations of the people, whose voice was, in his case at least, recognized as the voice of God, by coronation and the consecrating balm. It was the anointed king, the deputy elected of the Lord, who ruled, and not the inheritor by rule of birth, though the two qualifications usually cohered in the same person.

If, therefore, the monarchical sentiment in England is impaired, its enfeeblement cannot be attributed to the decay of ideas which never had any hold of the national mind. The superstition of divine right and of an absolutely indefeasible hereditary title was never a popular superstition. It was a kingly belief in the mind of James I., a bookish theory with Sir Robert Filmer and Sir George Mackenzie, surviving from the Stuart period to that of the House of Hanover in "Old Shippen," and in the eccentric and learned John Reeves. It was a royal dream, a clerical dogma, a

university thesis, an antiquarian crotchet, a legal pedantry, a branch of political speculation; but it was never the belief of the English nation. It sprang first, as I have before said, out of James I.'s desire to find another than a popular title to his throne, and was strengthened by reaction from the Parliamentary triumph over Charles I., from the Protectorate, from the Exclusion Bill, and from the Declaration of Rights and the Act of Settlement. The theories of De Maistre and Bonald had the same counter-revolutionary origin in France. In England the doctrine has seldom been more than militant, an affair of the closet and pulpit, of the university cloister or the lawyer's chamber, at most of the political pamphleteer and the Opposition leader. The royalist superstition has disappeared, but not necessarily with it the monarchical sentiment.

Some change has, however, come over it even within the present generation, or during a yet shorter period, as any one may convince himself who will turn over the pages of the late Mr. Bagehot's book on "The English Constitution." When that little volume appeared, now about twenty years ago, it was received by many persons as a sort of revelation of the real nature of the institutions under which we live. Other writers had been detained in the outskirts of the temple; he had penetrated to its inmost shrine, and drawn thence the life of the building. They had been engaged in the forms; he had reached the substance. They had entangled themselves in the mechanism; he had laid bare the very pulse of the machine. "The secret of Mr. Bagehot" was this: that the English monarchy, in the character which it had assumed during the present reign, was a disguise for hiding the real elective character of the English Constitution. The House of Commons was, of course, openly elected by the constituencies. Ministers were nominally appointed by the Crown, but they were really chosen by Parliament. The statesman who possessed in a higher degree than any other the confidence of the party which had a majority in the House of Commons was practically elected by that party to the Premiership—that is, to the real, though temporary, chieftainship of the State—as certainly though not so formally as the President of the Federal Council in Switzerland (who is not, as he is commonly called, President

of the Swiss Republic) is chosen for his yearly term by the Federal Assembly. The elected head of the State, the Prime Minister, chooses his colleagues, who are roughly designated for him by the position they have attained in the House of Commons. The Queen's business in the matter, allowing a certain margin for those personal accommodations, that reciprocal give and take, without which neither life in general, nor that particular branch of life called government, can be carried on, was simply that of graceful acquiescence.

In the main this may be a true account of the matter, though it had not even, when Mr. Bagehot wrote, quite the novelty which he and his critics fancied. Lord Macaulay and many lesser writers had said it all before. What Mr. Bagehot did was to restate what were then, and had long been, the commonplaces of constitutional doctrine with a freshness and keenness of style and a copiousness of piquant illustration which gave them the aspect of discoveries, almost of revelations. His art was akin to that of the careful housewife in Burns's poem, whose skill gar'd the old clothes look almost as good as new. Rather he dressed the old truth in new clothes, and the tailor got the credit of having made the man. But the truth was not to be disclosed beyond the sacred but limited circle of the initiated who read Mr. Bagehot's essays as they originally appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, or in the volume in which they were afterward collected. According to Mr. Bagehot, the poorest and most ignorant classes in his time really believed that the Queen governed. The separation of principal power from principal station is a refinement, he says, beyond their power of conception. "They fancy they are governed by an hereditary Queen, a Queen by the grace of God, when they are really governed by a Cabinet and a Parliament, men like themselves, chosen by themselves." I doubt whether, even in the politically distant period at which and of which Mr. Bagehot wrote, this description was true. The poorest and most ignorant classes, strictly speaking, probably never troubled themselves as to how they were governed at all. Their speculations and imagination did not travel beyond their experience, which was restricted to the policeman at the street corner and the magistrate at petty or quarter sessions. The needy knife-grinder represents their

state of mind. Mr. Bagehot constructed for himself a stage peasant or artisan whose naïveté he brings into subtle contrast with his own keen analysis.

If we advance beyond the poorest and most ignorant classes, the conception of royalty which prevails is, we fear, too generally that of the pot-house oracle, who denounces it as a useless and costly extravagance, the greatest of all our spending departments—a department in which there is great pay for no toil, and in which the sweat of the workingman's brow is by a mischievous chemistry converted into fine clothes and sumptuous fare for them that dwell in kings' houses. Whether this view prevailed in Mr. Bagehot's time or not, there are many signs that it is prevalent now. Like the rustic in Virgil, who foolishly deemed that the city which is called Rome resembled his own little village, the field or the town laborer is persuaded that the Government of the United Kingdom is simply an enlargement of the municipal or county government of which he has direct experience. To him the monarchy seems a mere appendage to this Government, which could be detached from it without harm, and even with advantage—an inconvenient fifth wheel to the coach, a flapping and fanning drapery getting itself entangled with the machinery and impeding it, and which it would be desirable to cut away. Within the memory of men still living it was customary to speak of the King's or Queen's Government. Now the phrase is never heard except as a decorous Parliamentary formality. "Mr. Gladstone's Government" and "Lord Salisbury's Government" have superseded both in work and thought "the Queen's Government." But if Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury is governor, what is the Queen? If they are the real heads of the State, what is she? These words are not intended to describe the true theory of Constitutional Government in England, but the popular impression of it which School Boards, an almost periodically extended franchise, local self government in town and country, and neo-Radical speeches have created. In it there is little place left for the monarchical idea.

Mr. Bagehot, whose doctrine has the fault inherent in all doctrines that are based on the necessity of disguise and false pretences in government, was not content with representing monarchy as a splen-

didly embroidered veil or screen behind which the prosaic realities of Parliamentary and Cabinet Government worked. It was in his view scarcely less essential that such political functions as the monarch still discharges should be hidden. He seems to have thought that it would be dangerous if the fact that the royal robes clothed a living person, and not a mere doll or puppet, became too widely known. "The House of Commons," he wrote, "has inquired into most things; but it has never had a Committee on the Queen. There is no authoritative Blue-Book to say what she does." On the other hand, the Queen in her dignified capacity was of necessity conspicuous. Her appearance on great State occasions, her function as a part of the pageantry of State, were spectacular. She was a part of the outward show of life, the largest contributor to that ornamental side of government without which it becomes dull and bare and uninteresting. Since Mr. Bagehot wrote, all this has been changed. What was private has been made public, what was public has been withdrawn into privacy. The first of a series of Blue-Books on the Queen was published in 1875, just six years after Mr. Bagehot's essay on "The English Constitution." They were not called by that name, they were called "The Life of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, by Theodore Martin." Mr. Bagehot said that our own generation would never know, though a future generation might, how great and useful had been the part played by the Queen and the Prince Consort—perhaps it would have been more correct to say, by the Prince Consort, in the name and with the authority of the Queen—in the government of England. He thought it undesirable that the disclosure should be made.

"Secrecy," he said, "is essential to the utility of the English monarchy as it now is. Above all things, our Royalty is to be revered, and if you begin to poke about it, you cannot reverence it. When there is a Select Committee on the Queen, the charm of Royalty will be gone. Its mystery is its life; you cannot let daylight upon magic. We must not bring the Queen into the combat of politics, or she will cease to be revered by all combatants. She will become one combatant among many."

All that Mr. Bagehot thought ought not to be done has been done deliberately, and with the Queen's own sanction and

authority, in the five volumes of "The Life of the Prince Consort." The "august and unknown powers" of the Constitution have been exposed to the same close scrutiny as "the known and serviceable powers." At the same time the spectacular part of the monarchy has been retrenched, and almost entirely abolished.

What is the effect of this double change on the public sentiment? There is naturally some grumbling at a spectacle which is paid for, but not exhibited, at a theatre, the doors of which are almost always closed. As regards the direct action of the Crown in public affairs, the cognizance of it vouchsafed to her subjects by the Queen has been nearly simultaneous with the growth of the idea that the directly representative element in the Constitution ought not simply to be predominant, and in the long run decisive, but exclusive, and at every stage in the conduct of affairs the sole power.

The House of Commons obeys the imperative mandate of the constituents. The Ministry is the creature and instrument of the House of Commons. The right of any power not thus directly commissioned by popular suffrage to take part in affairs is rudely questioned, and seems to be submitted to only by way of contemptuous tolerance for a survival, not destined to be of long continuance, from an older state of things. The attitude practically enforced by the Queen and the Prince Consort upon the Ministry during the American Civil War may have been wiser than that which Lord Palmerston, and Lord Russell, and Mr. Gladstone, if left to themselves, would have taken; the Court may have been right with the masses, when the Cabinet, or its most influential members, were wrong with the classes. On the other hand, the feeling of the Court toward the Italian movement for unity and independence may have been less generous and sagacious than that of Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell. But the point now raised is whether the Queen had the right to be in the right against a Minister possessing a majority in the House of Commons—whether it is within the province of a constitutional monarch not to share the error of the Minister of the day, and to impose caution upon him in forenoon of the wiser opinion which the people will entertain to-morrow. Of course there is the perhaps even chance—

let us, for argument sake, say the greater probability—that when they differ the Minister will be right and the Monarch wrong. Even so, divergence of opinion, though the divergent opinion may be erroneous, may be an advantage as insuring deliberation, and the attentive weighing of all sides of a question, before action is taken. Nevertheless, to a public incapable of entertaining more than one idea at a time, this is a hard saying. The admission that the principle of representative government is in modern societies of European race an essential principle, is converted into the very different doctrine, that no power ought to exist in the State which is not derived from direct popular election. A more sagacious political philosophy and practical statesmanship have been put into language of admirable clearness by Mr. J. S. Mill. Censuring the politicians of a certain French school, from which the new English Radicalism seems to have drawn its inspiration, who are for deducing everything from a single principle of government, and eschewing everything which does not logically follow from that principle, Mr. Mill says:

"Inasmuch, however, as no government produces all possible beneficial effects, but all are attended with more or fewer inconveniences; and since these cannot be combated by the very causes which produce them, it would be often a much stronger recommendation of some practical arrangement, that it does not follow from the general principle of the government than that it does. Under a government of legitimacy, the presumption is far rather in favor of institutions of popular origin; and in a democracy, in favor of arrangements tending to check the impetus of popular will. The line of argumentation, so commonly mistaken in France for political philosophy, tends to the practical conclusion that we should exert our utmost efforts to aggravate, instead of alleviating whatever are the characteristic imperfections of the system of institutions which we prefer, or under which we happen to live."—*System of Logic*, vol. ii., p. 521, third edition.

It is the fate of Mr. Mill to be praised by the politicians who affect to be his disciples, and to be neglected by them. He himself is almost a unique example of a man who in quitting the closet for Parliamentary life remained true in the House of Commons to the doctrines which he had thought out in his study. With others a change of pursuits seems not to be complete until it issues in apostasy. If Mr. Mill's doctrine be sound, and in theory it

will scarcely be questioned, it follows that the inevitable defects which inhere in the representative system of government require to be checked and counteracted by arrangements based upon other principles. The practical difficulty in the way is of course this, that the predominant power in a country is always ambitious to be the sole power; and that, when forces do not exist strong enough to impose checks upon it, it is seldom in the mood to impose restraints upon itself. A power strong enough to give effective assertion to its own just rights is usually strong enough to assert more than its just rights. Democracy is as little tolerant of rivals near its throne as despotism. The period at which a just balance is established between the old and the new powers, the powers which have long been in possession and the powers entering on possession, is usually, as time is counted in history, but a moment—that is to say, a generation or half a century. In England we had this balance from 1832 to 1868, or let us say to 1885. Now things are tending to the ascendancy of a single power in the State, the House of Commons, and to that of a single class in the community, the working classes.

That, in the present state of England and most European countries, practically the whole adult nation must be included in the representation, with or without distinction of sex, and with such conditions of durable residence as it may be expedient to enforce for the exclusion of the mere waifs and strays of society—the vagabondage, in the literal sense of the term, of the country—what in Switzerland are called the homeless classes (*heimathlos*), can no longer be disputed. The theory is in the ideas of the time, and, moreover, it is an established and irreversible fact. That within this system representation should be in proportion to numbers—that is to say, that groups numerically equal should return an equal number of members—an arrangement which prevails in Germany, France, Switzerland, and the United States, but to which only a very imperfect approach has as yet been made in England—follows logically from the democratic principle now established; and even here, where facts follow logic with but a lame and halting foot, will no doubt presently be realized. This one-man one-vote doctrine implies that every vote and every

man shall count for as much as every other, and carries with it the principle of equal representation among constituencies numerically equal, and of the equal power of each vote within those constituencies—that is, of proportional representation as advocated by Mr. Hare, Mr. Mill, and, among men now engaged in public life, by Mr. Courtney. Whether logic and equity in this matter are destined to prevail over habit and prejudice he would be foolhardy who should predict. The principle has been discredited by the phrase, “representation of minorities,” which untrue describes it, and at present expresses the means, not the end, which is the proportionate representation of the majority. Now, as frequently happens both in England and the United States, a large majority in the constituencies may return a small majority to Parliament, or a minority of voters may return a majority of representatives. This is, of course, in direct contradiction to the democratic principle that the majority must rule; but this is not the worst. Our system makes it possible that the great bulk of the nation may, on particular questions, one after the other be overruled by infinitesimal fragments of it. The two great political parties may be nearly balanced, as they almost always are. In this case, a handful of fanatics or theorists, by selling its support to the candidates who will pledge themselves to its particular crotchet, may, under the present conditions of English political life and morality, succeed in securing the return of a majority of members pledged to their political crotchet. This has been the tactics of the opponents of the Contagious Diseases Act, it is the tactics of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his local optionists, of Mr. Champion and the Eight Hours Bill agitators, of the antagonists of compulsory vaccination, and I know not what besides. It is thus quite conceivable that a minority of, say, three hundred thousand voters might succeed in carrying a project opposed to the opinions and feelings of three millions.

In former times, the House of Lords might be trusted to throw out a measure which came before them under these conditions. But, under the tyranny of the democratic idea, wrongly interpreted, the House of Commons is disposed to resent the vindication by the House of Lords of the real opinions of the majority in the

Commons as against their false professions of opinion; and the doctrine that no institution has a *locus standi* in politics which is not based on direct elective representation, is diffusing the same sentiment in the country. On great questions which divide parties an appeal may be made from the House of Commons to the country by a general election. But in the case supposed, both parties are tarred by the same brush, and at any rate the Ministry in power derives its majority from the clique against whom it would, in the case supposed, appeal. Moreover, a general election would simply bring the same instrumentalities for the falsification of opinion into play once more.

The Royal veto is even more completely out of the question than the rejection of the Bill by the House of Lords. But why may not the country at large have the opportunity of imposing its veto upon a measure which represents not its own convictions, but the successful electioneering tactics of busy and unscrupulous organizations, and the cowardice and want of principle of political candidates and leaders? Supposing an Anti-Vaccination Bill or an Eight Hours Bill to become law in the circumstances which have been supposed—and it could scarcely become so in any other—why should not an appeal be made, on the principle of the Swiss *Referendum*, to the general sense of the country? The Sovereign of the country, standing aloof from political parties, would naturally be the person in whom, when there was reason to suppose that the voice of the nation had been falsified in the Parliamentary representation, this right of appealing to the nation at large would be vested. Instead of the merely formal assent, "*La Reine le veut*," or the obsolete form of veto, "*La Reine s'avisera*," we should have at the initiative of the Crown the decision, "*Le peuple le veut*," or "*Le peuple s'avisera*." The trouble and inconvenience of frequent and vexatious appeals to the country on individual projects of legislation would prevent needless recourse to the *Referendum*. But under our present Parliamentary system, I do not see what other means exist for relieving the country from the domination of coteries and factions, which are able to turn the scale between the two parties in favor of projects which both parties and the country disapprove, and from the danger of

snap votes on questions vitally affecting the Constitution and the future of England in a Parliament returned on a great variety of issues other than that assumed to be decided at the general election.

To take a critical and proximate instance: if an ostensibly Home Rule majority should be returned two or three years hence to the House of Commons, it will consist largely of persons whose constituents care little or nothing about Home Rule, but who think that a Home Rule majority and Ministry will be a Welsh or Scotch disestablishment majority or Ministry, a local option and licensed victuallers' disestablishment Ministry, an Eight Hours' Bill Ministry, a land nationalization Ministry, an anti-vaccination Ministry, a Ministry not of all the talents, but of all the fads and all the crotchets. On a matter such as this, there should be a means of taking the sense of the people of England, simply and directly and without the intrusion of such side issues as deflect the votes at a general election even though the appeal be nominally made only on a single point. The coarse bribe offered in the phrase "Home Rule will help these things, and these things will help Home Rule," expresses the lowest degradation of general politics, and implies a system of more corrupting purchase and sale than was ever practised by Newcastle or Walpole. Even on the *Referendum* demagogic incentives would be freely plied, and endeavors would be made to induce men to vote on the simple question of the Union or of separation with an eye to other questions. Electioneering tricks, however, would be practised under greater disadvantages than at present, and there would be an appreciable increase of probability that the nominal issue would also be the real issue on which the vote would be taken.

The monarchical system is not essential to the *Referendum*, since it exists in Switzerland, both in its individual cantons and over the confederation as a whole, and, I believe, in some of the States of the American Union. But monarchy offers the conditions on which it could best be exercised. The President of a Republic necessarily represents the party in power, and he would not appeal to the country against what is his own policy. The same remark applies to the Prime Minister under a system of Cabinet Government such as ours. No doubt it might be arranged

that the *Referendum* should be adopted, if a certain proportion of the electors of the country, or if either, or both, of the two Houses called for it in petitions or memorials; and this scheme might be useful as an alternative in default of the spontaneous action of the Sovereign. But the easiest and promptest method would be by the direct action of the King or Queen. This would to some extent take the operation out of the hands of the wire-pullers and managers of factions, the producers of machine-made opinion.

Those who believe that the monarchy in England is worth maintaining, hold that it is, as compared with the immense cost of Presidential elections in the United States and of the administrative mechanism of France, a cheap form of government; that it is, what is yet more important, a pure form of government, the choice lying between hereditary sovereignty, or an elective and temporary monarchy by purchase, called Presidency; that it familiarizes the public mind with the idea of other public interests than those of rival parties and factions; that it gives dignity and splendor to the forms of government; that it aids the conception of an England which is more than the soil on which some forty millions are struggling, succeeding and failing—an England lying between a glorious past and a hopeful future, of which the men of to-day are simply the living link; that it ensures the presence in immediate contact with affairs of one who has, at least, had an opportunity of following them continuously through a generation, it may be half a century, while Ministers have come and gone and have but fragmentary and interrupted acquaintance with them; of one to whom questions of State, domestic and foreign, are, or ought to be, what the price of stocks are to City men, and the price of fat oxen to farmers.

These considerations, simple and elementary as they are, are yet truths of reflection rather than of simple inspection. The prevalent idea—that no one has a right to exercise any functions who has not been chosen to them by the vote of a majority, can only be qualified and corrected by the conclusive proof that the functions which are thus exceptionally tolerated are real functions, and that they are obviously exercised for the benefit of the country. The maxim of payment by re-

sults will be applied to the monarchy, except as regards the numbers of the younger and remoter members of the Royal family, of whom the supply may exceed the demand, with the economic and political consequences involved in it. The old jealousy of a king who should attempt to govern as well as reign still subsists, but it is accompanied by a contempt for a king who reigns without governing, and a disposition even to question the title of a new king so to reign. As a matter of fact, English kings and queens, even under our Parliamentary system, and not exclusive of the first two Georges, governed a great deal more than is commonly supposed, and the disclosures made in the *Memoirs of Stockmar*, and in the *Life of the Prince Consort*, of the active part played by the Queen and her husband in public affairs were received in some quarters with misgiving. This jealousy, however, is not likely to be excited when the governing power of the king is seen to be the instrument of giving more effect to the direct voice of the people in their own affairs, in correction of its possibly factious misinterpretation in the House of Commons, and of substituting in certain cases the popular assent or veto for the Royal assent or veto in projects of legislation.

The Parliamentary history of England during more than two centuries has been so splendid and useful, it forms so brilliant an epoch in history, that there is difficulty in believing that it requires readjustment to altered social conditions. Its supremacy tends to become independence of the nation, its omnipotence an all-meddlingness; instead of representing the will of the nation, there is danger, a danger which the reduction of the septennial to a quinquennial or triennial term would increase, that it may represent, turn and turn about, the accidental predominance, possibly of a factious minority, or even of a balance-turning clique. These evils have declared themselves elsewhere. In England it is held that the annual meeting of Parliament is essential to freedom, and it is secured by the fact that the taxes are taken only for a year, and by the annual passing, now a little altered in form, of the Mutiny Act. In many of the States of the American Union it is expressly provided that the Legislature shall meet only every second year, and then for but short periods, in order to limit its opportunities

of law-making for the sake of law-making. In other States the *Referendum* exists, and the subjects which lie within the scope of the Legislature are strictly defined. As regards the Congress at Washington, its functions are limited under the Constitution by the legislative rights of the several States, and by the interpretative power of the Supreme Court, as well as by the executive authority. As a Parliament, in one sense the House of Representatives and the Senate have almost ceased to exist, the real work of legislation being done by small and manageable committees, whose decisions are usually accepted without revision or discussion.

In France, though the Parliamentarians triumphed at the last general election, so far as the majority returned was concerned, the Revisionists of different orders ran them close in the popular vote.

In Germany, the Parliaments of the Empire and of Prussia, and of the several States, are very limited as compared with the functions of the Legislature in England. Here the supremacy of Parliament is in danger of becoming the supremacy of a caucus and a dictator, over-riding the general sense of the nation, to which there ought to be some mode of authoritative appeal.

The principle of the *Referendum*, or appeal to the people, at the initiative of the Crown, on particular issues, seems the best mode of counteracting this danger. A constitutional reform of this kind would be at once the crowning of the democracy, and the democratizing of the Crown. If we are to have a king of England in future, he must be, like one of his Stuart ancestry in Scotland, the King of the Commons, by which I do not mean of the House of Commons. He can no longer afford to be simply the head of the classes, the chief of society in its conventional sense, the culminating point of the aristocracy. He must belong to the whole people, to the masses, as well as to the classes. Frederick William IV. was not a very wise ruler; but he said a wise thing when he declared, on his accession, that as Crown Prince he had been the first of the nobles, but as king he was the first of the citizens, of Prussia.

The great evil of the monarchy is the social flunkeyism of which it is the centre, the abject snobbiism which it produces, the base servility which radiates from it in

circles ever widening. If this evil were inseparable from it, it would go far to balance its political advantages. Numbers of persons read with increasing contempt and amusement the announcements of the *Court Circular* that the Queen or the Prince of Wales has ridden or walked out, "accompanied" by this, that, or the other small German princeling, and "attended" by some great English noble or exalted English lady. The apparatus of Lords-in-Waiting and Women of the Bedchamber does not stir veneration. The American feeling, often pushed to limits which go beyond the requirements of a legitimate self-respect against personal or menial service, is affecting English sentiment. Great Dukes do not now contend which of them shall air and which of them shall put on the shirt of the king, which shall hold the basin in which he washes his hands, which shall pour water on them, and which shall hold the towel—for one reason because we have no king. But it is pretty certain that when the expenses of the Court have to be revised, the payment of a nobleman and gentleman for discharging menial functions about the Sovereign, or for pretending to discharge them and not doing so, will be sharply overhauled. It is probable that by that time a feeling may have grown up which will make English gentlemen hesitate or refuse to accept relations other than those of English gentlemen toward the Sovereign, who in this relation is nothing more than the first of English gentlemen. Under the early Roman Emperors, the humblest Roman citizen would have felt himself dishonored at the idea of his filling a place about the person and in the household of Cæsar—in fact, the idea could not have occurred. These posts were therefore left, often with disastrous political and social results, to slaves and freedmen. According to Burke, the natural taste of kings and princes for low company, due perhaps to the impulse to throw off completely the restraint of ceremony, made it expedient to give household places to great nobles. Whatever the advantage of this system, which in its time may have had its uses, the public feeling now revolts against the spectacle of menial Dukes and Duchesses, Lord High Footman, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Gilbert's last opera, and Lady Chambermaids or Kitchen-maids. English Royalty must not merely be seen in the dis-

charge of public functions which cannot so well be performed by any other institution. It must also be seen to be the monarchy of the whole people and not of the upper classes only, and must disentangle

itself from those conditions which reduce English nobles and ladies to the rank of menials, acting in an ignoble farce of *Low Life Above Stairs*.—*Contemporary Review*.

ENGLISH AND AMERICANS.

BY WILLIAM MORTON FULLERTON.

I.

THERE is an engaging and restful charm in brilliant generalization. Nothing, save well-cut paradox, has more. A child busies itself by the hour with iron-filings and a magnet; and grown-up babies find a similar but keener pleasure in tempering pet magnets of their own, and then in proudly proving their attracting and co-ordinating power throughout the apparent chaos of the world's facts. But unsuccessful generalization worries rather than comforts, even though it suggest. So that when an English friend of mine the other day thought to mark for me the present drift of society in the United States by saying that in that country, in its aping of English manners, the rest of the civilized world is enjoying the amusing spectacle of an entire nation playing the part of the prodigal son—of a nation that has sought after strange gods in other lands, and is now returning in repentance to the ancestral mansion and the lordly park—I too, in my turn, ventured to be amused, and made the generalization of my own that there is everything in the point of view. On the text of this remark I preached him a sermon, contrasting English and American life. Now and then I trod upon my friend's insular toes. But I am bound to say that he was too well-bred, and not quite English enough, having read much and travelled widely, at the time to wince. However, he promised to answer me at our next meeting. Meanwhile I have looked over the matter anew, and put down some preliminary notes, English and New English, to guide him in his reply. I warned him at the time that every word I uttered was either quite meaningless or altogether false apart from its entire context.

The vitality of England is shown in her power of successful colonization; and her

safety lies, as it has always lain, in being beloved by Poseidon. She has been an easy-going and unquestioning lover, with a saving amount of tact. Her great rival beyond the Channel, against whose sea-lights her own send challenging gleams nightly, has always been characterized by a certain habit of impulse, and impetuous sincerity in the realization of her Gallic convictions, which the typical Englishman cannot understand. Whenever he has found himself beginning to appreciate this greater spontaneity of thought, and consequently of action in France, he has thought it loyalty to his sovereign to harden his heart and dull his sensibilities in Pharaonic fashion, against even that modicum of approval which would be betrayed by such appreciation. This is true even to-day, and in general always has been true, notwithstanding the Continental affectations of the small-toed court of William II., the mental attitudes of a third Earl of Shaftesbury, of a Wordsworth sonneteering eloquently in praise of liberty, or of the present mild-eyed Oxford School of devotees of Paul Bourget; throughout I am engaged in a determination of the broad lines of national characteristics, now fast disappearing as England becomes rapidly more cosmopolitan, not of some conflicting and troublesome exceptions proving the presence in this misty island of important varieties of blood not distinctively English. Individually, to the penetrating student of history and human nature, average England has not offered the really interesting types for study which its superficial picturesqueness has seemed to warrant. Indeed, at home, save in those surface eccentricities of aspect so easily caricatured by keen observers, Englishmen in the past have not shown great individuality. This can easily be maintained in the face of Dickens

and Hogarth and Cruikshank, who are to be taken out to prove the rule: *exceptiones probant regulas*. The types of largest human interest have usually broken away from England. Like the planet Saturn,—if indeed not like the primeval god himself, whom times and seasons served, and who knew no better than to devour his own children, who naturally therefore did not care to live at home,—England has sloughed her fancied useless members in far-reaching rings of colonization. The island is not so small as it looks on the map; but it has never been large enough to hold men who thought too much ahead of them. Thinking behind has been tolerated and in fact cultivated, and in such thinking no people has equalled the English; thinking under authority and from sanctioned prejudices has pleased Englishmen, has pleased Oxford and Cambridge, and has been dry-nursed into a national habit of mind by large and generous endowments. But any practical break from the conventional has so far taken the line of immoral eccentricity, as to be damned as inconvenient in the good old-fashioned sense of the word, and practically proved so by being ejected. Such ejection masquerades to the English sense as the preservation of law and order. But it really is keeping the cover down upon any unpleasant surprise that might start up from too sudden a view of the ugly-headed Jack-in-the-box, Truth; and every new idea, to men so well-established as England's gentlemen have been and are, in Church and State and country-seats, is ugly and inconvenient. The mere mechanical devices and scientific discoveries of the latter half of the nineteenth century, which have forced into juxtaposition before undreamed of every quarter of the globe, have tempered isolated insolence wherever found, to a certain appearance of urbanity and affectation of comity. But some peoples have needed tempering more than others, and the England of Spartan reticence and self-sufficiency is essentially Doric England still.

England, I said just now, has never been large enough to hold men who thought too much ahead of them. I would modify the assertion and say that thinkers of this sort in England frequently are forced to live lives of convention and compromise utterly inconsistent with their actual intellectual attitudes and their deepest convic-

tions. English liberty is liberty of thought and expression, but not of action. The English mind, while less imaginative than some, is, in all forms of logical activity, surer of its results than any other, and the sanest in the world. But with an univalued capacity for pure thinking, when he chooses to exercise his mind, there are discernible quite unmistakable proofs that, in practical realization of his intellectual beliefs, even the liberty-loving Englishman does not like to stand alone. He is constantly, moreover, postponing the donning of his thinking-cap; but in this he manifests, perhaps, the temporary indifference of conscious strength. The pleasant exhaustion consequent upon his manly activity in the hunting or football field, or in the lazy delights of the ineffable punt, is not conducive to thinking upon any subject more remote than how to have a bath before dinner. Like the healthy Spartan that he is, in this mood he regards with wholesome disgust the merest flavor of Attic salt. Attic salt partially paralyzes his *papilla*, rendering them quite unfit for the detection of the proper bouquet of his lusty port. With no necessity, therefore, of thinking, in the shadow of a Church and State that thinks for you, a Church whose bells, on each periodic Sunday, multitudinously applaud the achievements of dignified and self-sufficient England, and when there are so many legitimate and obviously superior interests in the open air, wooing river, pawing horses, eager hounds, England proudly rests content—and who can wonder?—in the strength and dignity she has made for herself by her own unaided efforts. With a sense sure to detect the drift of society and events, streams of social tendency, the rise of the people, the varying and complex problems of the pressing future, she sees no necessity of being worried by such questions until they press and cry indecorously for attention. When at last actually the time does come, England considers all these problems one by one as they advance, with an extraordinary steadiness of intent vision, and an admirable and painstaking caution. But the word cautious as applied to the English is but an ethical name for a certain wise inertia. The quality is one of many indications of England's pre-eminent sense and worldly wisdom. All history is compromise. But English history is marked by compromise

more particularly than any other, although few histories can boast of being less compromising. Pre-eminently, England's instinct is to be fair. Her history has been a long struggle toward equity. But the English character, while sworn in the long run to justice, partakes also of a more general and less admirable quality of human nature, selfishness. The combination and co-operation of these two impulses, the selfishness she has cultivated beyond the mere needs of self-preservation, and her own peculiar sense of justice and fair-play, explain the distinctive character of her history. That portion of English society which is the heir of the feudal lord has always been aware that sooner or later the old order supporting him would change. But the problem, born of a natural Conservative desire, has been how most slowly to accomplish this change; how long it may be possible to postpone the inevitable. An Englishman ordinarily finds the old ways sufficient for his purpose. English country roads, bordered by hedge-rows of honeysuckle, blackberry and may, are grooves deep-worn. The changes from feudalism to the divine right of kings; from the absolute monarchy of the Stuarts to the constitutional Government of the succession; the social and political revolutions marked by the Reform Bills, the Corn Laws, the Municipal Corporation, and the Education, Acts; of all these changes or measures none was undertaken till the conditions of each time became so literally intolerable as to force the questions to serious and final issue. Then the Englishman of convention listened to the dictates of the Englishman of sanity and worldly wisdom, and recognized the soundness of the latter's advice to play for a time his long unaccustomed, but not unnatural, rôle of Sir Giles Fairplay, the Englishman of justice. The political sagacity of Englishmen may be summed up in their firm conviction that "a stitch in time saves nine;" and whatever political chagrin they have suffered has arisen from a neglect of this principle, which they know the value of really better than any other nation in the world.

For men, therefore, who have thought too enthusiastically ahead of them or before their time, England may justly be said to be as small as it looks. The case seems, then, to afford a pretty paradox, in which I see again a Spartan parallel.

The existing liberty of action seems in no way commensurate with the liberty allowed in thought. Here is a philosophy giving the direct lie to the Socratic principle—that virtue is knowledge. England has defended this position with a certain wilfulness and pretence. There is no god but convention, and compromise is his prophet; so runs the English Koran. Progress must come, but let its advance be decorous. Righteousness, English righteousness, has been obedience to the strict, straight lines of Church and State. There is something pre-Christian and Jewish about this. Righteousness and religion have been separated in the English from their own personal convictions; thus separated, they become a thing apart, and, by an optical illusion, a good in themselves, a sacred thing, without vital human relationship. We thus get the anomaly of an entire nation affirming its belief and trust in a host of traditions, superstitions or old-time rules, political, religious, social, quite beyond which nine-tenths of the individuals composing the nation have carried their thought, and which in their own personal thinking they do not for one moment take into account. This is a sublime and ornamental hypocrisy, which England shares with the old Israel and the Rome of the earlier Cæsars. Were it not at present so general as to be thoroughly well understood it might be morally injurious. But, as it is, its existence is always silently and mutually taken for granted; and thus, there being really no deception, it has rarely brought down the destructive wrath of the avenging gods. In America such hypocrisy is not a national sin. But this is because his clothes, for the most part, still fit the American. England clings fondly to the old bottles, while America had, in most cases, to make new ones, and is without her temptations to vamp the old. In England hypocrisy is innocuous because pervasive and an element in all men's calculations. It is the tax respectability lays upon her children for being the sons of their mother; thus taking advantage of their loyalty; and it is a tax very easy to be borne. America has scarcely developed hypocrisy, because, in the first place, she could more easily manage, whenever she has awakened to the necessity, to throw off the incubus of her many odious theoretical rules of life, since they are not so heavily weighted by au-

thority in America as in England ; moreover, her quality has not been tried as yet, and, for the most part, what conventions, social or religious, she did import, she still, in the sweet innocence of her heart, believes in, not having thought so far afield as the Englishman. When she does begin to think frequently she expresses herself in the worst possible form. Colonel Ingersoll, as a writer on religion, would be heard as little of in England as Mr. Bradlaugh, but in America he creates a Satanic uproar. This simply means that to large bodies of people in America his ideas are a dangerously attractive novelty, and that such followers have not the wisdom or culture to see the shallowness or irrelevance of his contentions. One would suppose, however, to listen to the din, that Titans were rolling under *Ætna*. The little knowledge of the host of readers in America eager for wisdom speaks out with a blatant sincerity which drives hypocrisy crouching to a corner of the wall. Few Americans could understand how in a certain state hypocrisy has become a virtue, or, at least, a tolerated, and even cultivated habit of mind, and that that state is the England of Doric reticence and compromise.

Some of the more agreeable features among the English social customs most appreciated by foreigners, especially by Americans, arise from this selfish national characteristic of self sufficiency, this Doric reticence and insularity. An illustration in point is the average treatment of the guest in a country-house. To put guests at their ease should be the aim of every entertainer. This end is perfectly accomplished in England. The ability seems inborn ; but it frequently arises not from a sense of propriety and true politeness, as when seen in the Americans, but really from an isolating racial selfishness by virtue of which an individual insisting upon being let alone himself allows others by neglect the same pleasure. The plan works well ; it works naturally. And the opposite ideal of entertainment seen in America, and equally characteristic of the people, works ill, namely the tactless struggle to entertain, the nervous anxiety a guest always encounters in a host who fears he may suffer from *ennui* if every moment be not filled for him. This is exasperating ; it renders average entertainment in America intolerable to one who

has tasted the delightful independence of the unencumbered hours in an English country-house. But whatever the results may be, the causes are as given. The Englishman, with a State all terraced with societies of philanthropy, is at heart as little of the good Samaritan as the cosmopolitan Franklin. Englishmen appear to fill the mountain road, healing volcanoes of sores on thousands of beggars. All the time, Arnold Toynbee and the rest aside—all the time, at heart and as a nation, not from ill-will but from mere inertia, they are eager to pass by on the other side. On the contrary, the American is more genuinely generous, but his generosity is still Puritan and largely takes the form of a sop to a growling conscience, which may be ignored during the process of digestion. But of the two it seems better to toss the sop to conscience than to convention.

In considering so curiously this English characteristic marked by the agreeable custom I have cited I willingly plead guilty to the charge of indulging in praise more bitter-sweet than sweet. But if this seem quite pitifully frank, much more so will be the wider illustration it occurs to me now to give. My friend who compared the Exodus of Americans to England with the classical Return of the Prodigal Son probably was not aware of the full significance of the fact marked so epigrammatically in his insular remark. But of the fact there can be no doubt. Americans, in proportion as they get culture, like England. And Englishmen take to Americans as the phrase goes. This is a highly entertaining fact, and most significant. I hear Americans in London constantly asserting that they like to be here. They regard it as the most "livable" city in the world, and England, of which London is the eye, the most "livable" of countries. An Englishman, listening to this praise, is intensely gratified ; and more than ever does he regard England as the centre of the solar system. *Laudari a viro laudato*, to be praised by the praised, Cicero says somewhere, quoting from another, is a high, a very high, satisfaction. And it is an agreeable titillation for the English *paterfamilias* to know that the children enjoy, when they return to it, the warmth and the big logs and the enticing settle of the old fireside. He expects it is a comforting compliment (for this is the very word he uses, believing

himself to be speaking correct English), but he did not dare to go unprepared for disappointment. However unlikely he would be to confess it he is really proud of his errant child of energy. The American compliments him simply by being American. The American accent and intonation are intolerable to him; but the fund of life the American carries with him is exhilarating in England. He is like a boy coming back to the aged father and mother and brushing up the wits of the old people. The father believes that he forgets more nightly than the boy has ever known. But the freshness of his points of view, the depth and speed of his intuition, the engaging power of quaint suggestion, the inevitable alertness of mind, the buoyancy and enthusiasm of his average mood, all these characteristics and qualities are so unexpected, so fresh and helpful, that the father cannot but admire, although he may be a good deal shocked. The Doric Englishman has become in America both Ionic and Corinthian; and there is no evidence that Sparta ever failed to admire Athens or Corinth, however much she thought it her duty to disapprove of their gods. Wherever we finally turn to account for the fact, to the atmosphere or amalgamation of varied races, or in general to the total change in environment, the fact itself will go unquestioned. An American, or better, a New Englander—for New England, roughly speaking, is a more distinctive and original English colony than the Virginias—starting as an Englishman has become in two centuries and a half a variant species, a new being. He seems making, at his best, toward an ideal type, midway between the Frenchman and his own English forefathers. And now he comes back into the parent nest something of a cuckoo, who creates amusement and some menacing annoyance. The Englishman likes him a "little bit," and he is devoted to the Englishman. What does it mean?

To an Englishman the world beyond the boundaries of his isle, save America and the Colonies, is inhabited by barbarians, just as Dacia or Italy or Persia was to the Greek. In Athens it is easy to please the Athenians. Plato proved it in an eloquent bit of satirical rhetoric entitled *Menexenus*, and I have heard it proved in America to Americans *ad nauseam*, in many a Fourth of July oration. England's Parliament

proves it nightly to the satisfaction of the readers of the *Times*. But the national pride of the United States, which has grown with the sense of achievement in the difficult process of working out its own salvation, differs widely in its character from the national pride of England, although both thrive on the glorious memories of portions of their past history. All the world, save the American and Colonial world, I have said, the Englishman thinks barbarian. America is not barbarian to him, for it is boyish, immature. An American might not be blamed for preferring the good company of the barbarians to the acceptance of the dubious distinction of the other classification. His sole comfort—I do not for one moment deny that this is enough—is in knowing that if he is a true American he is an Englishman scaled of a good many prejudices and longer-sighted. The natural language of the English national pride is "Leave England and you leave civilization behind you." Many a time have I heard it said. Whatever urbanity of manner England has has been taken on only because it was found necessary, for any sort of success in the carrying out of her own policy, to veil her two chief characteristics, brutality and directness, in an ingratiating air of manners. This is the wholesome result of England's contact with the great world. The Shaftesbury who was the author of the *Characteristics*, one of the most polished and cultivated of English gentlemen, and the best critic and one of the ablest writers of his time, has said: "All politeness is owing to liberty. We polish one another, and rub off our corners and rough sides by this amiable collision." The manners of England, which are the social conventions of her own political organism, are admirably adapted to the island itself. But outside of England they serve little purpose, so that beyond the limits of his own shores the Englishman is always at sea. Then his self-sufficiency, brutality, and directness come obtrusively to the fore. But in directness and all the good qualities of honesty and courage and pluck and singleness of purpose and simplicity that flow from it or are akin to it, no other people can vie with him. In becoming cosmopolitan he has got manners, learned a craft not quite natural to him, and lost something of his directness and honesty. But, though the changes of the

last half century have been so great, he is still a Dorian—still he scorns deceit and meanness. He hates guilelessness, but equally detests the wily. Evasion and circumlocution are not his habit. Therefore he is not prepared for the often Jesuitical quality of French subtlety or the as frequent American characteristic of chicanery. He does not like the uncanny caniness of people who are too clever. Facts and plodding are his province, and no one manipulates facts so well. English ethical philosophy and what little metaphysics there is in England are sufficient to prove this. But it takes more facts to convince the English than any other nation, and the Englishman has never risen to the generalization that facts can lie. A Frenchman knows this, and always counts upon it. For French finesse the English have no weapons so delicate. And for those American characteristics, by reason of which Proteus should have altars erected to him in the American market-places, the American alertness, adaptability, buoyancy, or, in their exaggerated forms, bumptiousness and smartness, they have an envious appreciation, although they look at times so primly askance, an appreciation that passes into a positive craving for more matter equally amusing. So Americans they cultivate and flatter and entertain royally, if often in a manner patronizing. But they make little distinction between Americans; they are not careful respecters of persons. They run after Mr. Lowell and Buffalo Bill with equal interest, and receive both into Society. Both are flattered and come again. This is so different from the way the Athenians mobbed a philosopher of Megara, who was keenly interested in the great innovator, Socrates, and journeyed once all the way across the Thrasian Plain, and up over the mountains to the olive-groves of Attica, to violet-crowned Athens, just to visit him and learn from him. But that was at a time when Megara had no commercial market, and wished in vain for free-trade. It is the immense *ennui* of their routine lives that troubles the English, and makes them rejoice at the freshness of Americans. Americans to the English are a new sensation.

But it is this very habit of convention, and this undeviating routine against which at heart the English chafe, and by reason of which they are so willing to welcome

any manifestation of freedom in others and evidence of absence of conventional restraint, when they are not asked to be pert nonconformists too, that makes England so fascinating and restful a country to the American. An American is like a cat in possessing nine lives and a clever habit of alighting in every fall upon his feet. The Englishman, not because he is too nice and delicate, but because he is not so easily adaptable, being used to one authoritative way of life prescribed by Church, Society, and State, is like glass or flowers, which, when moved, must always be moved "right side up with care." American versatility and vivacity are contagious; and every one in the United States is a chameleon. The pitch of American life is at fever heat. In their clubs Americans drink more whiskies and brandies and sodas, and more endless varieties of deleterious "cock-tail pick-me ups," as they call them, than any other nations. Busied in the struggle to live, it becomes a second nature to the American to live fast, and under the strain of the nervous tension he breaks utterly down in health before any of his European neighbors. His aim is not, as usually in England, to get money enough to live in such a way as to live well. He does not recognize that the only good of money is to buy leisure to be wise. But with eye fast fixed upon the coin itself, the dazed vision magnifies it into a good for its own sake. In America, on the whole, money is at present the chief condition of power. By money man is enabled there to crane himself above the dead level of uniformity. Hence, in general, America has not reached the point that England long ago attained, in which it can afford to cultivate other gods than Mammon. With such an ideal and such a cult arise everywhere sordidness of motive in the worshippers, and mediocrity if not actual vulgarity of aspiration; everywhere, that is, apart from the university centres of culture and the sections dominated by piety and the churches. But the piety of the churches, while sincere, is often sadly lacking in culture, whereas in England its hypocrisy has often æsthetic or patriotic sanction, while it is really more enlightened. Americans thank God that they have "a Church without a bishop, and a State without a king." So that certain temptations natural to England do not there en-

tice. America has fewer social shackles and fewer superstitions than any country in the world, but what it has are more galling and oppressive than any in England. "We believe," says its Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created free and equal." This assertion, as profoundly false as it is profoundly true, pervades all her institutions, and is dangerously *caviare* to the general. For not all Americans have by any means as yet recognized that only men that are equal are equal; that there are degrees of worth, and thus degrees of legitimate superiority, and consequently of social rank, but a rank of which brain ought to be the gauge. The truth in this utterance which they do appreciate is its insistence upon the inalienable right of every man to be himself, and to work out his own salvation, and its rejection of anything like the English notion, embalmed authoritatively in the Prayer-book, that the individual must content himself with smiling labor, however arduous, in the lot to which he is called and in which he is born.

But however strong may be the American's belief in man's inalienable right of liberty, the belief does not appear to have that general vitality we should have expected. The religious and social restrictions that exist in America, though infinitely fewer than those in England in the written statute books of the island and in the unwritten laws of the national goddess Respectability and her prophet, are not like English restrictions which are for the most part paper conventions, easily ignored in practice and thus prolific of hypocrisy, but arbitrarily tyrannical formulas of the strictest sort, most unfavorable to the development of individuality, and rendering a manly independent life all but impossible. This tyranny is not felt so much in the expression of one's political convictions. But it is shamefully exacting in social and religious life. In the rank and file of the churches in New England intolerance is still grievously rife, so that the average Methodist for instance, or Baptist, could never, even in the covert silence of his own rash musings, logically wish a hateful Unitarian or Universalist in hell, because his profound belief is quite at one with his professed creed that they are already doomed, and his interest in the matter would be utterly superfluous. In England, where, if Englishmen practised

in all sincerity what the Prayer-book preaches, intolerance should be far more general and savage, as a matter of fact it is far less frequent. Indeed, religious intolerance pure and simple may be said scarcely to exist at all, whatever distrust there is of the Nonconformist being distinctly a political affair. But the Prayer-book offers a most convenient code to fall back upon as a means for the wholesale instruction of children and the lower classes. In England surely it is decidedly in the interests of the upper classes and the public weal to be able authoritatively to enjoin upon servants the ordering of themselves "lowly and reverently" to all their betters; and the necessity of their "doing their duty in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call them." This means in England that servants are born servants, and must die servants, and need not complain, for they are a different race, helots in the Spartan realm. In a land where no man is born a servant, or, if he is, hopes some day to be President of his country, it is obvious, and to the English traveller it will often be painfully, obnoxiously obvious, that there must frequently be a vast deal of prevalent vulgarity of self-assertion, and annoying friction, and loud-mouthed jarring of dissonant advisers. Such is indeed the case in the America of to-day. But the fact is of the highest significance. In America to-day there are more human beings with a growing sense of their own worth as men, more individuals with sense of self and personality, than have ever before been congregated in history. Almost all her deficiencies and disadvantages seem capable of being interpreted as necessary evils. So that at present America's undoubted lack of distinction is really its great distinction. The ideal aim of civilization is the fullest general development of personality in all the individuals composing the nation. But the process is painful in a high degree. And a nation in the stress and strain of personal development is not a pleasant place for people of delicate organism or too nice nerves. But the critic who, noting the application of this truth to America, stops at the fact without explaining it or determining the prophecy in it, is too lazy to think. It should be pointed out that the unrest, the absence of taste, the reaching after new ideas, the self-assertion, the youthful confidence

and bounce, are all inevitable characteristics sure to be outgrown, unless some cataclysm engulf the entire proud Korah's troop of the American people and nip them, like the fabled Atlantis, in the bud. America to-day marks a further general advance in civilization than has yet been attained. There is a more pervasive personal life there, a greater general power of the imagination, and a higher average mental and moral development than in any country in the world. But if this be true of the average, the highest quality is much rarer than in England. A small remnant is what we should have expected however. With more ideas as a nation than the English, if less than the French, the American is fortunate in having less fickleness than the latter and more repose. He is more sympathetic and more appreciative than the Englishman. But a people waking to a knowledge of itself is not a tractable monster. Its millions of heads mean each a thinking brain liable to entangle its Briarean arms. Here is horror and anarchy in germ. The Zeit-Geist seems very foolhardy, it must be owned, to try so uncertain and strange a game.

England, therefore, to an American, is a fair land flowing with milk and honey, where he may rest his tired eyes and weary brain. Here, after all the uproar of his home, is dignity and strength and charm. All the relics of feudalism exercise upon the American their spell. All over the land he hears the whispering of immemorial elms. He walks in Druid groves or on the earthworks of Danish camps. It is not the Church alone that is established. Every English institution seems to stand upon a pyramid base that cannot be shaken. All the land is fair, as it rolls, and well-tilled to the horizon. But not only is it like a gentleman's park, but it is really such; the playground of grand feudal lords in the pay of Poseidon, who boast in their addresses to their retainers of England's dominion of the sea and of the glories of her world-encircling commerce, but neglect to mention that, in compensation for these splendid distinctions, England's fruit-trees run a danger of being left to wither, and her fields of going unproductive. Fruit may be had from the Channel Islands, grain from the United States, eggs, chickens, vegetables from the Continent. The individual English farmer seems doomed. If gentlemen

have money to buy products from abroad, their own fields they may polish into parks. Hare and deer, and grouse and pheasant, and wood-pigeon and partridges were all created for the glory of England. Adam, bless him, gave them English names. The American, however, who is a long time learning this, would be a fool to quarrel with this paradise in which he finds himself so comfortably at home, and so well treated when he arrives. For England is the prettiest country in the world. The misty air which hovers over it and on the slightest provocation touches it with softening blue, seems charged with opiates. England, summer England, is a Circe's garden, where the passing traveller never gets even a single revealing whiff from the stagnant pools of slime in the pig-pens so carefully hidden. The wind never blows from that quarter, for the air above the heads of moneyed England is never troubled; nor is there any circulation or current from below,—the cool, conventional, calm atmosphere of upper England seeming eternally satisfying, and nothing heated or mephitic ever rising to insult the too nice nerves of those who dwell above, or send sickening warning of any rottenness beneath. The towers of Westminster grow daily, as one gazes, more and more beautiful. The cabs continue to glide easily and cheaply over noiseless pavements. Your tailor calls you "sir," and never asks for money, and the school-children courtesy as they pass. The moonlight lies with beauty rare upon the grand sweep of the Thames at Richmond, and sleeps upon the meadows by the stream. Windsor, serene, majestic, dominates her park with dignity of far-seen towers. The lanes of Devon wind and wind between their high hedges tangled with moss-rose in curves of sweetest and most suggestive charm. Still over Bolton Abbey climbs the ivy, while the river, wandering through the peaceful dale, murmurs memories of Wordsworth. Cathedral spires soar, and nightingales sing, and the gardens of Oxford bloom in sweet seclusion, and the live oak grows at Clovelly quite unto the iridescent sea. And who shall say that England is not fair? Against such let her church bells chime *anathema*! But occasionally there are hateful murmurs, as of rumbling earthquakes, of dock laborers on strike, and occasionally one is forced to listen to an

anxious discussion upon Royal Grants; and occasionally one hears the theatre shake with the applause of the people, the English people, sanctioning vociferously the motive of a play teaching, as does the *Middleman*, the truth so rarely true for England, that the laborer is worthy of his hire. Then England takes another line; and the critic has new light on Isaiah's fulminations, and the stern Thucydidean account of the Sicilian expedition. But meanwhile, till the air begins to circulate much more than at present, they who can afford the *dolce far niente* life will continue to bask in the English fields and let inconvenient suggestions alone. Thinking is so troublesome and stupid. But Americans, seeing the stress of the growing problem of England, namely, how, in the acceptance and assimilation of the democratic principle, she shall hasten without total collapse or serious and chronic disorder, the natural process of transformation, so as to accomplish in one year what should take, the physiologists tell us, seven, need not so speedily congratulate themselves upon their greater good-fortune. The American problem, which is even of higher interest, is no whit less difficult. The responsibility of vindicating democracy will be upon the next half-century of American men. America thinks its *raison d'être* is proved. Vain beating of its eagle wings! The second historical era of the world, which began with the discovery of America, is passing into its crisis. And to the responsibility of it in America as well as in England, but most of all in America, there will not be men enough to rise, unless soon they cease clasping their hands below the purse-fold of their gowns and always looking about to spy whence they may get them gold. As it is, this age in America does not so much differ from the Alexandrian, of which Theocritus wrote that the very rust of the money was too precious to be rubbed off for a gift.

England despises France, and dislikes it because she thinks it given over to bawds and feminine baubles. The healthy Englishman loathes baubles, and, if he allows himself to traffic with the former, makes

a bestial business of it, and not a pretty pleasure all redolent of musk. Englishmen judge the French from their knowledge of Paris, and Paris from its *cancan*. To a Frenchman's pre-eminent capacity for ideas, and his distinction in all departments of intellectual inquiry, England turns the deafest of insular ears. Because France flutters and is versatile, England damns it as unstable, undignified, and fickle. The generalizing tendency of the French, and their lightness of spirit and sympathy for variable moods, become to England indications of superficiality. Thus because she has not an atom of respect for France, French institutions, her democratic tendencies, her republicanism, do not appreciably menace England. This is an important point, that while socially France is such a power, politically she is nil. But in contrast with the political inefficiency of France is the strong influence of America. New England, America, has never ceased to react most powerfully upon the Mother Island. From the beginning, down through Franklin and Emerson to the present moment, while America seems to loom over the top of the sea, silently but resolutely and certainly as Fate, even as a python insinuates itself into the jungle and enfolds its prey, American ideas have permeated English life. I am not sure if the history of New England be not the greatest glory of England. It should surely be the greatest pride of New England that its history is the most characteristic and significant in English history. New England will grow to be content, nay, to rejoice, that, besides to the Lares of its own hearthstone, it is drawn more strongly still to this island beyond the Atlantic sacred as the home of the race; a sacred isle, more sacred than Delos or Delphi or Pisa to the Greek, a holy ground of relics and symbols and signs and superstitions, touched with the melancholy and charm of the evening light through the western windows of its grand cathedrals; the *τέμενος*, the *ἄλτις*, the sacred enclosure, of the inheritors of the tongue of Shakespeare, of Bacon, and of Milton, wherever they breathe under the sun.—*Fortnightly Review*.

POEMS.

BY COSMO MONKHOUSE.

I.

UNDER THE OAK.

SOFT the wind-blow and sunshine
 In this garden which is mine ;
 Scarce a hundred yards in girth,
 Yet a part of all the earth !
 World for carpet, roof of skies,
 Walls of Nature's tapestries,
 Naught between the sun and me
 Save the curtain of a tree.

Here as 'neath the oak I sit,
 Whisperings come out of it ;
 Summer-fancies, half desires,
 Breaths that fan forgotten fires,
 Trembling little waifs of song,
 Seeking words to make them strong,
 Life that dies without a sorrow,
 Butterflies of no to morrow,
 Odors of a bygone day,
 All the sweets that will not stay,
 All the sweets that never cloy,
 Unembodied souls of joy,
 Sing and flutter, flash and go,
 With a ceaseless interflow ;
 Till at last some happier seed,
 Finds the rest its brothers need,
 Strikes a root and grows and climbs,
 Buds in words and flowers in rhymes.

Who shall tell me how it came !
 Was it in this winnowed flame,
 Golden dripping through the leaves
 Like the grain of heavenly sheaves !
 From the voice of throstle clear
 Was it filtered through the ear ?
 Came it thus, or did it come
 Borne upon the wild bee's hum,
 That a moment buzzed around
 With a circle charmed of sound ?
 Or did Zephyr in a dell
 Steal it with a scent as well
 From some hidden flower-bell,
 To instil its life in me
 With a subtle chemistry ?

Little knew I, but a sense
 Solemn, delicate, intense,
 Filled my spirit with a bliss
 Sweeter, holier, than a kiss—

Liquid, radiant, unthought,
That at once all being brought
Into rarer harmony,
Beast and bird, and sun and tree,
Air and perfume, God and me.

Just as one whose birthright lost,
Wonder struck and passion-tost,
After many a loveless day
Sails at length into a bay
Where he thinks his bones to lay,
Finds indeed an end to strife,
Not in dying, but in life,
Friends and kindred, birthright, all,
With dear love for coronal.

So at length I seemed at home
Underneath that distant dome,
Where the spirit holds at ease
Frank communion with the trees ;
Comrade of the boundless wind,
Linked in universal mind
With all things which live or are,
From the daisy to the star,
Part for once of Nature's plan,
Not the lonely exile—Man.

II.

THE TRUE LOVER.

To him whose love flows on—beyond the shore
Of life, whose days are full of loneliness,
But who within the heart's remote recesses
Hears the bright laughter of the living world ;—
To him Delight is as a ringlet curled
Around his finger for a little space,
That, slipping, leaves him thinking of a face
Which laughed and wept, but now shall weep no more.

To him there is no treason in new love
That wrongs not any old, no faith in giving
To wantless dead the crumbs that feed the living,
Devotion none in watching wakeless sleep,
For him his friends descend not to the deep
Of sunless graves, but with no clouded face
Remain to cheer the remnant of his race
Between the green earth and the stars above.

To him indeed the world is as "a stage"
From which there is no exit for the players,
The scene is crowded with the dear delayers
Whose part is over, but they do not go.
But still he lives his part of joy or woe
Unlearned, unacted, as the Master-will
Dictates whose many-plotted dramas fill
The theatre of life from age to age.

To him each year a benefactor seems
 That leaves him stores of happiness and sorrow ;—
 He neither hugs to-day nor fears to-morrow ;
 He welcomes winter as he welcomes spring ;
 For he has shaken hands with suffering
 And seen the wings of joy, nor does he scorn
 The gift of any day however born,
 In mist of tears or in the light of dreams.

To him the new is dearer for the old,
 To him the old for each new day is dearer,
 His unforgotten youth seems ever nearer,
 As though the ends of life were made to meet ;
 To him the mingled cup of bitter-sweet
 Is grown familiar as his daily bread,
 And in the awful dark he rests his head
 With a hushed confidence that is not bold.

To him Death seems less terrible than sleep,
 For he has seen the happiness of dying,
 And no bad dreams disturb the tranquil lying
 Of those who bear green grass above the breast ;
 And if there be a waking after rest,
 He shall not wake alone, but he shall be
 With all he loves and all he longs to see ;
 And if he shall not wake—he shall not weep.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

PRIDE AND MERIT.

It is curious to observe how proud Mr. Stanley is of his own swift insight and resolution. In the speech at Cairo briefly reported by telegraph on January 22d, he once more dealt, with apparently very unnecessary emphasis, and surely a certain want of taste, on Emin Pasha's vacillations and the alternatives he had so peremptorily pressed upon him. Considering the very critical state of Emin Pasha's health, this reversion to the subject of the hesitatingness of the one European, and the decisiveness of the other, could hardly have taken place had not Mr. Stanley's mind been very full of it,—had he not, we may say, been a little too much inclined to thank God that he was not as other men are, nor even as this Emin. Nor can there be any doubt that this clearness and peremptoriness of resolve are qualities for which Mr. Stanley has the greatest reason to be thankful. Doubtless they distinguish him among men as nothing else distinguishes him, though he has no occasion to be so very anxious to contrast his promptness of resolve with the German's reluctance to take his final decision, and with his subse-

quent tendency to question whether or not he had decided wrongly. In enterprises such as those of Mr. Stanley, the power to discern quickly what is, on the whole, the best course, and to adhere to a decision when taken without the smallest disposition to waver or hark back upon former doubts, are endowments worth almost all other endowments put together. We do not blame him in the least for attaching the highest value to this promptness of discernment, and this perfect confidence in the justness of his own decision. Without these qualities Mr. Stanley could no more have accomplished what he has accomplished, than Newton could have discovered the law of gravitation without unrivalled powers of mathematical reflection, or Milton have written "Paradise Lost" without an imaginative ardor and a sense of the rhythmic felicities of speech which hardly any human being has surpassed. Mr. Stanley's pride is a fitting and reasonable pride, though it may have tempted him to indulge it in this instance at the cost of good taste, and perhaps even good manners. But we take note of it not so

much in order to show that Mr. Stanley understands how to appreciate accurately his own strong points, as to illustrate the fact that what men are almost always, and, as we think, quite rightly, proudest of, is, *not* that which they can justly ascribe to their own efforts and volitions, but that which they have inherited without the smallest merit on their own part. What, for instance, men are perhaps on the whole most proud of, is their blood when they are well descended, and yet no one can say that they are in the smallest degree responsible for that; or again of their genius or talents or physical strength if they are not well descended, and all these things are endowments, and never in any great degree due to self-culture. What women are certainly proudest of, is their beauty or grace, and neither beauty nor grace can be acquired without a considerable original gift, beauty not in any degree, and even grace in very small degree, for a grace which is in any way artificial is not grace but a soft mannerism. As a rule, men show very distinctly how much they prefer gifts for which they can claim absolutely no merit, to gifts for the possession of which they have at least some small share of merit, by being positively indignant if they find that anybody happens to ascribe mere wealth that they have inherited from their fathers, to their own hard work. Seldom indeed is a family proud of being supposed to be "new" when it is really old; but a family that is really "new" is generally delighted to be mistaken for an old family. That only means that a family is proud, not of having earned its own wealth, but of having had its wealth transmitted to it. And yet wealth, if it be self-made, is just one of the possessions which is in great measure due to mere effort, steady diligence, minute care, and punctual habits,—all of which are usually more or less acquired or cultivated qualities, and hardly ever the mere results of transmitted talent. That shows that men are prouder of possessions which they can prove to be inherited, and *not* due in any degree to their own efforts, than they are of those which they have acquired by hard service. And it is the same with women. If you admire a woman's jewels, for instance, she is twice as proud of them if she can prove that they are heirlooms, as she is if she should have bought them herself out of her own earn-

ings. And so, too, a great musician is a thousand times as proud of gifts of ear and touch which he can prove that he possessed as an infant, when it was simply impossible that he could have acquired them by any pains of his own, as he is of what he has made his own by hard industrious drill. The truth is, no doubt, that men regard the fruits of plodding as open to all the world, while they regard any remarkable heirloom, physical or spiritual, as distinguishing them from the rest of mankind, and as conferring upon them a distinction that is adventitious no doubt, but exactly because it is adventitious, is also rare and significant. If Mr. Stanley had only that amount of prompt insight and alert resolve which he might have gained for himself by sedulous self-discipline, he would not be so proud of it; but thoroughly aware as he is, that it amounts in him to genius of a high order, which distinguishes him far above the ordinary traveller who has to run a multitude of risks and to escape from them by presence of mind and strength of purpose, he is excessively proud of it, and loves to contrast it with the inferior endowment of another great traveller who has also distinguished himself in the same field, but distinguished himself in a very much lower degree. All the most honorable pride is pride that, if properly analyzed, is strictly unselfish, that centres in what has been given us by others, not won by ourselves, like pride in our country, in our nation's achievements, in our race, in our friends, in our parents, and, of course, for the most part, even in our children, who, though they may owe much to our care in bringing out all their higher qualities and restraining all their lower qualities, owe very much more to gifts which we had the power neither to bestow nor to withhold. All the more generous pride entertained by human beings, is pride in the possession of either privileges or endowments which those who enjoy them could never have earned for themselves, and which they would not have valued a tenth-part as much as they do if it had not been quite out of their power to choose whether they would have or would reject them.

But the unquestionable truth that this is so, is, as a matter of fact, forgotten by the greater number of those who feel this pride even in its more generous forms. They do allow their pride to increase their

sense of self-importance, instead of, as it should do, tending rather to diminish it. The man who is proud of being an Englishman, for instance, is very apt to regard it as a sort of personal credit to himself that he is an Englishman, in spite of the perfectly obvious truth that he has no more credit in the matter than he has for possessing two hands and two legs. The beauty, again, can very seldom contrive not to think it a credit to herself that she should be a beauty, or the man of genius to doubt that he deserves all the better of the world for having a genius. Yet these gifts ought to be really regarded with that sort of modest pride in the possession of treasures to which we had no sort of natural right or moral claim, that a man feels, for instance, in living in fine scenery, or in a refined and thoughtful society. In fact the very same feeling should dominate all the nobler kinds of pride which filled the hearts of the greater saints who said that, but for the grace of God,—that is, but for something which they could not in any way command or control,—they should have been the most despicable and sinful of beings. Thus the better kind of pride should add, not to the sense of merit, but (rather of the two) to the sense of demerit, because it should deepen and intensify the consciousness of the lavish gifts, the inherited advantages, the high level of opportunity from which we started, and from which it might have been fairly hoped that we should have been able to achieve far more than we actually have achieved. The higher pride ought to deepen modesty. How can a man be proud of his ancestry without feeling the extreme danger that he will not be able to justify his descent? How can a man be proud of his possessions without fearing that he will be found to have been unwor-

thy of the trust which those possessions impose? Most of all, how can a man be proud of his genius without dreading that he may prove a spendthrift of that genius instead of its skilful almoner? A man who takes a genuine pride in the public love and esteem in which (suppose) his father is held, can hardly help feeling all the more modest the deeper that pride is; and yet that is, as we hold, precisely the attitude in which he should look upon his rank or his wealth, or even his personal strength and dexterity, though, of course, these latter gifts are not subjects for anything like an equal amount of pride. Even Mr. Stanley's legitimate pride in his own swiftness of insight and promptitude of resolve, would have been all the wiser and more legitimate if he could have shown that he took no credit to himself for what had been the free gift of Providence, and did not think of comparing his own decision with Emin Pasha's vacillation, while he was studying how best to make his resoluteness serve the purpose of extricating the great German from the embarrassments of a difficult and ambiguous crisis. If, indeed, pride were limited to the qualities for which we could honestly take credit as of our own fostering, there would hardly be enough of pride among us to make it signify anything important in human life. It is not only not so limited, but a vast deal more of it, and that, too, of a vastly better kind, is felt in relation to privileges and possessions for which we are eager to assert that we can claim no credit at all, than in relation to either wealth or moral qualities which we have painfully acquired. In other words, the best pride must go hand in hand with the deepest modesty in things secular as well as in things religious.—*Spectator*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

FOUNDATIONS OF SEMITIC RELIGION.

LECTURES ON THE RELIGION OF THE SEMITES. First Series, Fundamental Institutions. By W. Robertson Smith, M.A., LL.D., Fellow of Christ Church, and Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Those who have followed the religious controversies of the last ten years with any care

need hardly be told that Dr. Robertson Smith stands in the very first rank among the students of comparative religion. It is only a few years since that the leaders of the Scotch Free Church called him to a rigid account for his lectures delivered at the University of Edinburgh, in which he boldly propounded the views entertained by the most advanced biblical scholars of Europe. He was compelled to resign his post. Now we find him

again delivering university lectures in one of the oldest hereditary seats of Scotch religious reform. This would seem to indicate some change of attitude among Scotch theologians. One thing is beyond question. Whatever may be thought of Dr. Robertson Smith's conclusions, no one can dispute his weight as an authority in Arabic, Hebrew, and Cuneiform scholarship, and his competency to judge of the religious institutions which grew up under the conditions of Semitic life. We may assume, too, that the drift of the investigations embodied in these lectures before the students of Marischal College, Aberdeen, is far less likely to arouse bitter controversy than the previous criticisms, which clashed at so many points with the rigid views of a conservative school of thinkers on what they regarded as the very foundation of truth. Probably, with the possible exception of Professor A. H. Sayce, Dr. Robertson Smith has no equal in Semitic scholarship. His voice there, in his specialties, is one, the lightest word of which commands respect if not assent.

These lectures concern themselves with the primitive institutions which marked the religions of the Semitic races (Hebrews and other tribes of Syro-Palestine, Arabs, Phœnicians, Assyrians, and Babylonians), and may be found strongly stamped on them all. The book before us is confined to a study of the relation of the Semitic gods to their worshippers and to nature in general; the superstitions attached to holy places and sanctuaries, and of sacrifice—human, animal—and of the fruits of the earth, on which bloody corner-stone the weight of Semitic religion so largely rests. In future lectures Dr. Smith will discuss the nature and origin, the myths, the superstitions and beliefs crystallized around the Semitic heathen gods; and lastly, he will measure the enormous importance of the intellectual and moral heritage which Semitic religion has transmitted to the world.

At the very start the author impresses the fact on the mind that at the outset ritual was not only the body, but all there was of religion. Creeds, philosophies, intellectual speculations were after-thoughts. This is true of all religions, but there is reason to believe that it was peculiarly so of the religions of the Semitic races. Dr. Smith gives a practical *raison d'être* for the pursuit of researches into these ancient institutions in the fact that out of them grew Judaism, just as out of Judaism grew Christianity and Islam, and that it is not possible to fully understand all the forces that

entered into the evolution of these systems without getting back to the root sources. The Christian of to day, accustomed to take all the elements and doctrines of his religion as a matter of course, will be surprised to find what freshness of light and understanding is thrown on his conventional notions, when he follows the track of research backward. Take, for example, the sacrifice of Christ as a ransom for the sins of men. The New Testament doctrine of sacrifice is stated as an accepted fact, the one way in which ransom was legitimately made. We trace this to the Old Testament and find that it is here only described historically. We have not arrived at the Genesis. By studying the primitive habits of the Semitic nations and tribes, it is found that the idea of sacrifice belongs in common to the whole congeries of Semitic tribes, of whom the Hebrews, aside from their tremendous part in the spiritual and religious development of the world, were a very insignificant part. We find sacrifices of the same kind and very closely after the same ritual performed by the other Semites both before and after the Mosaic dispensation. Human sacrifice was characteristic of the Semitic peoples from a very early—the earliest day. The Phœnician peoples of Tyre, Sidon, and Carthage, raised it to a bloody cult unspeakably horrible, and the Canaanitish tribes of Palestine, so closely allied to the Hebrews in race, habits, and language were only less barbarous. Indeed, there can be no question that human sacrifice was more or less an Hebraic custom. We need only to go to the Old Testament itself to find very distinct traces of it.

The growth of Judaism, the acceptance of one supreme God Jehovah or Jahveh, as the king and ruler of all the world, was of very gradual development. In fact, the doctrine taught by the priests seems to have had no very strong hold on the Israelites, who continually relapsed and worshipped the deities of Canaan, as if it made but little difference. The close kinship of the Hebrew tribes with their neighbors, and their mental similarity, made this change of worship appear a trifling matter. The grand spiritual significance which was to be ultimately evolved when the Jahvehistic conception was full grown was utterly wanting to the thoughts of the fierce and ruthless tribes battling for their existence in Palestine. Then God, like the other gods, was only a tribal God. Even King David seems not to have got far beyond this notion, for he had often sacrificed on strange altars,

though in his full-fledged royal prosperity he was true to the God of Israel. Until the Israelites were consolidated into a kingdom, with a royal capital and a temple, it seems pretty conclusive that essentially in their rites and ceremonies and in the general institutions of their religion, they did not widely differ from the other peoples of Syria.

For fundamental institutions, of course, we must go back of the Hebrews, who stand in our minds as the typical Semitic race. Many scholars have settled on the Babylonians as the most primitive race, whose Semitic institutions could be studied to the best advantage. But Dr. Smith does not agree with this view. The fact that the Babylonian civilization, even the Cuneiform characters in which their literature was recorded, was inherited from the Accadians, distinctly a non-Semitic race, and probably closely allied to the primitive race of China, would seem to indicate that foreign elements had very much modified the purely Semitic institutions of Babylonia and Assyria. It is to the primitive nomads of Arabia that the lecturer looks for the earliest and purest type of Semitic religious institutions. The largest portion of the lectures in the present volume is devoted to the significance and methods of sacrifice as a system of atonement. Those who have studied the early religious manifestations of the Aryan races, even of other savage and semi-civilized nations as well, will be struck, however, with the similarity of his statements to facts true in no less degree of the latter. The lectures which are to follow the first series will be looked for with keen interest by those interested in such subjects.

STANLEY'S LAST ACHIEVEMENT.

THE STORY OF EMIN'S RESCUE AS TOLD IN STANLEY'S LETTERS. Published by Mr. Stanley's Permission. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, Librarian to the Royal Geographical Society. With Map of the Route. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In all the literature of travel so full of romance, adventure, heroism, and suffering, there is no such entrancing story as that related in this little volume, the forerunner of Mr. Stanley's more elaborate book, which we may expect in due time. It was only a few weeks ago that the world was still in doubt as to the success of the great explorer. We now know that he has emerged successful in his mission after experiences almost unparalleled, even in his own remarkable career. Those

who read "Across the Dark Continent," and were thrilled by that most stirring narrative of the series of adventures which defined the course of the river Congo, and gave what may be called a new empire to the encroachments of civilization, will find in Stanley's last expedition an epic of travel no whit less interesting. Perhaps it is a work of supererogation to recall the conditions which gave birth to the enterprise, but it may be of use to some readers.

Emin Pasha, originally a German physician, who had been in the Turkish service, entered the service of the Khedive of Egypt in 1876 as surgeon and naturalist on the staff of General Gordon, who had just been appointed Governor-General of the Soudan. Two years after Emin was made Governor of the Equatorial Province, as he had shown great talents for administration. In a very short time he had swept the province clear of the slave traders, and reorganized the affairs of the province. After the success of the *Mohdi* in the upper part of the province, and the capture of Khartoum, in spite of the near vicinity of the English relief expedition, Emin was put in great danger; but he refused to evacuate the region and thus remit it to the renewed domination of barbarism and the slave-trade. About three years ago the European world began to be appreciative of the heroic and noble stand made by Emin in the very heart of savage Africa, and the final outcome of this sentiment was the relief expedition which Stanley gallantly offered to lead as a matter of love not of reward.

The explorer, whose experience in African matters surpassed that of any other man of his time, determined to make the upper Congo his point of departure for the region of the Albert Nyanza, where Emin was believed to be. The expedition, organized at Zanzibar, sailed for the mouth of the Congo, *via* the Cape, and proceeded up the great river, which Stanley had given to civilization, to the junction of the Aruwimi River, 1500 miles from the mouth of the Congo. An intrenched camp was left at Yambuya, near this place, under the command of Major Barttelot. This rear column of 257 men and five white officers was to follow immediately that Tippu Tib, the notorious African slave and ivory-trader, filled his contract with Stanley to supply 500 native *pegasi* or carriers. Stanley with four white officers and 389 men pressed on to find Emin, who was supposed to be in desperate straits, at once. The distance in a direct line to be

traversed before reaching the Albert Lake is 450 miles, and as Emin was known to have two steamers on the lake this feat of reaching the Nyanza, and then of communicating with the Pasha seemed to be one not attended with remarkable difficulties. In practice, however, it proved to be an enterprise of stupendous danger and obstacles. We must refer the reader for details to the book itself. Stanley reached the lake with only 173 men out of the original 341. Sickness, starvation, and the poisoned arrows of the fierce dwarfs of the Congo forest accounted for the rest. But considerable time and difficulty yet interposed before Stanley met Emin, and found him quite indisposed to leave Equatorial Africa in any case. He could not easily make up his mind to forsake the region where he had done such wonderful work and thus make it a dead fact. While the Pasha was coming to a decision, Stanley returned on his old terrible track to bring up his rear-guard, about whom he had begun to be seriously alarmed. On arriving at Bonalga, 80 miles above Yambuya on the Congo, Stanley met the forlorn remains of his rear-guard—one white officer and 72 men out of 257. Major Barttelot had been treacherously assassinated by the Manyema carriers, Tippu Tib had proved false to his trust, the other white officers had been invalidated, and most of the men had died from sickness or deserted. This was twenty months after Stanley's starting from the station at Yambuya.

Again, Stanley, with the reunited party, started to traverse the savage and hostile region which he had twice crossed before, but so terrible had been the punishment which he had inflicted on his assailants that his last march was not seriously hampered by foes, though imminently threatened by starvation. But the leader's heroic energy and endurance vanquished everything, and he finally reached the lake for the third time, eight months after he had last left it. Fortune was again on the side of his failure. Strange things had happened during eight months. Emin's Egyptian officers had revolted against him, and placed him and Mounteney Jephson, Stanley's assistant, who had left with the Pasha, in confinement. After weary waiting for some solution of this new difficulty, the *deus ex machina* appeared in a fresh irruption of the Mahdists. The ultimate result was to so terrify Emin's rebellious people that the Pasha and his companion were released, and all were willing to accept Stanley's escort to the sea-coast.

This is but a meagre skeleton of an extra-

ordinary expedition. The *ECLECTIC* publishes in its present issue an article on the same subject written by J. Scott Keltie, who edited the book under notice for publication, which enters into Stanley's career—including his last venture—at some length, to which the reader is referred. The book before us is one of surpassing interest; and the graphic personal style of letters written at first hand, when the peril and adventure undergone were fresh, greatly enhances the vividness of the story. The letters are for the most part from Stanley himself, but include several from Major Barttelot, Mounteney Jephson, and others. Those who love to read of heroic and hardy adventure will not go amiss in perusing this little volume. It has an excellent double-page map of Stanley's routes in traversing and retraversing the hitherto unexplored region between the highest bend of the Congo and the Equatorial lake region.

PHILOSOPHY OF PHYSICAL EFFORT.

PHYSIOLOGY OF BODILY EXERCISE. By Ferdinand Lagrange, M.D. (International Scientific Series.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

So much attention is being given in this age to physical culture that any book discussing its problems from the standpoint of scientific analysis will be found welcome. Dr. Lagrange does not attempt to dilate on his theme from the purely practical side. He does not tell us why we grow strong in virtue of special exercises. He does not give the lover of athletics a manual of culture for his guidance. But getting down below all these pure questions of utility, he attempts to solve problems connected with the primitive conditions of nervous and muscular energy. To be sure, in his later chapters, our author gives some important practical advice as to methods of physical recreation. For example, he advises persons whose brains are not overworked to cultivate fencing, boxing, the gymnasium and riding school. All these forms of exercise tax the mind as well as the body. For those on the other hand, whose brains are congested by intense application, such exercises as do not excite the mind are more valuable, such as long walks, running, ball-throwing, rowing, etc. Entire relief should be given to the mind in such cases, and only those exercises pursued which least tax close attention and voluntary muscular action. These broad distinctions are exemplified in a very interesting way, and they clear the track of a good deal of rubbish which has been spoken and written on the

philosophy of exercise. How far they would modify the interesting problem of college athletics, if rigidly obeyed and applied, would be a curious query.

The larger part of Dr. Lagrange's book is devoted to the scientific analysis of muscular motion, its causes and consequences. He begins with a sketch of the apparatus of the muscular system and of the nerves. He explains the processes of heat and combustion as carried on by the organs of the body, and proceeds to tell why we become fatigued, breathless, and stiff from overwork. The physiology of fatigue and difficulty in breathing, as a consequence of violent exercise, is very clearly explained, and should be a guide to all those who study the laws of physical culture. Those exercises which expend a great deal of force in a very short time—in other words, which send more blood to the lungs than the aerating apparatus can properly oxygenate, are the ones which cause breathlessness. The respiratory organs in their attempt to keep up with the demand become fatigued and cannot do their work; the person then becomes asphyxiated or temporarily poisoned by the carbonic acid gas which is not thrown off in its proper course, and the retained gas causes a stupefaction of the powers. Mere muscular fatigue, on the other hand, may be caused by a continued tax on any portion of the body without being accompanied by any respiratory difficulty, except of a purely temporary nature. Breathlessness affects the whole system, and is not relieved at once. Any one, who without proper training, has run a considerable distance, realizes the distress paralyzing to all effort which is the inevitable result. The less trained the muscles, the more blood is summoned to them to force them to their work, and the more violent the respiration to purify the excess of venous blood which the heart pumps into the lungs. The perfection of exercise is that which so husband the output of force that it brings into perfect balance the production of carbonic acid gas and its elimination by the lungs. Of course persistence in exercise which expands the lung volume and strength enables the man to do more and more work and meet bigger demands by an increase of respiratory resources. The lungs grow, as well as do the muscles, by use, and if the heart action is all right, their power can be tremendously augmented. Yet there is a limit to this, and the competitor for athletic prizes is liable at any time to put forth efforts which

will greatly overtax his lung power. There is hardly a college rowing match where one or more of each crew are not completely knocked up for some hours by the violence of the work. Every captain of a rowing crew, therefore, aims to husband the resources of his men for the final spurts, and to study those forms of movement which do the most effective work with the least expenditure of breathing power. It is not fatigue of the muscles which is to be dreaded at such times, but fatigue of the lungs.

Our author's inquiries into the nature of that after-phenomenon of violent exercise which we characterize as stiffness, are a good example of his careful method of investigation. Without attempting to follow his analysis we will state his conclusion. He tends to believe that just as breathlessness is the result of temporary asphyxiation or poisoning by carbonic-acid gas, which has not been eliminated, so the cumulative effect of fatigue, which we recognize as stiffness, is also a semi-paralysis brought about by the action of the products of activity on the body. The urates in the blood are carried off by insensible perspiration and by the kidneys. If these are more rapidly generated by combustion than the natural outlets can accommodate, their action on the muscular fibre may be supposed to have some transient effect of a septic character. We venture to suggest a parallel illustration, which may throw a little light on Dr. Lagrange's analysis. Excess of urates in the blood in the case of those who take too little bodily exercise is exhibited in renal colic, gout, and rheumatism. Many persons generally good in health have severe attacks of lumbago, which may be specialized for our purpose. This is practically muscular rheumatism of the loins and lower back. Extreme stiffness from fatigue is almost precisely the same feeling as the pain resulting from lumbago. The fact that moderate exercise, cold bathing, and vigorous massage of the skin will most surely relieve both of these troubles in a healthy person, would seem to point to a similar cause.

Among other chapters which will be found interesting are those especially which consider the effects of habitual work and the scientific classification of exercises. He also shows what an important part the brain plays in exercise, and how it operates on the muscular system. This part of the work throws light on many side issues which relate to psycho-physiology, and are connected with curious problems

seemingly far distant from questions of physical exercise. The book is one of the most valuable and suggestive in matters of every-day interest which has been published in a long series, that has already covered such a wide range of topics.

A TRAVELLER'S NARRATIVE.

AROUND AND ABOUT SOUTH AMERICA. By Frank Vincent. With Maps, Plans, and Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Vincent, among those who may be called literary travellers, or those who make long journeys in strange countries to write about them for the pleasure of the stay-at-homes, is one to whom the reader will turn with interest. He has made himself a pleasant reputation as an entertaining narrator, whose eyes are wide open in his globe-trotting, and who knows how to make his readers see things with something of the vividness of first sight. He knows what to tell and how to tell it, faculties not always equally yoked in those who write books of travel. South America is a large field of description, containing as it does a dozen different nationalities, widely differing in character and country, in spite of the fact that they are mostly of the same blood. Mr. Vincent has skill in differentiation, and gives us clean-cut sketches, lively and agreeable adventure, and any amount of information served up with its proper sugar-coating. What more can one look for in the casual book of travel which one could do just as well without? His journeyings covered about twenty months, and took him not only through the civilized parts, both city and country of Brazil, Argentine Republic, Chili, etc., but enabled him to make some personal acquaintance with the mighty river system of South America by ascents of the Amazon, Orinoco, Parana, Paraguay, and Magdalena rivers. Mr. Vincent, like all other travellers, has occasion to observe the remarkable difference between such countries as the Argentine Republic and Chili, on the one hand, and Peru and Ecuador on the other hand. In the one case national life vibrates with intense energy and progress. In the other, society is a curious survival of sloth, sensuality, and medievalism. The modern man will find himself as much at home in Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso as in New York or London, but in Lima and Quito the clock of time seems to have been turned back a couple of centuries. Mr. Vincent, however, has much of the pleasant and commendatory to say about Peru and its capital, and finds

signs of progress and improvement blossoming forth full of promise for the future. Peru has not yet fully recovered from the crushing effects of the war with Chili, but it would seem only needs public spirit and a sense of patriotic honor among its leading men to advance rapidly. It is to be found that the lack is a radical one. Public men are logical offshoots from the masses of the people. If the former are rascals and self-seekers, it is because they have sprung from a congenial soil which produces such weeds as a natural growth.

Our traveller has much to say about the people of the different countries, especially the women. This is always a topic which one can find plenty in to discuss in a way to please the general public. The theme is one of universal fascination. The beauty of South American ladies of good birth, when young, is widely known, for they have shone in all the capitals of the United States and Europe. The belles of Quito and Lima are painted as houris, who would have delighted the soul of Mohammed himself, who invented the houris. The only drawback is that they will bury their lovely faces under paint and powder, a habit which is going out of date, we are glad to say, in more civilized cities, except in those cases where time has made serious ravages on beauty. The most interesting fact connected with his pictures of femininity in Chili is, that the richest woman in the world lives here, Señora Cousino, known as the "Countess of Monte-Cristo." This lady is a living example of the "woman's-rights" party's idea of the possible capacities of woman for a man's business. The Chilean Queen of Golconda owns millions of acres of land, millions of cattle, coffee plantations, and ranches by the score, silver, coal, and copper mines which are measured by square miles, fleets of steamships, smelting works, railroads, hundreds of houses in Santiago and Valparaiso, etc. And she manages her own business. Her income is supposed to be not less than five or six millions of dollars. It was reported, two years ago, that this lady was coming to spend the winter in New York, and it caused a vast flutter among the plutocrats of New York, especially as she has a young and very lovely daughter.

Mr. Vincent was very agreeably impressed with Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, the latter being the capital of Uruguay, and a beautifully built city, even more so than the Argentine capital. He pays due tribute to the energy

and progressiveness of the people of the Argentine Confederation, rapidly becoming the most important nation in South America. The great advantage of this nationality over Chili is that it has a vastly larger country to expand in and to support a great agricultural population; and a much greater convenience for commercial purposes in practical nearness to Europe and North America. The prosperity of Chili has been built in the main on its enormous mineral wealth, but whether this will continue to be the advantage in the future which it has proved in the past seems doubtful. It is certainly by no means as safe a basis as agricultural and commercial prosperity on which to build a powerful nation.

Mr. Vincent's observations on Brazil will be read with much interest. He observed two years ago that there was a peculiar indifference toward Dom Pedro, a lack of enthusiasm shading down into dislike, singular as the national attitude of a people toward a monarch who had impressed foreigners so favorably. Indeed, the Brazilians struck our traveller as a very languid, lazy, characterless sort of people, disposed to take anything as it happened without protest, so long as it did not interfere with their *dolce far niente*. The national temperament herein described would seem to be just such as would submit to the petty barrack-room revolution which officially decapitated poor Dom Pedro. But it is wofully bad rubbish withal out of which to build a republic. The reader who accompanies our author in his extended travels and adventures by field and flood, in city and country, on river and savannah, into the depths of mines and the sombre heart of Equatorial forests, will find enough to carry him very agreeably through its 500 pages. We should like to refer at some length to his peculiarly interesting descriptions of the riverine districts of Brazil, one of the most fascinating portions of the world to the geographer and naturalist, but our lack of space forbids, and the reader must be referred to the book itself.

"VERY" POPULAR SCIENCE.

FALLING IN LOVE, WITH OTHER ESSAYS ON MORE EXACT BRANCHES OF SCIENCE. By Grant Allen. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

This agreeable collection of magazine papers, many of which have appeared from time to time in the *ELECTIC MAGAZINE*, is exceedingly readable. Mr. Allen's preface is characteristic. He says: "Some people complain that Science is dry. That is, of course, a matter

of taste. For my part, I like my science and champagne as dry as I can get them. But the public thinks otherwise. So I have ventured to sweeten accompanying samples as far as possible to suit the demand, and trust they will meet with the approbation of consumers."

Mr. Allen has the art of writing on scientific topics in a way which removes all the bristling severity of the themes, and of mixing a good deal of discursive gossip and humor with enough exact truth to give ballast to the more attractive features of his treatment. It cannot be said that these sprightly essays could be exactly recommended to the student who aims to attack science with a serious purpose. But to those who are curious for a casual dip into such matters, the literary vivacity of the author will make his substance highly entertaining. It is a little doubtful whether all of Mr. Allen's scientific statements are such as would be sustained by the graver pundits, but it may be presumed that, while himself not claiming to be an original investigator, he is far too shrewd a writer to depart essentially from the established verity of things as accepted by the best authorities. Mr. Allen has boundless confidence in himself, and is ready to essay any subject at a moment's notice. From a novel to a critical disquisition on Herbert Spencer; from an essay on "Falling in Love" (scientifically treated) to a study of comparative religion; from zoology to botany, and from archæology to astronomy our author is ready to turn out work to order. "You pays your money and you takes your choice." And to speak the truth, it is the very best work of its kind, written with a dash and vivacity which few of his contemporaries can equal. From such a brilliant Jack-at-all-trades we do not expect the strongest and the soundest results, but what he says is always full of salt and flavor. Those, then, who read these pleasant semi-scientific essays, whether or not they will have added largely to their stock of scientific learning, will spend some very agreeable hours in perusing such racy lucubrations. After all, the best books, practically considered, in this hurried modern world of ours, are those which get themselves read; and too serious a purpose of educating the community is so apt to furnish desiccated pabulum that most readers "fight shy" of more than one experiment. We fancy those who taste Grant Allen once will crave another feast.

A CHARMING NOVEL.

KIT AND KITTY. A Novel. By R. D. Blackmore, author of "Spring Haven," "Lorna

Doone, "Mary Anerley," etc. New York : Harper & Brothers.

It may be that other living novelists have larger constituencies in the English-speaking world than Blackmore. Of one thing, however, we are sure. No writer of fiction is regarded with a more lively appreciation by his admirers. The individuality, freshness, and sincerity of Blackmore's work are unmistakable. His characters live by virtue of a genuine creative genius, and they are evolved by circumstances and set amid surroundings which, however romantic, are generally natural and probable. Of the author of "Lorna Doone" can be affirmed what cannot be said of any other living or very recent writer of fiction, excepting, perhaps, Charles Reade: he has written one of the very great English novels which will rank as a permanent classic.

Mr. Blackmore's tastes are essentially rural, and he almost inevitably finds the background of his scenes in rustic life. His people have the genuineness of studies from nature, and the utter lack of artifice in their modes and methods, though perhaps the result of the highest art, gives them the truth of the instantaneous photograph. "Kit and Kitty" has all the piquant Blackmorean flavor, all the strength and vigor which stamp his best work. The charming love idyl between Kit, the gardener, and his Kitty, better born than himself, is in the author's best vein. One cannot help feeling, at least in the first half of the story, that Mr. Blackmore is as much in love with "Lorna Doone" as are most people of good taste, for there is a very distinct flavor of the characterization of the latter book in "Kit and Kitty." Kit reminds one in a smaller way of "John Ridd," and Kitty of the lovely "Lorna." The picture of the Orchardson place and its fruit garden, of Uncle Corny and his surroundings, is delicious. The dramatic story growing out of Kit's marriage is developed with the skill of a great artist, and the suspense in which the reader is held as to the real cause of the mystery is most cunningly managed. The final tragedy, which punishes the villain, Donovan Bulwag, by an inexorable logic of its own; the return of the leper father, a hideous monster, though less wicked than his son, involving sure retribution on the whole wicked family, if sensational is raised out of the merely melodramatic by a dignity of motive and treatment similar to that which redeems such a play as "Macbeth" from melodrama. A great charm of Blackmore's novels is that he does not spend all his strength

on his principal personages. The minor characters are wrought with a sharply individual touch. This is noticeable in "Kit and Kitty." Professor Fairthorn, Sam Henderson, Aunt Parslow, and others of the people of the tale have the vitality of genuine life. To materialize the phantoms of the imagination into solid flesh and blood in their impact on the sense of the reader is the privilege of only the highest genius in the novelist and dramatic poet. "Kit and Kitty," we think, will take rank among this great novelist's best work.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

Dr. PROOF, Dean of Chichester, is likely shortly to publish with the English publishing house of Bentley "A Dean's Reminiscences."

In the new volume of "Chambers's Encyclopædia," Mr. R. D. Blackmore writes on Gardening, Mr. William Morris on Glass Staining, Mr. C. I. Elton, M.P., on Government, Mr. Alfred Nutt on the Holy Grail, Dr. Buchan on the climate of Great Britain, and Professor Geikie on its geology, Dr. Peile on Grammar, Mr. Groome on Gypsies, Dr. Collingwood Bruce on Hadrian's Wall, Professor P. G. Tait on Heat, Mr. Budge on Hieroglyphics, Mr. Gladstone on Homer, M. Pasteur on Hydrophobia, the Rev. J. Julian on Hymns, and Professor Huxley on himself. The memoirs of Orlando Gibbons and Handel are contributed by Sir George Grove, those of Goldsmith and Gay by Mr. Austin Dobson, of the four Georges by Mr. Fraser Rae, those of Greene and Heywood by Mr. A. H. Bullen, that of Hafiz by Mr. Clouston, of Hood by Canon Ainger, and of Victor Hugo by Mr. W. E. Henley. M. Gennadius furnishes the article on the Greek Church, and Sir Spenser St. John that on Hayti; while the Duke of Argyll writes on the Highlands, and Mr. Austin Dobson on Hogarth.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD has recently been awarded a prize of 1000 francs by the French Academy, as an acknowledgment of the merit of his novels, and especially of two of them, "Zoroaster" and "Marzio's Crucifix," which were written in French as well as in English.

MESSRS. TILLOTSON & SON, of Bolton—who claim to be the originators of the plan of publishing novels in a series of newspapers—have already made arrangements for 1891 with some sixteen authors, among whom we may mention

Messrs. James Payn, Justin McCarthy, Robert Buchanan, S. Baring Gould, W. Clark Russell, Adeline Sergeant, Mrs. Alexander, Dora Russell, and the author of "Molly Bawn."

SIR HENRY PEEK has offered prizes of £60, £40, and £20, for the three best essays giving information as to the methods and regulations under which meals are given, either by the state or by voluntary agencies, to necessitous children in large centres of population in foreign countries. The essays may be written in either English, French, or German, and should not exceed 40,000 words in length. They must be sent in to the London Schools Dinner Association by April 30th.

THE late Sir Henry Yule was elected a foreign correspondent of the Académie des Inscriptions on December 27th of last year, together with Dr. Neubauer. He died on December 30th, but not before he had received the news of his election. From his death-bed he sent the following characteristic telegram, which was read at the meeting of the Académie on January 3d :

"Reddo gratias, illustrissimi domini, ob honores tanto nimios quanto immeritos. Mihi robora deficiunt, vita collabitur, accipiat voluntatem pro facto. Cum corde pleno et gratissimo moriturus vos, illustriissimi domini, saluto."

MR. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY has been for some time past engaged upon a History of the French Revolution, which will be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus in four volumes, uniform with his father's "History of the Four Georges." The first two volumes are already in the press.

DR. KARL GEROK, a Swabian poet and hymn-writer, died at Stuttgart on January 14th in his seventy-fifth year. He studied theology at Tübingen under C. F. Baur, the founder of the critical school, and had Strauss and Theodor Vischer as his tutors. In 1868 he was appointed Oberhofprediger and Oberkonsistorialrath, with the title and rank of a *Prälat*. A forty-first edition of his "Palmblätter," the most popular volume of contemporary German religious poetry, was published a few years ago.

THE death of the Rev. Aubrey L. Moore, dean of divinity at Magdalen College, and honorary canon of Christ Church, Oxford, deprives the Church of England of one of her ablest servants. He was also tutor at more than one college; and since 1881 he had lectured on ecclesiastical history as deputy for

Canon Bright. To the outer world he was best known by "Science and the Faith," published early last year, which mainly consists of reviews reprinted from the *Guardian* and the *Quarterly*. He also published several sermons and addresses; and the recent volume, entitled "Lux Mundi" (John Murray) contains a paper by him on "The Christian Doctrine of God." Mr. Moore's interest in all speculative questions was very keen; but he deserves especially to be remembered for his bold and liberal efforts to reconcile the doctrines of evolution with orthodox theology.

MISCELLANY.

THE PLEASURES OF BALDNESS.—"That bald Cæsar the famed Roman wight" is known to have disliked being bald. Hence, his detractors declared, his love of the laurels of victory. Certainly it were a seemly thing if our elderly generals could dine out and go to the play in such laurels as they may happen to have won; for baldness, though indispensable to a young doctor or solicitor, and highly desirable in a statesman, is not coveted by the sons of Mars. A young physician, in a letter to one of the papers, very touchingly bewails the alimness of his purse and the thickness of his ambrosial locks. The "high and domelike forehead" which is admired in the busts and effigies of Shakespeare seems to this youth a feature indispensable in his profession. Yet he, of all men, should have the remedy at hand, and be skilled in the depilatory art. He has only to purchase or mix the antidote to those prescriptions for lengthening and thickening the tresses which are advertised in the beautiful decorations of our hoardings. It has been subtly remarked that many wise and wealthy persons remain bald, and hence it has been inferred that the inventions of Mrs. Allen and others are not invariably soveran. But, perhaps, the wealthy and the wise are intelligent enough to keep the advantages which nature or the wearing of ill-ventilated hats has given them. They know when they are well off, like the poet and orator, C. Licinius Calvus, who, after the manner of the Living Skeleton, was probably "proud of the title." The young doctor values a head early denuded at about £500 a year, and, really, if he is acquainted with his business, he ought soon to possess that "shining place," where, as the elderly riddle quaintly remarks, "there is no parting." He thinks that a flowing beard has also its

market value, yet he does not seem to have remarked that the owners of flowing beards are usually very bald men. It is as if nature could not support the growth of so much hair in two places at once. By leaving the chin unshorn the head may be brought, as it seems, into the desired condition. "Even the lower animals," he maintains, have an admiring affection for the ornament which he desires, and he illustrates this by the waggishness of an ostrich. The benighted bird attempted to hatch the head of a sleeping Englishman—in South Africa, we presume. This was flattering, but embarrassing on the whole, for the ostrich is a bird with a strong sense of its personal dignity. "Hell has no fury like" an ostrich duped, in its maternal instincts especially, nor can one seriously believe that the Englishman was the happier for the fowl's misplaced affection. If the young physician is right, we may perhaps expect to see depilatories as popularly recommended as the contrary kind of nostrum. But, while a dozen advertisers offer to make the fat thin, nobody has yet discovered a way of making the thin fat. Baldness, according to the doctor, is the result of fatty degeneration, and persons naturally lean cannot, by taking thought, degenerate in this desirable direction. Sitting up late in an atmosphere of gas may do a good deal, and the tall hat of modern life is also valuable to persons who covet an appearance of precocious wisdom. Every kind of dissipation is also recommended; but this prescription has obvious disadvantages, and is even uncertain. It is not recorded that Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen rose in their profession by baldness; yet no young men ever did more to deserve this gift. To be early gray seems rather the privilege of poets than of physicians, if we may judge by the cases of Shelley and Ronsard. There is reason to believe that Byron would have been bald had he lived a little longer, and it is a matter of curious speculation whether his success would not have waned with his curls and when his days were really in the yellow leaf. On the other hand, he was just the man to wear a wig. The poet, in the following stanza, celebrates a sage who, perhaps alone among mankind, agreed with the young doctor:—

"There was an old person of Bristol
Who had a bald head and a pistol;
He shot all the Aldermen
Because they were bald men—
And then blew out his brains with the pistol."

—*Saturday Review.*

LOYALTY, OLD AND NEW.—In days of old, says Heine, the people belonged to the king; now the king belongs to the people. It is true. The king has come over to our side of the hedge. The people have appropriated him, even as they have done Hyde Park. From forest laws to debates on the Crown lands—what a stride! Not so much in legislation, or in language, but in feeling, and therefore in fact. Still, we are a loyal people. If, however, loyalty and allegiance are to go on subsisting among us, they must find food—that is, ideas—to feed upon. Transitional periods are periods of mental starvation. End they must, one way or another, in new food or death from inanition. You cannot, as Dr. Newman has said, stand for years on one leg. The English can do it longer and better, with greater gravity and less grimace, than anybody else; but even John Bull must eventually come down on to both feet. Institutions rest on reason. The flexibility of the British Constitution is justly the marvel of all jurists, and the admiration of many. Its centre of gravity is not fixed. A constitution in motion frightens the timid, who pant after permanence. They want something which, in the words of Mr. Mill, "by general agreement has a right to be where it is, and to be secure against disturbance, whatever else may change." The American Constitution is now much praised by some Tories for the pains it takes to preserve itself against whimsical or ill-considered change. A manufactured constitution is sure to abound in more or less skilful contrivances to secure for itself a prolonged existence; but the glory of our Constitution is that it is not a manufacture but a growth. Our people, we may be sure, would never consent to allow the judges to decide whether or not an Act of Parliament was *ultra vires* the Constitution; and unless this is done the American devices are no great things. Our House of Lords is an institution which, perhaps, like the foreigner's diet of "chocolate and Schnapps," in Calverley's poem, "has its merits," but permanence is probably not among them. The House of Commons is of necessity a shifting and variable body which must more and more become so identified with the general mass of the people as to be barely distinguishable from it. Nor would it be safe to assume that the leaders of the House will always be men of either commanding genius or interesting personalities. But the Throne—deep-rooted as it is in the historic past; part and parcel as, by the use of image, metaphor, and

example, it has become of the English language ; ennobled by poetry ; and still tinged with the glow from a sunken faith—possesses some at least of the qualities the timid demand, and seems to be the something which by general agreement has a right to be where it is.

The purely Republican form of government has few friends in this country. After all, history counts for something, and we have been a Republic, or what passed for such when Cromwell was Consul, and did not like it. Even Milton could not make us like it. Nor have the more recent examples of France and America proved "soul-animating." What have they that we need miss? What do we retain that we cannot get rid of when we choose? Has Freedom left her ancient shores to take refuge elsewhere? The modern *Mayflowers* no longer carry English Republicans to America with Bibles in their trunks, fleeing from kings' palaces, but American Republicans to England, fleeing from the ennui of Washington, and all agog to be introduced at St. James's. As for France, the story of Boulangier is sinking deep into the hearts of the British people ; who, as they do not read the *Times* newspaper, are ignorant of the excuses that can be invented for those who use public funds to corrupt an army from its allegiance. Nor is it likely to be soon forgotten how the Comte de Paris, the descendant of kings, bade his own friends return twenty-five Boulangists for Paris ; and so long as we remember these things we shall never lightly expose "Our ocean-empire with our boundless homes" to lewd ambitions or an exile's dream.—*New Review*.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN IN PEKIN.—The mail which lately arrived from China brings news of the total destruction by fire, on September 18, of the famous Temple or Altar of Heaven at Pekin. It was at first believed, and was so reported to the Throne, that the edifice had been struck by lightning ; but, according to later information telegraphed to Hong Kong, two men were arrested as the incendiaries. The fire commenced at 5.15 p.m. on the 18th, and by four o'clock on the morning of the 19th the temple was a heap of smouldering ruins. Immediately before the fire the capital was visited by an extraordinary storm of hail, rain, and lightning. Houses were flooded, roads rendered quite impassable, and hail fell in thick showers. The temple is described as being 99 feet

in height, with a triple roof of blue tiles, which was repaired a century ago. It differed from Buddhist pagodas in that the roofs were circular and placed one above the other. It was erected over an altar, and is believed to date from the fifth century of our era. It was used in the first month of the Chinese calendar, when, at the opening of spring, the Emperor leaves the palace to pray for a fruitful year. It contained the tablets of the Imperial ancestors, as well as that of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. The ritual involved the sacrifice on the altar by fire of one selected bullock ; the Emperor knelt on the round central stone of the altar and prostrated himself before the tablet to the Supreme Ruler ; one bullock was slaughtered in honor of each Imperial ancestor worshipped, and the carcass placed before the tablet ; and a prayer was read from a scroll, which was then burned on the altar, so that the supplication might ascend in flame and smoke. All this will be performed as usual at the proper time, but the altar will be in the open air, which will be a return to the primitive practice, a roof not being essential. Mr. Simpson, the artist of the *Illustrated London News*, is one of the few foreigners who have seen the inside of the edifice, but he was not permitted to enter it. He describes it as made of wood, and standing on an elaborate superstructure of marble. Four very high, round pillars supported the central and highest roof. Twelve smaller columns sustained the second, which only reached from the four inside pillars, so that the whole height of the highest roof was left visible. Twelve still smaller wooden columns formed the outer circle and supported the lowest roof, which, like the second, only roofed the space between the pillars which sustained it and the circle of pillars next to them. All this wood-work was elaborately painted and gilded. The tiles on the roofs were all of a deep ultramarine blue ; but, adds Mr. Simpson, it was all very dirty and dusty, and on the outside grass and weeds were growing through joints in the pavement. An Imperial decree attributes the disaster to lightning, and adds : "The event is regarded by the Emperor as a solemn warning, and his mind is filled with awe. He calls upon his officers with earnestness and sincerity to aid him in the unceasing efforts which he will make, even more than before, to secure the good government of the country." It is feared by foreigners in China that the succession of calamities which has taken place since the Emperor ascended the throne, such as the

Yellow River inundations, the fire in the palace, and this destruction of the Altar of Heaven, acting on the superstitions of the people, may seriously affect the dynasty, and especially the progressive measures of the Government. It is therefore hoped that the fire may turn out to be an incendiary one, as, if it were the result of lightning, it would be universally regarded as evidence of the wrath of the gods with the acts of the administration. The common story in Peking is that a serpent was concealed beneath the altar and was being pursued by a dragon, hence the fire.

MAN-EATING TIGERS.—At the meeting of the Bombay Natural History Society, Mr. Gilbert, a well-known *shikaree*, read a paper on "Man-eating Tigers." He says that the popular idea of the man-eater is wholly incorrect; he is commonly supposed to be "an old brute, more often decrepit than otherwise, perhaps lamed from some former wound, with his teeth broken and his skin always mangy, unable from his infirmities to kill game, but obliged to conceal himself near a village path and then to pounce on some solitary human being and devour him, never attacking when there are more than two or three persons together, and always displaying great cunning." Sir William Hunter takes this view, and describes the man-eater as generally an old beast disabled from overtaking his usual prey, and who seems to accumulate his tale of victims in sheer cruelty rather than for food. Sir W. Hunter mentions a man-eater who was known to have killed 108 people in three years, and another which killed an average of 80 persons a year for the same period. A third caused thirteen villages to be abandoned, and 250 square miles of land to be thrown out of cultivation. A fourth killed 127 persons in a year, and stopped a public road for many weeks. Mr. Gilbert, however, says that these views as to the man-eaters are quite erroneous. They are not different from the ordinary tiger, which lives on game and bullocks, but he does not say why they become man-eaters. Sir Joseph Fayerer suggests that it is by the accident of having once tasted human flesh and then finding all other flesh insipid. Mr. Gilbert mentions certain famous man-eaters. One, a tigress in the Nagpur district, has a fondness for the employees of the Bengal Nagpur Railway, frequents a tract of country only about nine square miles in area, and is possessed of extraordinary cunning and audacity. This year, up to June,

she had killed seven people, besides wounding others. She lives in a rocky and precipitous spur, in which there is a heavy bamboo and other jungle. Several springs of water rise at the foot of the scarps, and there is a cave which shows many signs of being used by her and her family. A big stone just outside the entrance is scored deep and long with many scratches of their claws. In February last, in broad daylight, she carried off one of a gang of permanent-way men from under the eyes of his companions. She has been shot at many times and her cubs killed, but she has got off scathless. Sometimes the man-eater traverses very long distances. Thus the Jaunsar man-eater, which was killed by an officer of the Forest Department, after killing a man in one place, would kill another twenty miles off the next night. This one, also a tigress, frequented a belt of the Himalayas, 5,000 feet to 10,000 feet high, and was eventually killed 8,000 feet above the sea. But none of the man-eaters recorded by Mr. Gilbert were decrepit or worn out. They were strong, handsome beasts in their prime.

POISONING BY TINNED PROVISIONS.—The British Consul at Baltimore, in a recent report on tinned goods deleterious to health, says that all tinned or canned provisions that are hermetically sealed are packed in tins made of tin-plate, or sheet iron superficially alloyed with tin. This is imported into the United States exclusively from England, as there are no tin-plate manufacturers in the former country; 130,000,000 cans are made every year in Baltimore alone, and 2,000,000 lbs. of solder are consumed in making them. Equal parts of block tin and lead form the best solder, but a baser kind, composed of a larger proportion of lead, is not uncommon. A flux of powdered resin, or a much more deleterious flux composed of chloride of zinc, containing free muriatic acid, is applied to the tin surface to be soldered, and the unfortunate and dangerous practice is to apply this on the inside. The use of an acid flux for inside soldering is alleged to be a source of danger to health, while the resin flux communicates its taste to the contents of the can. In France and Germany all tins containing articles of food are soldered on the outside, and attempts have been made wholly to abolish inside soldering in the United States, but they have not yet been entirely successful. The first danger from the inside surface of solder is the direct solvent action of an acid fluid on the lead,

when acid vegetables or fruit are preserved without syrup. The second source of danger is galvanic action. The American sardine has a particularly evil reputation as at present put up. The label is French in the well-known yellow and black letters, but the contents are not sardines, nor are they put up in *huile d'olive et pure*, but in cotton-seed oil. Professor Tonry, of Baltimore, writes of one of these sardine tins, soldered on the inside, that fully a quarter of the interior surface of the metal was eaten away. The fish in this tin were nearly all eaten by three persons, two of whom were children, and all were taken ill within half an hour, one child dying within twenty-four hours. A chemical examination of the viscera revealed lead, which was also found in the oil and in the remaining contents of the tin. The verdict at the coroner's inquest was that death resulted from lead poisoning from a sardine tin improperly soldered.

HAIRDRESSING AND CONTAGION.—Whether it be founded on fact or not, an accusation brought by certain members of the medical faculty in Paris against the guild of hairdressers conveys a caution which ought not to be undervalued. The ease with which ringworm and other contagious disorders may be communicated by means of soap, razors, and other kindred appliances, is generally understood. That such contagion has not uncommonly been conveyed in this way is also indisputable. It does not follow, of course, that the operators belonging to the Parisian corporation have been special offenders in this respect, and we do not doubt that in France, as in England, the precautions observed by most respectable hairdressers are sufficient for the protection of the public. Still, the fact that there exists a form of disease truly described as regards its mode of transference by the name of "barber's itch" proves that due care and cleanliness are sometimes wanting. Yet the accidents occasioned by such neglect are easily preventable. An excellent rule with some barbers is to attend any contagious cases at their own homes, a distinct set of instruments being used for these visits. This implies of necessity some acquaintance with the characters of parasitic disease. The substitution for soap of saponaceous cream, a separate portion of which can be applied in different cases, affords another safeguard. After all, however, it must be remembered, even in the cheap shop with overflowing custom, that the fundamental guarantee of safety consists

in cleansing each instrument used after each time of use. Whatever the verdict of public opinion on the practice of the coiffeurs in Paris, there cannot be two opinions as to the essential value of the precautions indicated by our professional brethren in that city.—*Lancet*.

THE ORIGIN OF THE DIAMOND.—The origin of the diamond has been a fruitful topic for speculation among scientists; hence many contradictory theories have been advanced and argued with some show of reason; but after all that has been said and written upon the subject we are still left pretty much in the dark. Some of the theories are very ingenious and interesting, though the amount of truth they embody remains to be proved. It has been suggested that the vapors of carbon during the coal period may have been condensed and crystallized into the diamond; and again, the itacolumite, generally regarded as the matrix, was saturated with petroleum, which, collecting in nodules, formed the gem by gradual crystallization. Newton believed it to have been a coagulated unctuous substance, of vegetable origin, and was sustained in the theory by many eminent philosophers, including Sir D. Brewster, who believed the diamond was once a mass of gum, derived from certain species of wood, and that it subsequently assumed a crystalline form. Dana and others advance the opinion that it may have been produced by the slow decomposition of vegetable material, and even from animal matter. Burton says it is younger than gold, and suggests the possibility that it may still be in process of formation, with capacity of growth. Specimens of the diamond have been found to enclose particles of gold, an evidence, he thinks, that its formation was more recent than that of the precious metal. The theory that the diamond was formed immediately from carbon by the action of heat is opposed by another, maintaining that it could not have been produced in this way, otherwise it would have been consumed. But the advocates of this view were not quite on their guard against a surprise, for some quick-witted opponent has found by experiments that the diamond will sustain great heat without combustion.—*Invention*.

REMARKABLE ATMOSPHERIC MANIFESTATION IN THE SOUTH OF RUSSIA.—The superstitious peasants of the Ukraine were lately terribly alarmed by an unusual atmospheric phenomena which appeared two hours before sunrise in a village

called Loomlino, situated near the river Don. Many of those who were awake at this early hour stated that the "apparition" was of a brilliant red color, and assumed the shape of a crescent. It only lasted a few minutes and gradually faded way into a light blue color. Many of those who witnessed this remarkable appearance in the heavens state that it was accompanied by a loud rumbling similar to thunder. Others, who have more imagination, aver that the red crescent resembled a large dragon in its shape, and that it is a sure portent of a coming war or a great plague.

ASCENTS OF KILIMA-NJARO.—Kilima-Njaro has at last been conquered. Dr. A. B. Meyer, who failed to reach the summit in 1887, made a determined effort in October last, and during twenty days' stay on the upper slopes of the mountain ascended to the top of Kibo four times and of Mawenzi (or Kimawenzi) three times. As he patriotically puts it, he was able to plant the flag of Germany on the highest point of German territory; for such (says the *Times*) we must admit Kilima-Njaro to be. In a communication to the new number of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, Dr. Meyer gives a detailed account of his ascent. On October 2 he and his companion, Purtscheller, and a native of Pangani, reached the saddle-plateau, above Mareale's village, which (14,270 feet) formed the base of operations. The plan of ascent was to mount the great lava rib running in a southeasterly direction and flanking on the south the southeast glacier valley, and from its highest spur to begin the scramble up the ice-cap. There was much less snow on the mountain than there was in July 1887. At 2.30 A.M. on October 3 the ascent began. At seven they met the first snow 16,400 feet. At 7.20 they stood on the ridge of the mountain rib and thence began the steep ascent of the crest. Halting a little every ten minutes in the ever rarifying air, they rested at 8.15 half an hour at 17,220 feet. Above them blinked and glimmered the ice-cap of the Kibo. Shortly before nine they attained 17,650 feet, and at 9.50 the lower limit of the ice-cap, at a height of 18,240 feet. Here the usual precautions as to spectacles, ropes, and axes were taken, and the work of step cutting began. After crossing several crevasses, they rested at 12.20 under a steep ascent of the ice-wall at 19,000 feet high. The curve of the ice-cap, which is the highest point visible

from below, was now under them. The difficulty of breathing made them halt a few seconds every fifty steps. At last, their strength getting rapidly exhausted, they reached at 1.45 the rim of the Kibo crater. At the same time they saw its highest elevation to the left, on the south side of the mountain, consisting of three rocky points rising some yards above the ice-cap. The distance they estimated at about an hour and a half's march. But for this their strength was unequal, except at the risk of having to bivouac without the least protection in the cold of the night. They had done an extremely fatiguing eleven hours' climb, and had to take account of the mist that was floating above the ice-walls. They decided to rest content with the result of their first ascent. The great crater of Kibo, with its ice precipices, the eruption cone rising from its depths, was discovered; the problem of the interior of Kibo solved. The descent began, and the tents were reached at 6.48 P.M.

On October 6 Dr. Meyer and his companions started at noon to bivouac at a greater height. Next morning at 8.45 they were on the topmost rim of the crater—their turning point on the 3d. The ascent to the highest peak offered no extraordinary difficulty. The ice rim steadily rises in a southerly direction, where it is broken into three points emerging above the ice-cap. Not being quite sure which was the highest, they mounted all three, and the aneroid gave the middle one—19,690 feet—as 50 feet to 80 feet higher than the other two. On the ice pinnacle Dr. Meyer planted the German flag, and baptized the rock "Kaiser Wilhelm Spitze." From this point especially the great Kibo crater is easily viewed. With a diameter of about 6,500 feet the crater sinks about 650 feet to its base. On the northern and eastern sides the ice-cap descends from the rim in steep galleries, while on the western and southern sides the bare lava rock plunges steeply from the upper ice-rim. From the base of the crater there rises, somewhat northerly from the centre, a slightly arched eruption cone to about 490 feet high. Like the crater-bottom, it consists of dark brown ashes. Its upper half is free from snow and ice. Its lower half is panoplied with a mighty ice-girdle, which proceeds, presumably, as glacier from the broad crater chasm opening westward. On the crater-bottom lie several larger fields of half-melting ice-crust.

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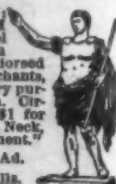
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PROPOSED BRIDGE ACROSS THE BOSPHORUS.

—The most recent proposal for a huge bridge is for one across the Bosphorus, a project for which has been made out by a French engineering company. The historic and picturesque channel between the shores of Europe and Asia, which connects the sea of Marmora with the Euxine, is 872 yards broad, and it is proposed that the bridge to span it should be of one arch only. In these days of huge bridges this should not offer very serious difficulties from an engineering point of view, if the financial ones can be got over. Various projects have been put forward to the same effect during the past twenty years, but it was not considered that the bridge would be useful enough to justify the enormous expense which it would entail. Railways have, however, developed very much during recent years, and it is now thought that, if constructed, it would act as a link in the local railway system, and eventually pay a fair return on the money invested in it.—*Industries.*

THE MOVING STONE OF BUENOS AYRES.—

The remarkable geological phenomenon of the moving stone of Buenos Ayres is situated on the mountain of Tandil in the southern part of the province of Buenos Ayres. It is called the moving stone, and is famous throughout South America. This enormous rock appears to be sustained on its base by an invisible axis, and has an oscillating movement from east to west to and from the mountain, the power of a single man being sufficient to put it in motion. It measures 24 feet in height, 90 feet in length, and 18 feet in breadth. It represents a volume of over 5,000 cubic feet, and its approximate weight, as calculated, is 25 tons. Its figure is that of an irregular cone, and the base on which it rests has also the form of a cone, which has a diameter of about 10 inches. When the wind blows from the south-east the movable stone sways, rises, and falls after the manner of the branch of a great tree.—*La Ilustracion Española.*

A MUSHROOM MYTH.—It is a popular error that mushrooms grow to their full size during a single night, and that they dissolve and vanish after the sun shines upon them. They are rapid in growth and rapid in decay; but the same mushroom may be watched growing and expanding for two or three days, and then gradually decaying away. Much depends on the dampness or dryness of the season. In some seasons they are exceedingly plentiful, while at other times they are comparatively rare. This also is believed to depend chiefly on climatic conditions. It is not unusual for cultivated mushrooms to become attacked by a parasitic mould, which renders them unfit for food. This misfortune rarely happens to the wild form, until it is in process of decay. The catacombs of Paris are noted for their production of mushrooms in immense quantities. From the Méry caves as many as 3,000 pounds are sometimes sent to the market daily. We have heard of a crop being grown in a hatbox.—*Fall Mall Budget.*

A BIG TELEGRAM BILL.—Perhaps the heaviest telegram bill in the world is that of the Chinese Envoy at Washington, Chan You Woon, who regularly pays 1,000 dols. a week for his despatches to China, the representative of the Celestial Empire using a cipher which costs 4 dols. a word.

THE HEIGHT OF WAVES AT SEA.—The height of sea waves has long been the subject of controversy. Eminent hydrographers have insisted that storm waves were usually not more than 10 feet high, and rarely over 20 when the conditions of the sea were most favorable for wave development. Many a traveller, reclining on a cabin transom, has looked up through the skylight to see the waves rearing their frothy crests, and wondered how even a 20 footer could show so high above a great ship's deck. Many a sailor dowsed by an up-driving wave while lying out on a topgallant yard has, doubtless, shaken his head incredulously when told that the highest waves were not above 20 feet, the rest being "heel" of ship and dip of yard.

Now, however, comes expert testimony to prove that storm waves are often 40 feet and sometimes from 60 to 70 feet in height. In the recent British scientific expedition some instructive data were gathered by a sensitive aneroid barometer capable of recording its extreme rise and fall by an automatic register. "With a sea not subjected to an atmosphere of unusual violence, it indicated an elevation of 40 feet from the wave's base to crest." Admiral Fitzroy, after a long series of careful measurements from the main top of his ship, came to a similar conclusion. — *Scientific American*.

A PROFITABLE COTTON PATCH.—Mr. John P. Gray of Hampton County, N. C., shows how careful farming pays by the results achieved on a cotton patch of twelve acres. He has printed his process for working. He breaks the land with a six-inch turn plow the latter part of February. It is then laid off in deep rows five feet apart. He puts down fifty bushels of green cottonseed to the acre and covers them lightly. On April 6 200 pounds of fertilizer are put down to the measured acre. Seed is dropped by hand thirty inches apart in hills; the ground is lightly plowed about May 1, and also on May 30, at which time cottonseed meal mixed with acid phosphate and kainit is put in. On June 1 cotton is chopped out. On June 12 "he plows shallow" with sweep plow. No more plowing is allowed after July 30, as the cotton is then large enough to hide a mule. After the ground is broken all plowing is shallow. The following is the cost: Work, plowing and hoeing, \$96.80; cottonseed for manure, \$120.50; guano (600 pounds to acre), \$79.20; cost of picking, \$190.50; total, \$486. Mr. Gray gathered 28 bales, weighing 505 pounds, and including bagging (jute) and ties, averaging net \$45—the 28 making \$1,260, and the net on the 12 acres being \$774.

IMITATION GOLD.—A well known scientific gentleman has been experimenting on a metal resembling gold for nearly a year, and has now got it down almost to perfection. He stumbled on it at first accidentally, while analysing some metals, and when he realized what he had found he went to work and soon produced a metal which puzzles the best of jewelers, is as heavy as gold, and to all appearances is the precious metal itself. When the gold test is applied to it the acid boils up a little, but gives no other evidence that the metal is

other than gold, and when wiped off no mark or spot is left, as is the case when the test is applied to brass. It can be manufactured at a comparatively small cost.—*Court Journal*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publishers will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

The Bagpipers. By GEO. SANDS. 12mo, half cloth, 394 pages. Boston: Roberts Bros. Price, \$1.50.

In the Beginning; or, Stepping-stones to Bible History. By ANNIE R. BUTLER. 12mo, cloth, 320 pages. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, \$1.00.

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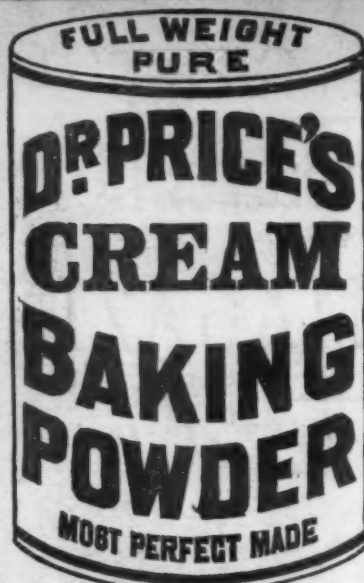
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